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- ART. I.—(1.) *Papers respecting the Civil War in China : presented to the House of Commons, by Command of Her Majesty, in pursuance of their Address of August 5, 1853.*
- (2.) *History of the Insurrection in China ; with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents.* By MM. CALLERY and YVAN. Translated from the French. Smith, Elder, & Co. London. 1853.
- (3.) *The Emperor of China versus the Queen of England. A Refutation of the Arguments contained in the Seven Official Documents transmitted by Her Majesty's Government at Hong-Kong, &c. &c.* By P. P. THOMS. London: P. P. Thoms.
- (4.) *An Essay on the Opium Trade, including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By NATHAN ALLAN, M.D. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.
- (5.) *The Jews at K'ae-Fung-Foo: being a Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jewish Synagogue at K'ae-Fung-Foo, on behalf of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews: with an Introduction by the Right Rev. George Smith, D.D., Lord Bishop of Victoria.* Shanghai: Printed at the London Missionary Society's Press.
- (6.) *The Religious Aspect of the Civil War in China.* By the Rev. W. H. RULE, &c. London: Partridge & Onkey.

THE Celestial Empire has hitherto proved an unsolved problem. Anomalies and paradoxes cluster upon us whenever we think of the country, its history, its people, and its government. A unity, unbroken from its foundation in ages far too remote either for history or monuments; an impenetrability which has either wholly excluded the prying eye of curiosity, or contrived to deceive it; a strength of internal government and of external resistance almost amount-

ing to haughty defiance, combined with utter debility and rottenness in every limb of the administration; a nation paying homage to reason and morality, but yet utterly destitute of integrity, void of honour, and without a conscience; a people in social intercourse polite and ceremonious to an absurd extreme, and yet inhuman and cruel; intelligent, ingenious, generally educated, and emulous of learning, yet repelling all foreign knowledge from their shores; gloating with such absurd complacency over their own possessions, material and intellectual, that they could never think of casting a glance at the condition of other nations; deeming themselves the sole favourites of Heaven, and all other men mere outcasts; their empire alone was the Central Kingdom, the exclusive abode of refinement and knowledge; while nothing through long ages has ever availed to convince them that all the rest of mankind were not irreclaimable savages.

The mystery is, how the rulers have contrived to keep up the delusion age after age, and how they have managed to keep down the spirit and intelligence of a people so numerous, coming into contact, at least to some extent, with other nations, and to hold them so long in the equilibrium state, without either perceptible advancement or deterioration.

The origin, the character, the government, the language of the Chinese, with almost everything pertaining to the Celestial Empire, is unique, and out of keeping with our common humanity. When we think of a people that had the start by centuries of all the rest of the civilized world in those three elements alone of national progress,—the compass, printing, and gunpowder,—immediately there presents itself before us one of the most perplexing of problems—how is it that they should have been at a stand-still for ages, while all the western world, with inferior advantages, has risen from barbarism to refinement? China—a world within itself, a world once far a-head probably of all contemporaries—has been effectually stereotyped, or rather petrified, by its own inerustation of pride and archaolatry, while all the rest of the world has outstripped and eclipsed it in every item of national greatness and social advancement.

The advocates of human progress, however, can have no reason to be dissatisfied with the recent movement of the Chinese. For at any rate it is a brave beginning, and a flattering omen of what is to come. The sympathy manifested with the onward spirit of the age by a people so hopelessly dormant, and so perversely secluded, is surely enough to make the most eager progressionist exult. The gravest ethnographers and most saturnine of philosophers may turn with deepest interest to consider this strange phenomenon; for China is likely to supply them in its present phase,

or, indeed, in all its phases, with as many problems as they may choose to entertain, and with more than they will find it easy to solve. The movement itself is as yet a mystery, and has received no adequate solution. Time, however, will show the various causes that have conspired to bring it about, and the master-hand that has thus far wielded the mighty agency.

All must admit that so far as the affair is known in Europe, there appears to be in it something pre-eminently glorious and exciting. Take the fact, the bare but grand fact, of one-third of the whole human family, after being like a still lake for ages, agitated as by a sudden healthful gale, and moved to its very depths. It is cheering to see them startled any how, though by a desperate wrench or electrical shock, out of their apathy and selfishness, and made suddenly conscious through every limb and nerve of a living power which they did not know they possessed, and had never dreamt of exercising. It is just as if a body long paralyzed all over, should in a moment recover its nervous energy, and start up amazed at its new agility and strength. To think of that populous nation, after remaining for untold ages hermetically sealed against all innovations, and proud to a proverb of being immutable in their nationalities, and fixed, as all the world thought, immovably, in the conviction that they alone all people had reached the acme of perfection in everything, most unexpectedly starting in the race of revolution and reform; proposing, and, to a certain extent, effecting, more changes in three years than their ancestors in three thousand—is indeed enough not only to astonish, but confound one. It is difficult to enter into the case, and realize the facts reported, as facts pertaining to China and the Chinese. The veriest radical never dreamt of a revolution in *China*.

It is evident that the ruling powers are as much taken by surprise as all the rest of the world. They had, no doubt, been calculating that their tame and spiritless subjects were to remain to the end of time as submissive in their ignorance of what all the rest of the world was about, as they had been from the days of Noah. But an extensive mine had been quietly progressing for many years, unheeded by the governors, who reposed in self-security, when, lo, suddenly it explodes with a convulsive force that makes the country rock from end to end.

Mandarins of the highest order and greatest influence, the most renowned commanders and experienced ministers, have not only been startled from their propriety by the suddenness of the shock, but reduced to their wit's end to know how to meet it. In their perplexity the gravest counsellors of the emperor have been driven like chaff before a whirlwind. The voice of imperial authority,

though strained to its highest pitch, has produced as little effect as oratory upon the tempest. The whole military force of the empire has hitherto evinced no more power to stay the insurrection than an embankment of sand against a deluge. Imperial commissioners have been dispatched to the scene of action, but on the first brush with the enemy have either run away as poltroons, or been remanded and disgraced to give place to others deemed fitter for the crisis, while not a few through fear of shame have committed suicide. But after all the displays that have been made of the vermillion pencil, with innumerable loppings of tails, and deprivation of buttons, sometimes of heads, about the same result has followed as if they had made just so many processions of lanterns or exhibitions of fireworks. The rebellion has received no check, the foe has still advanced.

Meanwhile the attention of the civilized world has been drawn towards China with an intenseness of interest altogether unprecedented; for it seems as if this vast section of the human family, so long estranged from the common brotherhood, isolated and walled in by their exclusive spirit from all sympathy with mankind, were now about to shake hands with humanity, and enter the arena of universal competition and progress on equal terms. Whatever may be the issue of the present revolution as to the internal economy and external relations of this extraordinary country and people, our readers of every class, commercial, philosophic, philanthropic, and religious, cannot fail to be deeply interested in the facts of the case, and the progress which these show up to the present time; for in them are found the hopeful pledges and pregnant omens for the future of China. These we shall endeavour to collect and record as succinctly as possible, together with such evidence of the principles and professions of the revolutionizers as may be drawn from the most authentic sources.

To many of our readers, however, it may not be undesirable to preface our account of the revolution with a summary of the information at present possessed respecting China, its people, and its religions. There is no other nation under heaven so peculiar in its character, so permanent in its seat, so little changed by time, and so venerable for antiquity. Once, and, indeed, not long since, it was appealed to by the sceptical philosophers of Europe, always eager to impeach the testimony of revelation, in proof of an antiquity greatly anterior to the Mosaic chronology. They were almost disposed to parade it, as their pet proof of the favourite dogma, that the world and its inhabitants had been the same through all eternity.

But when these appeals were made, and these arguments

broached, the sceptical sages knew next to nothing of the history, language, and literature of China. It is to Christian missionaries that Europe is mainly indebted for anything approaching to accurate and complete information upon the many interesting topics relating to the people and their country. The recent investigations into their history, and into the notions entertained by their learned men, of their origin and antiquity, have completely silenced the objections once derived from this source against the authority of Moses. The world will hear no more of the ten thousand ages attributed to this nation by the sciolists of infidelity; for it is now clear that such pretensions to incalculable antiquity derive no sanction from their native authors. These state that, prior to the time of Confucius, there is no reliable history; and though tradition assumes to carry back their origin till it is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, yet nearly every fact told of those ages is either obviously fabulous, or capable of being identified with facts more distinctly and veritably recorded in the sacred history. The best authorities among the Chinese do not presume to possess a national chronology beyond two thousand two or three hundred years before the Christian era; which would take them back to something like one hundred and fifty years after the deluge, or fifty after the confusion of tongues at Babel; in which event the primitive pictorial language of the Chinese may very reasonably be supposed to have originated. There is nothing in the independent testimony of their historians irreconcilable with the sacred history, but rather, we should say, corroborative of its statements. It is, at all events, quite certain that the ascertainment of these facts has tended to silence much scepticism, and remove various formidable objections to the trustworthiness of the Mosaic chronology. China refuses to contradict the Bible. It is, moreover, an interesting conclusion, to which we are led by these discoveries, that Noah was very probably still alive when the first settlers in China took possession of their present locality, and laid the foundations of that empire, which has never been overturned, nor shaken out of its place by all the convulsions that have kept the rest of the world in a state of change. A remarkable fact, indeed, this, that they should be the only people under heaven, saving the Jews, that can, by any fair links of probability, be traced back to the time of Noah and his sons—just there, and no further. It is also highly satisfactory to observe how the facts and traditions of the Chinese history synchronize with the discoveries made in recent times in Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian history and antiquities. The foundations of all these ancient empires are now placed, by the elaborate researches of these times, in almost perfect harmony with the sacred history;



for though every obscurity is not removed, yet no formidable chronological difficulty remains. The chronometers of ancient history from all these quarters, as well as from every region where civilization had a permanent and early seat, harmonize as nearly as could be expected with the great sun-dial, and show the true time. It has stumbled many historians, and puzzled many philosophers, to find such powerful, well-ordered, and even mighty empires, so far back in antiquity. They have not been able to reconcile the early date of such kingdoms with the theory they had adopted, of the primary state of all nations as rude and uncivilized. They had looked upon civilization as being uniformly the development state, and never the primary one. But the difficulties of reconciling their theory with the undoubted facts which modern researches into antiquity have brought to light, and are still supplying, might at once convince them that their theory of human development cannot possibly be true; for the further we step back upon the tracks of time, the more indubitable and abundant do the traces become of a high and universal civilization among the first founders of empires. If, then, the theory were correct, that we are to regard all civilized nations as having originally emerged from barbarism without ever reversing the process, or sinking from refinement into barbarism; or that the former is the rule, and the latter the exception, then, indeed, the existence of such mighty monarchies so near to the flood of Noah would render that event incredible—at least, at its accepted date. Either this development-theory cannot be true, or the chronology of Moses must be false. But if Moses be correct as to the date of the flood, and if the great empires were founded so soon after,—as is now pretty clearly ascertained,—then, considering the slow progress of uncivilized man, it is quite impossible that, in his first and earliest state, he should have been a savage. It becomes far more probable that, wherever the savage is found, he is man degenerated from his normal state.

It is now abundantly clear that those who have philosophized in modern times upon human nature, after the fashion of Lord Monboddo and his school, have fallen into a capital error as to the original state of mankind. Their antipathy to Moses has seduced them into the adoption of a theory that is irreconcilable with well ascertained facts, and with the earliest traditions of all the most ancient nations. Such philosophers have falsified the original state of our nature, and reversed the process which its history discloses. They ignore the fact that, in his primary state, man was highly civilized, and eminently gifted, and that the first law observable in his social condition is not development, but degeneracy. That tendency, however, has always been checked

or counteracted by the merciful arrangements of Providence as to many large portions of the race; though, in some periods of their history, all nations have shown that tendency, more or less, while in some few it has been allowed to operate through long periods, till nations, once civilized, have sunk into barbarism, or even become extinct. The Chinese evidently never were in a savage state. They believe their ancestors to have been a highly civilized people, and morally much better than themselves; and no doubt they are right, for it is highly probable that, from the date of the dispersion to the present day, they have retained their primitive civilization but little altered or improved; their written and pictorial language, with considerable extension and refinement, but with probably no mixtures or importations from foreign tongues; and also their first form of government, without any constitutional changes.

Now if men were, before the flood, just what the Bible represents them—that is, highly civilized; and if the period for their improvement was so long as the account of that longevity represents, then it follows that, if Noah and his sons brought with them, from the antediluvian age a fair portion of that knowledge which it must have possessed into the postdiluvian, then we have a just ground for concluding that the immediate descendants of the men who could entertain the project of erecting a tower like that of Babel, could have been no barbarians and savages, but men of bold and daring mind, who both possessed physical and mental resources of no inferior order, and knew how to use them. The scriptural history leads us to think of them not as rude, unskilful, and unsocial, but as precisely the reverse; and the vernacular traditions and monuments of all those earliest nations, now becoming increasingly known to us, comport with the Mosaic statements, and, in a very remarkable manner, confirm them. The men of those days were men of renown—great even in their apostasy, large in their purposes, and magnificent in their performances. To enter no further at present into the general subject, but to confine our remarks to the case in hand, we find the native Chinese historians, after alluding to a mythic period, commencing their earliest traditions, to which they attach any credit, with a deluge. Yu, the founder of their first dynasty, is represented as engaged thirteen years in completing the drainage of the lands, before cultivation could be commenced. The earliest settlers are also uniformly represented as the worshippers of one God. Several of their traditions respecting the state of mankind, and of the world, both before and after the flood, bear just such a degree of resemblance to the sacred history as might be expected, after so vast a lapse of time, and among a people degenerating

under growing vice and superstition. Some of the facts of Scripture history have evidently been familiarly known among them from before the age of Confucius, though disguised by the fanciful additions and whimsical alterations and adaptations common to all ancient traditions, especially when imported from other nations.

According to their most valued authorities, the government of China was, from the first, strictly patriarchal, and has never been otherwise. The veneration manifested for parents, and submission rendered to the dictates of their civil rulers, have marked their character from the earliest period of their history. No nation has retained the peculiarities of the patriarchal age so long and so thoroughly; none has shown such reverence for all the customs, institutions, and dogmas of their ancestors. Their conservatism has been perfect and universal. It amounts to a species of religious worship, and has evidently modified every system of religion ever known among them. Before the Christian era, they underwent many changes in their dynasties, and, no doubt, also in the arts and embellishments of social life; but their national characteristics have remained all through unaltered. They are evidently formed in the present day upon the very model of their ancestors, in the age of Confucius, or even in the reign of Yu.

Their history states, that they have frequently, from the earliest times, been subject to hostile inroads from the Tartar tribes to the north and the west, and in such inroads originated that remarkable wall, which extends over eighteen hundred miles of territory, crossing mountains and rivers, and furnished at intervals with gates and towers. It was built about two hundred years before the Christian era, by the founder of the Tsin dynasty; which is supposed to have originated the name Chin, or China. They relate of this emperor, that having determined to make his dynasty last from the beginning to the end of time, he not only caused the wall to be built, which demanded the labour of every third man in the empire, but he also 'collected together and burned all the records of past ages, and buried alive 460 learned men, wishing 'to make posterity believe that the dominion of the world commenced with himself, as the first universal Emperor of China.'

Their great philosopher and moralist, Confucius, was born about 549 years before the Christian era. The same period is assigned for the birth of Laou-tsze, another distinguished teacher, whose system of philosophy and religion has ever since divided the suffrages of their literati with that of Confucius. The distinction between the two teachers seems to have consisted mainly in this—Confucius was the more practical, Laou-tsze the more abstract; Confucius laid down rules for the guidance of life, and eschewed, perhaps denied, the mysterious and the spiritual; while

the other despised the worldly, and taught men to seek their chief good amidst the objects of the invisible and spiritual world. The state of public opinion in China at the present time is not sufficiently known to Europeans to enable them to say which of these systems is the more prevalent. But it is thought that the educated portion of the people are nearly equally divided.

Buddhism, which dates its origin in India probably about the time of Confucius, entered China at a subsequent period, and spread rapidly among the common people. So that while Confucianism and Laou-tszeism may be said to retain their hold on the minds of the educated, Buddhism is the popular religion of the country. The writings of Confucius, which the infatuated emperor Tsin sought to destroy, are said to have been afterwards discovered concealed in an old house; but they are believed to have been incomplete; and it remains doubtful among the Chinese themselves whether they possess the genuine writings of this philosopher in their integrity.

The internal history of the country presents little that is interesting. A succession of contests for the sovereignty, and frequent changes of dynasty, make up nearly the whole from the time of Yu, down to the last conquest by the Tartars, about two hundred years ago. There had been a previous dynasty of Tartars, from A.D. 620 to A.D. 906, and others of shorter duration. The most interesting and remarkable facts in Chinese history are the discovery and use of the magnet, the invention of gunpowder, and the art of printing. The use of the compass they date at more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. A memorable fact it is, that when this instrument was unknown to all the rest of the world, the Chinese should have employed it as a guide for travelling on land. Printing was invented about the year 924 of the Christian era, and gunpowder much earlier. They have also possessed some knowledge of astronomy from early ages, but do not appear to have advanced much upon the knowledge of their ancestors. Their native apathy and self-indulgence have induced them in later ages to depend upon the science of foreigners for the calculation of their calendar.

It will not be out of place here to present to our readers a brief outline of what has been done from the earliest times by way of propagating Christianity in China. There is a strong probability that Syrian and Chaldean Christians, as early as the middle of the second century, ventured on missions to this country. Thomas, the apostle, is claimed by the Syrian Christians in Malabar as their first missionary. Assemanus affirms that, having preached the gospel successfully in India, he passed further on to a country called China, where he founded a church in the city of Cambalu

(Peking). There is also a passage in the Chaldee ritual which alludes to his labours in the following words:—‘By him the Persians, Hindoos, and Chinese, were converted to the Christian faith.’

Chinese history bears witness to a very early intercourse with the west, as well as to a veneration for the cross from the same period. One of their most celebrated writers, Kwan Yun-chang, has also preserved an account of the birth, death, resurrection, and ascension of a Saviour, which is obviously an indistinct tradition of Christianity. Their history also states that, about A.D. 147, ‘the people of India, Arabia, and other parts, came by the Southern Sea to China with tribute; and that from this time trade was ‘carried on with foreigners at Canton.’ It adds, that about the same period, an extraordinary person arrived in China, who taught a doctrine purely spiritual; and drew the admiration of all by the virtues he possessed, and the miracles he performed.

The labours of the early evangelists produced but a partial impression, and probably were of very limited extent. It is evident, however, that some remnants of the Christian faith were long preserved, and that occasionally fresh efforts to extend it were made in succeeding ages; for it is well known that the Nestorians sent missionaries to China, and established churches there. Mosheim states that in the ninth century one David was appointed Metropolitan of China. It is further recorded by Church historians, that in the time of Genghis-khan, Nestorian Christians were scattered throughout Tartary; and that the celebrated Prester John, in the 12th century, exerted a great influence over central Asia. The Nestorians were tolerated in China after the Mongul princes obtained the empire in 1280. They appear to have spread in the north, and flourished for a considerable time, but afterwards gradually declined till they became extinct.

The first efforts of the Roman Catholics to propagate their church in China commenced as early as the beginning of the 14th century. Several popes sent embassies, but nothing effectual was done against the prevailing superstitions of the people. The Latin Church quarrelled with the remaining Nestorians upon questions of discipline and authority. Meanwhile, Mahomedanism prevailed against both. The revival of Roman Catholic missions took place in China after the Portuguese had formed their establishment at Goa. In 1519, a person named Andrade went on an embassy to China, and when a second embassy was sent in 1552, the famous Francis Xavier accompanied it, full of zeal for the conversion of the Chinese. He entered the Canton river in a clandestine manner, and was landed on the island Sancion in the night, but died before morning. The devotedness of Xavier,

however, had a great effect upon other Jesuits, who, for the period of thirty years, continued to visit the neighbourhood, and attempted to establish themselves in the country, but without success. At length they effected an entrance through selecting men eminent for science, especially in astronomy and mathematics. Rogier and Ricci were the first to make their way, slowly and cautiously, to the heart of the empire. They gained a few converts to their doctrines, but their science was most effectual in procuring them friends. After the death of Ricci, Adam Schaal prosecuted the work with greater success. At length he worked his way to court, and became a favourite. During the period of nearly thirty years the fate of these missions was very variable, owing to the political commotions and dynastic changes which were frequently taking place. The success, however, of these Jesuits, stimulated other bodies of Catholics to engage in the missionary work in China. Both the Franciscans and the Dominicans entered the field of labour.

At that period the empire was divided between the Tartar princes and the Ming dynasty—the one holding the south and the other the north. At one time Christianity, as taught by these Roman Catholic missionaries, had made considerable impression upon the court. The mother, wife, and eldest son of the emperor, with fifty ladies of the court, were baptized into the Christian faith. The missionaries at the court of the Tartar king were scarcely less successful, for they also obtained a great influence, and Schaal became tutor to the young emperor, while a minor under guardians. A learned native at this juncture of their affairs wrote a book charging the missionaries with designs to overturn the government. The result was a general spirit of jealousy throughout the empire demanding their expulsion. This prejudice did not, however, succeed in removing them all. A few retained their places, and after some years, things took another turn in their favour. Their services were highly valued in the formation of the Chinese calendar, and their religion was tolerated for the sake of their science. One of the missionaries, named Verbiest, was much in favour with the emperor, and assisted at a critical juncture of political affairs to quell a formidable rebellion by showing the Chinese how to cast brass cannon. At this period the influence of the missionaries had become so great, that if agents had been at their command, they might have spread their religion through the empire.

A large reinforcement of scientific Jesuits took place under Louis XIV. of France. With some occasional opposition from provincial governors, they continued to prosecute their work successfully, till their disputes among themselves counteracted their

influence with the natives, and diverted their attention from the main object of their mission. Some of the causes of these controversies are to be found in questions which, to the present day, divide the opinions of the best friends of China—whether *Shang-te* and *Teen* express the proper idea of God, or only the material heavens. Another question was, whether the ceremonies performed in honour of their ancestors, and especially to the name of Confucius, are to be considered mere expressions of civil respect, or acts of religious homage. The Roman-catholic priests and Jesuits took opposite sides: the Jesuits generally insisting that they were only civil rites; while the Dominicans and Franciscans held them to be religious; and seeing that they were accompanied with offerings and sacrifices, prostrations and incense, in temples specially erected for the purpose, it would be indeed difficult to discriminate between such ceremonies and religious worship. In consequence of these divisions, decrees were obtained from different popes alternately condemning and justifying the native Christians in these matters. The infallible oracle thus destroyed its own prestige, and left the contending parties to fight out their quarrel as best they might. For many years the divided Romanists continued to appeal first to one pope and then to another, till the publication of his decrees respecting Chinese native Christians became so offensive to the emperor, that he dismissed the missionaries to Canton. Attempts were made to reconcile matters by allowing the Chinese Christians to perform the questionable ceremonies. But, on the death of the Emperor Kung-he, in 1722, who had long favoured them and checked the intolerance of his subjects, the new emperor, Yung-ching, was importuned by many of his *literati* and principal mandarins to declare the labours and doctrines of the missionaries contrary to the laws of the empire, and inimical to its peace. The matter was, in due course, laid before what they denominated the *tribunal of rites*, which at length decided that those of the missionaries who were useful in regulating the calendar might remain at court, but that all the rest who were in the provinces were of no use, and should be sent to Macao. This decision met with the emperor's approbation, and, in consequence, all the Roman-catholic missionaries were banished, a hundred churches are said to have been destroyed, and 300,000 proselytes left to themselves.

After this period, at intervals, many of the priests crept back into the country in disguise; and, in 1736, strict search was made after them; many were expelled, and one put to death for returning after expulsion. From that time to the present, the Romish missionaries have availed themselves of every period of relaxation in the enforcement of the laws, and have continued clandestinely

introducing their men. Occasionally, the government has made examples of individual missionaries, but at other times it has winked at their proceedings. The monks of the order of St. Lazarus have shown themselves eminently zealous in modern times. They are said to have converts in most of the provinces, and chapels in many where Roman-catholic worship is publicly performed by converted Chinese. They count as many as twenty-six thousand members in their community at Peking. The government have latterly allowed the natives to become Christian without interference, but they are jealous of the presence of European priests. One fact alone is sufficient to account for the great vicissitudes and adversities of the Romish church in China: it has never given the people a version of the Scriptures. It appears to have been more anxious from the first to send them mathematicians and astronomers than evangelists. It has given them crucifixes and ceremonies in abundance, sometimes martyrs and confessors, but it has never given them the quickening word of the Spirit. The Jesuits have always been tampering with politics, and aiming to control the court, and hence the reverses which they have so often experienced. They have made exceedingly little progress for two centuries; and, so far as a judgment can be formed, their converts are scarcely distinguishable from their superstitious heathen neighbours. With every wish to do them justice, and to honour the eminent men who were first engaged in their missions, we must say that their troubles and disappointments are the natural results of the measures they have adopted, and that they have themselves to thank for the sufferings they have endured. Had but a tithe of the same zeal and labour been devoted to the translation and circulation of the Word of God, which has been devoted to the teaching of astronomy, the regulation of the calendar, meddling with politics, and to matters of outward form and ceremony, a much more glorious harvest might have been reaped from a field so wide, and on many occasions so accessible to the labours of the true evangelists. At the present day, the Romish authorities make a boast of near half a million of converts, and thirteen bishops: but when the real character of these converts is examined it proves little better than nominal, and the numbers very uncertain; and when the length of time, and the unparalleled opportunities enjoyed by these missionaries, are considered, their success can scarcely be deemed anything but a failure. Indeed, as long as they count such facts as the following evidences of success, they must excuse the rest of the world for its incredulity. 'No less than 23,000 infants, in danger of death, were baptized in the first nine months of 1843; 13,000 of the number died immediately; the wretched poverty of the parents



'having led them to abandon their offspring.\* Such superstition as this degrades Christianity to a level with Buddhism, or any sort of heathenism. No doubt the Chinese who were famishing, and who had abandoned their infants on that account, whether Buddhists or Confucians, or anything else, would feel no scruple, for a handful of rice, in allowing the priests to baptize their children;—for the children were already in a dying state from starvation, when the priests came to make them members of their church. Such accessions, however, clearly add nothing to its strength, and as to its prospects, were of very dubious policy. Facts of this sort may serve the purpose of statistical delusion, but nothing else. Submission to ceremonies tells, in this case, for conversion to Christianity. But it is nominal, and nothing more. Enlightenment is wanting. Truth has gained no victory. The kingdom of Christ is not advanced. The consequence of this system has always been, that in times of disfavour, or of direct persecution by the government, the converts have in the main relapsed into heathenism.

Into the history of Protestant missions to China we shall not enter at any length. They commenced with Robert Morrison forty-six years ago. He prepared for his undertaking under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. He had been previously educated for the ministry at Hoxton College, but had devoted himself to the study of Chinese in London, and subsequently sailed for Canton. He arrived there in the year 1807, and commenced his labours in the most humble and self-denying manner. After a short residence, he had made such progress in the acquisition of the language that he was appointed Translator to the English Factory at Canton. This engagement left him sufficiently at leisure to pursue the work of translating the Scriptures, which he considered from the first to be the purport of his mission, and in which he continued to make satisfactory progress from year to year. Before he left England, he had copied a manuscript translation of some portions of the New Testament, which had been discovered in the British Museum.† Having

\* Dublin Review, June, 1844, p. 462.

† A Roman-catholic writer, in the Dublin Review, represents Dr. Milne as stating in '*The Retrospect*,' that 'the London Society commenced its labours by the very bold step of circulating a *version of the Scriptures*, which, strange to tell, was the work of a Catholic missionary, and which he naïvely confesses, only required a little revision.' If it had been so, both Dr. Morrison and Dr. Milne displayed a catholicity of spirit, which it would have been pleasant to see reciprocated by the Romish missionaries in China, in adopting and distributing that very translation made by one of their own men, but printed and published by Morrison and Milne. But such acts of catholicity would be in vain expected from Roman Catholics. The case, however, is altogether misrepresented by this writer. Morrison did not find any Roman-catholic '*version of the Scriptures*.' He found in the British Museum only a *portion of the New Testament*. Dr. Medhurst says: 'About this time it was discovered that

revised and amended the version of the Acts of the Apostles, he first printed this portion. He then proceeded with the Gospels and the Epistles, being assisted in the printing and publishing by funds supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society. In 1813, Dr. Morrison was joined by Mr. Milne, as a fellow-labourer, just when he had completed the translation of the New Testament. After a short residence at Canton, Mr. Milne entered upon the work of distributing the books through Java. Besides two thousand New Testaments, eighteen hundred copies of the first chapter of Genesis were also distributed, together with a large quantity of Tracts. This was the first distribution of any portion of the Holy Scriptures known to have been made among the Chinese, and it was eagerly received by the settlers at Java. Meanwhile Dr. Morrison prosecuted the work of translation with unremitting assiduity, and in 1818, with the assistance of Dr. Milne, the translation of the entire Bible was completed. It was of course some time before so considerable a work could be carried through the press at Canton, owing to the jealousies of the natives, and the difficulty of getting types cut. But all these obstacles were at length overcome; and, in 1824, Dr. Morrison, on his return to England, had the honour of laying before the King the first complete copy of the Chinese Bible.

Since the removal of these excellent missionaries others have successively entered into their labours. The first hasty and necessarily imperfect version of the scriptures has been revised and reprinted with much care, and the mission, confined at first to

there existed in the British Museum a Harmony of the Gospels and the Pauline Epistles, translated into Chinese by some Catholic missionary: this assisted the young student in acquiring the language, and was of some service in preparing his subsequent translations.' At a meeting of the Committee of the Shanghai Bible Society, March 31, 1853, one of the resolutions passed refers to this version in the following words: 'The British and Foreign Bible Society, almost from its formation, had the claims of China before it; and, having been informed that a manuscript version of a great portion of the New Testament, in the Chinese language, was deposited in the British Museum, entertained thoughts of printing it; but, on further inquiry, the idea was relinquished. It formed, however, the basis of the edition subsequently issued by Dr. Morrison, at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society.' So much for this '*version of the Scriptures*,' and the veracious representation of the Romish reviewer.

The same writer quotes with exultation a statement from the Foreign Quarterly Review (vol. v. p. 555), 'that Dr. Morrison had disseminated 240,000 copies of the Bible; but, lacking the courage of the Catholic missionaries to preach the faith, had scarcely made a dozen converts.' From the year 1810 to 1836, the time assigned by this writer, only 2076 Chinese Bibles had been published. Of New Testaments, 9970; and of separate portions of Scripture, 31,000. Of Malay Testaments, 2000, and separate Gospels, 2000. So that this wonderful spread of Bibles, thus misrepresented, dwindles down to 67,000, comprising all the separate portions. The misrepresentation served the purpose of depreciating the success of Protestant missions, and of showing, as the writer thought, the inutilty of distributing the Bible. But it recoils upon the falsifier and his cause.

Canton, has spread to Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Amoy, and now engages seventeen or eighteen European missionaries. But besides those of the London Society the American Church has entered the field of labour, and since the cession of the five ports to the British, the Church of England has had its Bishop of Victoria, with various clergy, who are heartily and liberally co-operating in the great work.

It has been principally under the encouragement afforded by Dr. Smith, bishop of Victoria, and his friends, that a mission was dispatched, a few years since, consisting of two intelligent native Christians, in search of the colony of Jews who were reported to have been resident for many ages in the heart of China, but of whom little was known in Europe. We shall be excused for this digression; but we are sure it will be interesting to our Christian readers to know that the existence and condition of this ancient Jewish colony is now fully ascertained. There has been a community of Israelites at K'ae Fung-Poo for many ages. The deputation, after a long journey, discovered them in a truly low estate. Their traditions are, that their fathers came into China somewhere about the Christian era. Their synagogue was first built in the Sung dynasty. At their settlement they consisted of seventy families, or clans. They are now reduced to seven, comprising not more than two hundred persons. They have no Rabbi, and their synagogue, or temple, of which an interesting account is given by the visitors, was in a very dilapidated state. The deputation copied many ancient inscriptions, both in Chinese and Hebrew. They obtained also eight manuscripts, containing portions of the Old Testament. These are of considerable antiquity, and supposed to be of Persian origin. They also possess twelve rolls of vellum, containing the Law, each thirty feet long, and between two and three feet wide. These the visitors saw, and a negotiation was set on foot for procuring and preserving them. According to present appearances, the few remaining Jews are likely to become absorbed into the surrounding population, as they have no instructor, have lost all knowledge of Hebrew, and are in many respects assimilated to their neighbours.

A full account of the visit paid by the deputation, with copies both of the Hebrew and Chinese inscriptions found on the buildings, and on various tablets and stones, has been published at the expense, we believe, of some liberal parties connected with the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. The work proceeds from the press of the London Missionary Society at Shanghai, and contains an Introduction by the Bishop of Victoria. It is accompanied with admirable fac-similes of the Hebrew MSS. These are the following:—Exodus, chap. 1. to

VI., XXXVIII. to XL.; Leviticus, XIX. and XX.; Numbers, XIII. to XV.; Deuteronomy, XI. to XVI. and XXII. Various portions of the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Hagiographa, which appear to be parts of an ancient Hebrew Liturgy, are contained in two of the manuscripts already received. From all that could be ascertained by the visitors, it appears that Judaism as corrupted by these Chinese Jews, retains but little of its ancient character, and is barely distinguishable from the heathenism of the country.

We proceed now to record the origin and progress of the advancing revolution, and to explain, as far as is at present known, the causes that have provoked it, and the agencies by which it has been sustained. It is difficult to determine the nature of the secret plans which had been in progress prior to the year 1850. It is believed that a species of freemasonry had been devised, and extensively spread among the disaffected many years back, but that fresh life and energy were thrown into these schemes by the accession of many literary candidates who had from time to time been disappointed of obtaining honours and promotion at their triennial examinations, through the partiality, favoritism, and corruption of the ruling or examining mandarins. But this was not the only provocation to rebellion. On the accession of the new and young emperor, Niën-foung, in February, 1850, the Chinese conservatives came into power. Reactionary measures were adopted against innovation, against all European influence, and, as far as possible, against the English. The ministers of state who had enjoyed the confidence of the previous emperor, Tai-kouang, were cruelly degraded and banished, principally because they were chargeable with befriending the foreigners, and advising their sovereign to keep on terms of peace with them. As soon as the proclamation was issued in the name of the new emperor, announcing to the governors of the provinces the changes which were taking place in the administration, and intimating the spirit of reaction that was at work at court, immediately a sterner purpose of reform was awakened in the minds of the people, and louder arose their complaints against their infatuated rulers. This spirit was not to be exorcised by the proclamations of authority or threats of the mandarins.

Prior to the reaction at court and in the government, in a distant part of the country, among almost inaccessible mountains, where a race of men existed that were well nigh independent both of emperor and mandarins, measures had been in progress for commencing an open insurrection, at the head of which were leaders of sturdy resolution and superior knowledge. A few months after the young emperor's proclamation before-mentioned, news reached the government of the armed insurrection which had

commenced in the province of Kouang-Si. In the month of August, 1850, the first intimation was given in an English journal, from which the following extract is cited by Messrs. Callery and Yvan :—

*'24th August.*—Under the powerful influence of the men of letters, and in consequence of a general discontent throughout China, the cry of reform is raised in all directions. The new principles are making immense progress, and the day is rapidly approaching when the empire will be torn in pieces by civil war. Among the higher and middle classes of Peking there is a firm belief in the prophecy diffused over China a century ago, that the reigning dynasty will be overthrown in the commencement of the 48th year of the present cycle, and this fatal year will begin on the first of February next.

'This event is by no means improbable, if we examine with attention the revolutionary movements which have simultaneously taken place at the most remote points of this vast empire. The work of revolution has already commenced in the province of Kouang-Si, in the neighbourhood of the first commercial city of China; and it is the general belief among the lettered party of Canton, that this is only a pilot-balloon to test the opinion of the masses, and to force the Tartar government to display the means which it has at its disposal for its self-preservation.

'Hitherto the rebels have triumphed over every obstacle, and their chief, who takes the title of generalissimo, openly declares that the object of the revolutionary movement is to dethrone the reigning dynasty, and to found another of Chinese origin. In vain have the authorities armed all the contingents of their several districts; the torrent has carried everything before it, and many mandarins have fallen victims to their loyalty. At the same time, the successes of the rebels do no honour to their cause; their passage is marked by pillage, murder, conflagration, and all those acts of spoliation which are scarcely practised in cities taken by storm; although the people thus afflicted have given no motive for persecution, but, on the contrary, have been the first to suffer under the imperial tyranny. The lettered and the rich do not approve of these deplorable excesses, but they are without power to check them.

'Besides the secret societies which are now more numerous than under the late emperor, clubs are everywhere formed, in spite of the laws which prohibit all meetings of the kind. In these, every member is forced to make oath that he will do all in his power to overthrow the dynasty of Tsing, and pursue this noble undertaking until its end is attained.

'While this work of regeneration is going on, the boy who now wields the imperial sceptre annihilates the devoted ministers, who, seeing the approach of the tempest, dare to convey the counsels of experience and wisdom to the foot of the throne. While the nation utters the cry of *reform*, the blinded monarch answers by that of resistance,

and to that natural movement of mind which has brought China into the path of progress, he opposes a factitious movement to force it back into the impracticable routine of the past. Can we be astonished if the Tartar dynasty falls in a contest so unequal? If so, it will only have itself to blame.'—p. 36.

At this period a very considerable body of men were not only in arms, but in a position to give battle to all the imperial troops that could be brought against them. Issuing from the mountainous region where their measures had been planned, and the troops trained to something like discipline and the use of arms, they poured down upon the fertile districts and neighbouring towns and cities with the suddenness of a tempest, and the force of a mountain torrent. The Peking journals first noticed the rebellion in August, 1850, and represented it as consisting chiefly of a horde of pirates who had taken refuge from the guns of the English in the mountains of Kouang-Si. But the impolicy and falseness of these representations soon became manifest. The mountainous region of Kouang-Si, away from all the marts of commerce and roads of communication, was no very favourable nest for bands of robbers and pirates, but was well adapted for the purposes of insurgents whose object was to gather an army, and to train the sturdy natives of that peculiar region for the enterprise which the chiefs were planning, and which they sagaciously foresaw would soon inflame the heart of the nation. Accordingly, they were not long in giving ample evidence that their object was not predatory warfare, nor their bands constituted of pirates and highwaymen. At first they seemed in no haste to make demonstrations of their power; but when they had practised a little manœuvring hither and thither, as if to leave it doubtful what were their intentions, they gradually drew towards the province of Kouang-Toung, and first attacked the large commercial town of Ho, which, together with the capital of the district, Kiang-Men, soon fell into their hands. This was their first success; and it so astounded the grand mandarin who held the viceroyalty of the two Kouangs, that he bethought himself of an expedient for escaping from the responsibility of his position by requesting leave to visit the tomb of the late emperor. The refusal of his request laid upon him the necessity of immediately sending an army to subdue the rebels. These troops were, at a single blow, annihilated by the insurgents. The redoubtable governor of these provinces, whose name was Siu, instead of collecting more troops, set off on a journey to Peking, where his presence could accomplish nothing against the rebels. While he was on this journey, an opportunity was afforded to the insurgents of following up their first successes in a manner which clearly proved

their superiority to the troops that were opposed to them. After giving them battle, and standing their ground for some time, they began to yield, and at length retreated, as if beaten. By this manœuvre they drew the imperial troops into an ambush that had been skilfully planned, and by means of which they not only defeated, but actually destroyed them, leaving nothing of a large army but a few scattered fragments. The same stratagem they have successfully employed in several other important battles.

After suffering these disastrous defeats, the young emperor began to perceive the incompetency of the men to whom he had committed the cares of government, as well as the folly with which he was chargeable in dismissing and disgracing the counsellors of his father. He therefore at once recalled the aged commissioner Lin, who was in office during the opium war, and authorized him to proceed with plenary powers to the disturbed districts, and to reduce the rebels to obedience. But by this time they had overrun a large portion of two important provinces, had made good their position, and published to their fellow-countrymen the first announcement of their intentions. This document is said to have been well received wherever they came. As it is a very singular production, we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers, from the volume of Messrs. Callery and Yvan :—

“The Manchooks, who for two centuries have been the hereditary occupants of the throne of China, were originally members of a small foreign tribe. With the aid of a powerful army they took possession of our treasure, our lands, and the government of our country, proving that superior strength is all that is required for the usurpation of an empire. There is, therefore, no difference between us, who levy contribution on the villages we have taken, and the officials sent from Peking to collect the taxes. Taking and keeping are both fair alike. Why, then, without any motive, are troops marched against us? This appears to us very unjust. How? Have the Manchooks, who are foreigners, a right to collect the revenues of eighteen provinces, and to appoint the officers who oppress the people; while we, who are Chinese, are forbidden to take a little money from the public stock? Universal sovereignty does not belong to any individual to the exclusion of all the rest, and no one ever saw a dynasty which could count a hundred generations of emperors. Possession, and possession only, gives a right to govern.” “This proclamation was the first political act of the rebels. Hitherto the principles for which they fought had only been promulgated by those vague rumours which, when the moment of revolution has arrived, circulate among the masses, as if they had a presentiment of what was about to happen.”—p. 55.

The objects proposed in this manifesto were popular throughout the empire; these were to expel or extirpate the Manchooks, and to transfer the administration of the public revenue into the hands

of the Chinese. It will be observed, that in this document nothing is said of a Pretender who is to restore the Ming dynasty; that was reserved for a future occasion.

The imperial cause experienced about this juncture a great disaster in the death of Lin. He had nearly reached the scene of conflict, when he sunk under his fatigues and anxieties, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Shortly after this event, official reports were circulated that the rebels were subdued, and the provinces which they had disturbed reduced again to order. This strange people, whose selfishness is only equalled by their falsehood, had shut their eyes to the real dangers which were daily thickening around them, apparently for the sole purpose of aiding the unprincipled mandarins to carry on profitable commercial speculations during the present agitation. The delusion was, however, soon dissipated by the rapid and extensive spread of the revolution, which nothing yet attempted had been able to retard.

It was about this period that the insurgents ventured on the bold measure of throwing off that mark of their subjection to the Manchoes, which had been enforced with such rigour, and worn with such reluctance. The tail which appears as the prolonged dorsal appendage to the Chinese head, was henceforth doomed to excision. This, with the assumption of the open tunic or coat, said to belong to the costume of the Mings, now became the symbol of rebellion, and declaration of defiance to the Tartars. Doubtless this was a stroke of sound and bold policy, and one which, when recited at Peking, made the ears of the emperor and of all his ministers to tingle. What could they do in this emergency? The tails were gone, and would not stick on the heads of their subjects again, even if a proclamation had been issued to that effect. So, to carry the thing off with the best face they could put on—and at the same time gratify their own insatiate love of lying—they issued to their credulous subjects, or at least to those of them who took any interest in public affairs, the following precious document. They informed the public, through the imperial *Gazette*, that the rebels had already made their submission to the commissioner, and had forwarded to him a petition for pardon, of which the following is a copy:—

‘We plebeians were born in times of abundance, and have hitherto been faithful subjects. Our families are esteemed in our villages; we have practised virtue and respected property; but in consequence of a long series of rainy seasons, the farmers were not able to get in their harvests, and the people, being without labour, or means of subsistence, were obliged to associate with robbers. We came to the Kouang-Si in search of a residence, and there we met some of our countrymen, who, being distressed like ourselves, formed with us a band of robbers.



If, however, we have followed the example of the too famous Lou-Moung, cannot we also, like him, reform our conduct? When we think of our homes and our relatives we are filled with the desire of seeing them once more; but when a resistless wind has driven us far into a stormy sea, how are we to regain the wished-for shore? Still, we trust that your lordships will have pity upon us, and obtain from his imperial majesty an act of oblivion for all that is past. If the withered and useless tree receives the same dew as the sweetest flower, why should not a man endowed with great goodness, grant life to those who implore his commiseration? In our hearts we are faithful subjects, and we shall be happy to return to the path of duty. Henceforth, to the end of our days, we will be faithful servants in any humble condition you may please to appoint; and if we commit any fault, we shall willingly submit to the lash and the bamboo. These are our most earnest wishes, which we communicate to you with our faces prostrate on the ground. If this proceeding offends you, we shall await your sentence with fear and trembling.—p. 61.

Notwithstanding this alleged pacification of the provinces, a new commissioner was despatched with imperial authority to report upon the conduct of the governor of these provinces, and if needful, to send him as a prisoner to Peking. Thus, between commissioners, generals, viceroys, and governors reporting upon one another's conduct and misconduct, the poor emperor scarcely knew which should be honoured and which degraded, or whether he should not order them all to be decapitated. Meanwhile, advantage is adroitly taken of these thrifless measures by the insurgents, who keep advancing step by step across the empire, levying large contributions on those towns that held to the imperial cause, but favouring those that received them with little or no resistance.

About March, 1851, the court seemed to bestir itself, and to be resolved on some vigorous measures. The new imperial commissioner Li called to his assistance one of the most formidable and ferocious of the military men, named Tehang-tiên-tsio, whom he constituted lieutenant-governor of the province. At the same time, and in conjunction with this appointment, thirty-six individuals in Canton, suspected only of political offences, were put to death, doubtless with the view of inspiring terror into traitors and rebels. The only effect of this piece of barbarity was the next public step taken in advance by these rebels—the announcement that a new emperor of the Ming dynasty, of the name of Tièn-tè (celestial virtue), claimed the throne of his ancestors. This name was now resounded through the empire to the very gates of the Tartar palace. His portrait was taken, and circulated extensively among the people. A copy of this curiosity is given in the volume of Messrs. Callery and Yvan.

A whole year had now been allowed to pass without effectually staying the evil. A prosperous commencement had been secured by the rebels, who had beaten in detail the several armies that had been sent against them. Then came this startling disclosure, that the Pretender to the empire was in their camp. Prior to this also they had availed themselves of the popular superstition that attributed to an ancient prophecy the date of 1850 for the commencement of a new dynasty. They claimed also the possession of a miraculous standard that secured success to their arms, and they now crown their well laid scheme by presenting to the population of the empire the portrait of their new sovereign, thereby keeping up a gradually increasing excitement among the people, and meeting every strong move of the imperialists against them with some cunning device of their own, whereby it was more than counteracted.

By this time the rebellion had spread throughout the two provinces of Kouang-Toung and Kouang-Si. Peking was in consternation, and new ministers of war and great officers of state are despatched one after another to the scene of action. Canton next becomes alarmed; for large demands are now made by the government on the coffers of the rich merchants and mandarins. During the months of June and July frequent battles ensued, in every one of which the rebels were victorious. The successor of the old commissioner Lin, named Li-sing-yuèn, had now been earnestly trying to quell the rebellion for half a year, and had made no progress, but had sacrificed many bodies of troops to no purpose. He professed to be worn out by the fatigues of the war, and requested permission of the emperor to rest awhile, that he might recruit his strength. But the concession, though granted, availed him nothing. He sunk under his vexations before he could reach Peking.

Soon after this, a report was circulated of an attempt which had been made to assassinate the emperor in his palace. From what quarter this attempt was made is not known, but his uncles were suspected. The news of this occurrence either singularly synchronized with a fresh measure of the insurgents, or suggested it to them, for just at that period they issued a new coinage with the name of Tien-te, the pretender, upon it. The pieces were only a small coin of mixed metal, but they served to test the public feeling in reference to the popularity of the civil war. These coins, however, small as they are, constitute the only currency, excepting ingots of gold and silver, without any official or national stamp.

The capital city of Kouang-Si still resisted the insurgents, but they continued to capture principal cities of districts. Three im-

portant places fell into their hands about this time, from which they gained enormous booty. These were Lo-Ting-Tcheou, Li-Ning-Hien, and Lu-Lin-Tcheou. The continued victories of the rebels towards the end of the year 1851 could no longer be concealed by the imperial *Gazette*. It was acknowledged that they were making alarming progress, but at the same time the loyal subjects of his majesty were assured that all the fortified towns were placed in a complete state of preparation. In September of this year a considerable body of the imperial troops were met and completely routed by the insurgents in the district of Young-Gan. This is reported to have been one of the most sanguinary actions during the war, and was skilfully followed up on the part of the rebels by storming three of the principal towns in that district. The magistrates of all these places were required to accept the sovereignty of Tien-te, the new emperor, or maintain their loyalty by sacrificing their lives. The submissive inhabitants suffered no injury at the hands of the victors. A proclamation was issued enjoining order and peace in these conquered cities, and giving permission to those inhabitants who would not recognise the new emperor to depart wheresoever they pleased unmolested, taking their effects with them. In availing themselves of this proclamation, a considerable number of the inhabitants are reported to have fallen in with a party of the imperialist troops, who, instead of protecting, robbed them, and murdered those who offered any resistance. 'You are,' said these unfortunate citizens, 'mice to the rebels, and tigers to us.\*'

While these successes were being gained by the rebels, the grand commissioner who was sent to destroy them, contented himself with remaining shut up in Kao-Tcheou-Fou, from whence he issued his proclamations, setting a large price upon the head of Tien-te, or that of his father, and of the principal counsellor who accompanied him. But his offer of 90,000 taels produced no heads, and gave no check to the insurgents. Siu perceiving the hopelessness of his position, next asked permission of the emperor to return to Canton, from whence he had issued with full determination to destroy all the rebels; but, like all the other grand commissioners, generals, and viceroys, who had contented themselves with blustering and threatening, and then professing to be overcome with their great exertions, without ever striking a blow, he also disappointed the hopes he had raised, and sought an opportunity to retire from the conflict, and, if possible, at the same time save his head.

\* Alluding to the name usually attached to the *regulars* of China—whether in irony or not, the reader may judge. Hitherto they had manifested, certainly, more of the *mouse* than the *tiger*.

Thus the imperial cause was constantly betrayed by the cowardice or selfishness of its pledged defenders. Sometimes they despatched accounts of their great successes, when they had run away, and had seen their armies annihilated; and thus they continued to deceive their imperial master as to the real state of his affairs, which every day was becoming more critical. No wonder that he should be insensible to the dangers that surrounded him, and dreaming of security while his enemies were advancing with rapid strides in subduing the richest and most important provinces of his empire. He is even said to have remained shut up in his palace writing a poem on the valorous exploits of those Tartar generals who were deceiving him daily by their lying despatches. But while the Mantchou emperor was composing his heroic verses his rival was performing heroic deeds.

It has been mentioned as a peculiar fact in the proceedings of these triumphant rebels, that they paid little regard to the places they subdued, and took no measures for their retention or defence, but passing through them, and making them subservient to the purposes of supply and reinforcement, prosecuted their march gradually towards the ancient capital. Every position they gained was, after a short occupation, abandoned. A few strongholds, however, are said to be exceptions.

In the course of the year 1851, more than 700 unfortunate persons accused of favouring the insurrection were executed in Canton. But these cruelties in the civil administration proved as ineffectual as the military operations of generals and commissioners. The imperial party, however, saw the importance of strengthening the sinews of war, and obtained a royal decree to raise in the city of Canton alone no less a sum than one million of taels. The object which the viceroy of the two Kouangs sought to accomplish by this contribution was to buy off the insurgents from the siege of Kao-Tcheou-Fou, in which they had shut him up. He accordingly offered them a sum of 300,000 taels if they would withdraw and allow him to quit the city. But, without regarding his offer, they continued the blockade. About this time they possessed themselves of Ou-Hiem and Tchaa-Ping, with two other places lying between them. They had now subdued every city, town, and village of the province of Kouang-Si, with the exception of Kouei-Lin, its capital. All the inhabitants had adopted their regulations as to the ancient costume, and submitted to the authority of the pretender.

Irritated by these repeated disasters, the emperor sends a command to his generals to retake Young-Gan-Tcheou within a fortnight; and that if they did not obey, the three principal generals should lose their heads. The order thus enforced inflamed the zeal of these

courageous captains to an unusual pitch; for they immediately set forth, at the head of their troops, to retake the city of Young-Gan-Tcheou. This bold movement was unexpected, and perhaps unprepared for by the insurgents, who at first seemed to make but a feeble defence. Yet, in the midst of the action, it appeared that they were much better prepared for the attack than the imperialists expected; for they suddenly opened a formidable battery with murderous effects upon the troops of the mandarins, and the unfortunate generals had to retreat without accomplishing the command of their emperor. One person, who was present, and witnessed this action, states that the bodies of troops engaged in it were commanded by chiefs independent of each other, but united in one strong purpose to overthrow the Tartar dynasty. He reported that he saw the following proclamation posted on the walls of Young-Gan-Tcheou. It throws some light upon the motives and proceedings of the insurgents:—

‘Know all people, that China belongs to the descendant of the ancient dynasty. Do not be appalled, ye students, freemen, artisans, and merchants, but remain each of you firm to his work. The fortune of the dynasty of Han is about to flourish once more, and the foreign dynasty of the Manchous approaches its termination. This is a decree of Heaven, of which there can be no doubt. After a long union, division is to follow. In order that things may be securely established on the publication of the laws, our sovereigns have displayed their beneficence; and before prostrating themselves before the Supreme Being, have always rendered assistance to the unfortunate. After having learned to adore God, they have laboured to save the people from calamity, have supported the weak, resisted the strong, and saved the villages from robbers. They did not act like the chiefs Tai-te-ou, and others, who stopped the junks on the rivers, pillaged and massacred the inhabitants of town and country, and then asked the mandarins for passports and safe conducts, to take them to a place of safety. When our princes, by the power of Heaven, entered Young-Gan-Tcheou, they extended their munificence around them, and looking upon the people as their own children, induced them to abstain from murder, and to take nothing without permission. They are just and impartial as a balance; but if any one refuses obedience, he will be handed over to the officers of the army. Our princes call upon the inhabitants of every district to surrender, if they would merit the reward due to voluntary adhesion. In the meanwhile, they are now waiting the arrival of chiefs of the other provinces, that they may join their forces, and attack the capital of Peking; after which, they will proceed to a division of the empire.’—p. 114.

After the defeat recently mentioned, another Chinese army, consisting of about 13,000 men, was collected, and marched against the rebels. They were encountered between two towns of

the third order, called Ping-Nan-Kien and Tchao-Ping. The imperial troops advanced with horrible shouts against the rebels, while the dismal sound of the gong was echoed from the surrounding hills. The insurgents appeared to be panic-struck, and made but a feeble defence. Forsaking their positions, and endeavouring to occupy others, they gradually retreated for several hours, till they had greatly wearied the imperialists; then debouching into a valley of magnificent bamboos, as if to escape from their pursuers, they gave the signal to a large body of their friends concealed among the neighbouring hills, who descended immediately into the valley, preceded by more than sixty pieces of artillery. This manœuvre was fatal to the imperial army. As soon as the general perceived the snare into which he had fallen, he gave the signal for retreat; but when he reached his camp half his troops were missing; great numbers had been killed, but more had joined the enemy.

This defeat was followed by a singular project, in which Siu, the Viceroy, who had been so long shut up behind the strong ramparts of Kao-Tcheou-Fou, confided for the complete annihilation of the rebels. He swore by his long moustache that he would be avenged for the recent disaster. The notable expedient he adopted is said to have been borrowed from the ancient history of the kingdom of Tsi. Four thousand buffaloes were tied together, and torches of resin were attached to their long horns. Four thousand troops were to conduct this formidable expedition. It started in the evening for the enemy's camp, fully expecting that this terrible array of firebrands would burn it up, or terrify the soldiers out of their wits. The horned battalion were driven successfully up to the station of the enemy, who regarding it as a procession by torch-light, patiently waited for their opportunity, when with the greatest ease they attacked and routed the whole expedition, sacrificing not less than 2000 lives. What will be deemed by our readers not less remarkable than the absurd scheme itself, is, that it should pass among the warriors of China for a very clever and admirable piece of generalship.

Soon after this affair the rebels entered into the province of Hou-Kouang. This produced a great sensation at the court of Peking. An express announced the news at Canton. The minister of war ordered all the troops that could be collected from the surrounding provinces to be directed to this part. But it was found that they could not be spared from their own neighbourhoods, because there were several independent insurrections going on in different places at the same time. The capital of the province Kouei-Lin required all the troops that could be got together to keep it in a state of defence. In most of the principal towns

which the rebels had seized, they found abundance of treasures and of stores which had been provided for the emperor's troops. It is worthy of observation, too, that they continued to respect private property, limiting their hostility to the public functionaries and the troops that resisted them. By this means they gained the respect and confidence of the inhabitants, who witnessed with the most perfect indifference the tragical end of their oppressors, many of whom, dreading the wrath of the emperor, committed suicide. The order and discipline which pervaded the ranks of the rebels became one of the most formidable omens to the imperial party, and one of the best pledges of their own success among the people.

There is an amusing account given of an attempt made by the Lieutenant Governor of Kouang-Si, to buy the submission of the Pretender. Two men of high literary rank, with three attendants, were despatched as an embassy, to endeavour to gain an interview with Tien-te. They were accordingly admitted after due ceremonies and delays; and when they had made their speech, and laboured with all their eloquence to persuade Tien-te to submit to the existing government, he is reported to have addressed them to the following effect:

‘Masters, you misunderstand me completely. How can a prince submit to his own subjects? I am the eleventh descendant of the Emperor Tsoung-tching, of the great dynasty of the Mings; and I now rightfully levy troops in hope of recovering my ancient territory. A rebellion was originally the cause that the Tartar race was invited by Ousan-Kouei, minister of the Ming dynasty, to assist in overturning the rebel-chiefs, Tchang and Li. Here, however, they did not stop. They took possession of the country, and my ancestors, considering the service done by the race of Tsing in the war against the rebels, did not venture to expel them at once, but allowed them and their descendants to occupy the throne for 200 years, as a reward for their good conduct. You surely cannot say that this reward was insufficient. At present, strong in the justice of my cause, I am levying troops to recover the possession of my ancestors. The race of Tsing ought to retire to their own country without resistance, so that each party may be in possession of its own territory. This course would bring repose to the soldiers and the people. Masters, you are still subjects of the Chinese Empire, and you perfectly understand the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. Can you have entirely forgotten your lawful prince, and remain contentedly the subjects of foreigners?’—p. 139.

Thus terminated this absurd conference. The governor of the province who had planned it was mortified and provoked by the message he received, and at the failure of his stratagem, while the insurgents continued their march, capturing the towns, and gradu-

ally advancing towards Nanking, from which it now became evident no power possessed by the imperialists could keep them. It fell into their hands shortly after, with the entire command of the great canal and principal river.

This brief abstract of the accounts from various authentic sources may suffice to give our readers a tolerable notion of civil war as it is conducted in China. It would be of little interest to continue such a narrative through all the details of conflicts and sieges, and almost uninterrupted successes of the insurgents, up to and since the capture of Nanking. The history of the war presents little else than a prolongation of the same kind of narrative with the variations of unprounceable names of towns and cities wholly unknown to English ears.

It is distressing enough to read of civil wars among any people, but the horrors of this warfare are truly appalling. There is a strong mixture of savage fanaticism working with other principles of action in the rebels, and probably throughout the empire, against the Tartar race, whom these large masses of the people have vowed to exterminate. To a very considerable extent they have fulfilled their cruel resolution, and at Nanking alone, not less than 20,000 of these unhappy people were slaughtered in cold blood. The taking of that important capital was effected by the rebels early in the present year, and along with it they have possessed themselves of the strong position of Chin-Kiang-Foo.

Sir Geo. Bonham, the British plenipotentiary, arrived at Shang-hae on the 21st of March, much to the consolation of the British residents, and shortly after proceeded on board the *Hermes*, to endeavour to gain an interview with the chiefs of the insurgents. The results of this conference, though not in all respects satisfactory, yet served to quiet the fears of the Europeans at Shang-hae, by assuring them of the friendly feelings of the insurgents towards the English, and of their willingness to allow them free access to every part of the country when the present contest shall be decided. After various missives from Sir G. Bonham to the rebel chiefs, and back again from them to Sir George, with some danger of a misunderstanding, owing to suspicions which existed in the minds of the rebels, that the British were lending assistance to the Tartar cause, everything was fully explained, at least as far as it was possible to come to a clear understanding with a people who imagine themselves the immediate vicegerents of Divine authority, and who pretend to a commission from Heaven to rule all the earth. One of the documents that passed in this correspondence is such a curiosity in its way, that we shall present it to our readers. It was written on yellow silk, the colour adopted by the new dynasty.



*'The Insurgent Chiefs to Sir George Bonham.'*

(Translation of the Yellow Silk Document.)

'We, Prince of the East, Yang, the Honae teacher, and the Master who rescues from Calamity, (an ecclesiastical title,) Principal Minister of State, and also Generalissimo, both subjects of the Celestial Dynasty, now under the sway of Taeping, truly commissioned by Heaven to rule, hereby issue a decree to the distant English, who have long recognised the duty of worshipping Heaven (God), and who have recently come into the views of our royal Master, especially enjoining upon them to set their minds at rest, and harbour no unworthy suspicions.

'The Heavenly Father, the Supreme Lord, the Great God, in the beginning created heaven and earth, land and sea, men and things, in six days; from that time to this, the whole world has been one family, and all within the four seas brethren: how can there exist, then, any difference between man and man; or how any distinction between principal and secondary birth? But from the time that the human race has been influenced by the demoniacal agency which has entered into the heart of man, they have ceased to acknowledge the great benevolence of God, the Heavenly Father, in giving and sustaining life, and ceased to appreciate the infinite merit of the expiatory sacrifice made by Jesus, our Celestial Elder Brother, and have, with lumps of clay, wood, and stone, practised perversity in the world. Hence it is that the Tartar hordes and Elin Huns so fraudulently robbed us of our celestial territory (China). But, happily, Our Heavenly Father and Celestial Elder Brother, have from an early date displayed their miraculous power amongst you English, and you have long acknowledged the duty of worshipping God, the Heavenly Father, and Jesus, our Celestial Brother; so that the truth has been preserved entire, and the Gospel maintained. Happily, too, the Celestial Father, the Supreme Lord and Great God, has now, of His infinite mercy, sent a heavenly messenger to convey our Royal Master, the Heavenly King, up into heaven, and has personally endowed him with power to sweep away from the thirty-three heavens demoniacal influences of every kind, and expel them thence into this lower world; and, beyond all, happy is it that the Heavenly Father and Great God displayed his infinite mercy and compassion in coming down into this our world in the third month of the year Mowshin (1848), and that Jesus, our Celestial Elder Brother, Saviour of the world, likewise manifested equal favour and grace in descending to earth during the ninth month of the same year, where, for these six years past, they have marvellously guided the affairs of men, mightily exhibited their wondrous power, and put forth innumerable miraculous proofs, exterminating a vast number of imps and demons, and aiding our Celestial Sovereign in assuming the control of the whole empire.

'But now that you distant English have not deemed myriads of miles too far to come and acknowledge our sovereignty, not only

are the soldiers and officers of our Celestial dynasty delighted and gratified thereby, but even in high heaven itself our Celestial Father and Elder Brother will also admire this manifestation of your fidelity and truth. We therefore issue this special decree, permitting you, the English chief, to lead your brethren out or in, backwards or forwards, in full accordance with your own will or wish, either to aid us in exterminating our impish foes, or to carry on your commercial operations as usual; and it is our earnest hope that you will, with us, earn the merit of diligently serving our royal Master, and, with us, recompense the goodness of the Father of Spirits.

‘Wherefore we promulgate this new decree of (our Sovereign) Taeping, for the information of you English, so that all the human race may learn to worship our Heavenly Father and Celestial Brother, and that all may know that, wherever our Royal Master is, there men unite in congratulating him on having obtained the decree to rule.

‘A special decree, for the information of all men, given (under our seals) this 26th day of the third month of the year Kweihaou, (May 1, 1853,) under the reign of the celestial dynasty of Taeping.’—*Parliamentary Papers*, p. 31.

The claim to universal sovereignty was, of course, resisted and denied by our worthy plenipotentiary, and there the matter ended, after an explanation and apology from the chiefs for the shots that had been fired at the *Hermes*, which Sir George very properly accepted.

We shall now endeavour to present to our readers the best account we have been able to collect of the origin and growth of the movement. It ought to be premised that so little intercourse has hitherto been had with the rebels by Europeans, that no certain data can be yet found for any very decided opinion. Some parties entertain strong suspicions that the Jesuits have either excited the rebellion, or have gained the direction of it. That they are capable of all that has been attributed to them in this affair, there is no doubt; but there are indications in the temper and proceedings of the rebels, which render it very doubtful whether the Jesuits have any influence over them. Indeed it appears altogether like a native movement; and the tracts or books they have issued, so far as they are known to us, bear the stamp of the half enlightened heathen mind rather than of the crafty and accomplished Jesuit. We cannot realize the conception of Roman Catholics of any order originating and circulating such publications. There can be no doubt that to the strange mixture of religious tenets and political principles, which imparts such an air of novelty to the present movement, is to be ascribed the unusual energy and earnestness of the men who are at its head; and to this is due the success that has hitherto attended them. How they have acquired what little knowledge of religion they possess, seems as yet uncer-

tain. Doubts have been expressed of the correctness of the explanation offered by Dr. Legge in the *Hong Kong Register*, and inserted in some of the English journals. It is, however, the most probable explanation that has yet appeared, and as such we offer it to our readers. If the missionaries gain access to the chiefs, we shall soon acquire more certain and complete information.

‘The chief, Hung Sow-tseuen, has been the enlightener of his followers in religious matters more, I apprehend, than their leader in war. The history of his own acquaintance with the Scriptural truths which he now publishes under an Imperial seal may be traced as follows:—In 1837, it is stated in one of the works which I have been analyzing, he was taken up to heaven, and fully instructed in Divine matters. Before that time, however, his mind had been excited about the great truths which are contained in our Scriptures. There is evidence that he was for some months, in 1846, residing, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction, with Mr. Roberts, an American missionary, in Canton. On his first application to that gentleman, he informed him that the thing which first aroused his mind was a Tract with the title—*Good Words to Admonish the Age*, which was given him several years before, at one of the literary examinations. The statements of that tract were subsequently, we learn from another document given last year by a relative of his to a Swedish missionary in Hong-Kong, confirmed to him by a vision which he had in a time of sickness, and during which occurred his visit to heaven. Thus we are carried back, beyond 1837, to the point when this religious movement commenced; and we want to find a tract, entitled *Good Words to Admonish the Age*, given to Sew-tseuen, then a literary student, at one of the triennial examinations. Now, we have the tract, and we have the record of its distribution on one of these occasions.

‘*Good Words to Admonish the Age* was a tract well known to missionaries some ten or twelve years ago, but it has latterly been out of print. I had the old blocks sought out, however, during the present week, and have had a few copies struck off. No one can look into it without seeing at once that its phraseology and modes of presenting the truth are repeated in the publications obtained at Nanking. It is rather a misnomer to call it a tract. It is a compilation of tracts, or short sermons on passages of Scripture and the general principles of religion, in four pretty large Chinese volumes. The different volumes, however, used to be distributed separately, each with the general title, and perhaps Sew-tseuen only received one of them, and not the entire set. So, then, as the oak is in the acorn, the present great movement lay in one or more of the volumes of this compilation—*Good Words to Admonish the Age*. The writer is still alive, a Chinese named Leang A-fah, who was baptized at Malacca, in 1816, by Dr. Milne, and still continues, abundant in labours, in connexion with Dr. Hobson’s operations in Canton. And now for the fact of the distribution of this tract at the

literary examinations in Canton. This I shall give in the words of A-fah, in a letter written in the end of 1834:—‘For three or four years I have been in the habit of circulating the Scripture lessons, which have been joyfully received by many. This year the triennial examination of literary candidates was held in Canton, and I desired to distribute books among the candidates. On the 20th of August, therefore, accompanied by Woo A-chang, Chow A-san, and Leang A-san, we distributed 5000, which were gladly received without the least disturbance. The next day we distributed 5000 more.’ My space will not allow me to quote more of A-fah’s letter. His good endeavour soon brought the attention of the mandarins upon him, and the end was the severe punishment of one of his friends, the death of a second, and the flight of himself to Singapore. The detail which I have given shows you the book by which, the individual by whom, and the manner in which, the head of this formidable rebellion was first brought into contact with scriptural truth. The connexion between him and A-fah will greatly interest those who wisely like, in their study of Providence, to put this and that together. A-fah was the first convert made by Protestant missions, and by him is communicated an influence to the mind of this remarkable individual, which has already extended to tens of thousands, and may, by and by, spread over the whole of this vast and thickly-peopled territory.

‘But let me pursue Hung Sew-tseuen’s history. In 1837, after he had become acquainted with the truths, taught in the above tract, he suffered from some disease, during which he thought he was taken up to heaven, and saw—his friend says, ‘his soul saw’—many things confirmatory of the new doctrines with which his mind had been occupied. I have a strong persuasion that the visions and revelations to which I have referred above, have an intimate connexion with this sickness. We can conceive Sew-tseuen, labouring under the oppression of fever, shaping the fancies that floated into his mind from the new world of thought where he had been ranging, into heavenly scenes and transactions, and then, on his recovery, with no one to help and direct him, confounding the ideal with the real, so that to this day he seems to see visions, and hear revelations.

‘Be this as it may, on his recovery, he was not disobedient to the imagined vision. He believed, and he would speak. In 1844 he travelled through Kwang-se, and composed various works, some of which are contained in one of the books brought from Nanking, the *Proclamation of the T’ae-P’ing Dynasty*, to which I have already referred, as displaying more grasp and freedom of mind than any of the others. It was two years after this that he resided in Canton with Mr. Roberts. But there was probably no individual in China who could have sympathized with Hung Sew-tseuen, or brought his mind so fully into contact with him as to do him much good. He was standing collaterally with his age, or apart, while others were doubting of the power of God, and never suspecting how many great truths were going abroad as on the wings of the morning. The tracts written

by Hung Sew-tseuen, in 1844, are greatly superior to any that have appeared since under his name, unless it may be the *Book of Religious Precepts*.

‘From Canton the future rebel returned to Kwang-se, and an obscurity rests over his subsequent course, which it will not be easy to dispel. There were reports of very successful preaching, of miracles performed, and visions seen. There certainly were the organization of the rebellion, and the stages of its perilous infancy, its changing of its seat to Hoo-nan in the middle of last year, and its bursting upon the world in full strength and maturity in less than six months after, and then a triumphant march from strength to strength, until Nanking fell before it on the 19th of March. The *Hermes* visits that city, and our countrymen who were there cannot tell whether Sew-tseuen be alive or dead.

‘The preceding statement will satisfy you that the religious ideas of these rebels have grown up independently of intercourse with foreign missionaries; and when we think of the narrow basis on which they were built—good old A-fah’s tract—we cannot but admire their breadth and comprehensiveness, and may wonder less at the errors, corruptions, and imperfections which abound in them. The opinions which I expressed about their want of the Christian Scriptures and of missionary teaching, were formed altogether independently of these facts about Hung Sew-tseuen, before, indeed, I knew anything about him, and they are now, therefore, entitled to the more attention. It must be, however, that since the rebellion was organized not a few have joined it who had received more or less of foreign teaching. I have already referred to a doxology, which was shown to me here in 1843, and to the reprint of a portion of the Book of Genesis, from Dr. Gutzlaff’s version. I shall be surprised if there be not in the host several who had at one time a connexion with him. And parties were referred to by one of the ‘Kings’ at Nanking, as having got medical aid and Christian instruction in Canton, it was understood, from Dr. Hobson, ‘a good man, and a friend of the Chinese.’ But one thing is plain, the last works published, excepting the Calendar, are the most objectionable. There is not knowledge nor influence in the camp sufficient to correct what is wrong, and arrest what is dangerous. It remains to be seen who will have the boldness and the honour to be the future guides and instructors of the host.’

It is one of the most singular features of this rebellion, that its chiefs have found leisure, and have deemed it desirable, to compose books or tracts on religion as well as on state-affairs. These books they have published and distributed freely. A supply of them was obtained by the parties who visited them in the *Hermes*, as well as by other persons, and these Dr. Medhurst has translated. Extracts from them have appeared so commonly in the newspapers, that we shall merely attempt here a very brief summary of their contents. They firmly assert the being of one God, the Creator

of man, of spirits, and of all things; and hence comes their determination to abolish all idolatry. They ground their belief on the Old Testament, and on the most ancient books and customs of China. They affirm the excellence and authority of the ten commandments, and accept them as their moral law. They are described as strict in the enforcement of these laws. They have expressed, further, their belief in Jesus Christ as the universal Saviour; have composed forms of prayer for the use of penitent sinners; and have declared the existence of an evil spirit, whose power in temptation is to be resolutely and constantly resisted. They possess also a doxology to the Trinity, and distinctly recognise a future state. It is observed by Dr. Legge, that they exult in the idea of immortality, as but recently brought to light among them. How far they are practically influenced by the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, remains yet to be ascertained.

Many monstrous and grievous errors are mixed up with their religious notions. It appears that they make offerings of slain animals, rice, and fruits to God. It is thought they merely intend them as expressions of gratitude, and not as expiatory sacrifices. It is still further to be regretted that they have maintained hitherto the custom of their country as to polygamy. It was, indeed, scarcely to be expected that they should repudiate it, under the influence of the very partial light they at present enjoy.

The worst of all the errors into which they have fallen, consists in the fanatical pretensions they set up to immediate revelation. We are informed by them that, in 1837,

‘an angel was sent by God to convey Sew-tseuen to heaven. There he was instructed in heavenly things—instructed by God in person. He was furnished by him with odes and compositions, and the true doctrine, with a seal also and a sword, and then commissioned, along with Jesus, and the help of angels, to come down and do battle with the devil and his imps. Having done this with success, he returned to heaven, when God intrusted him with great power. He saw there—‘The Heavenly Mother, kind, exceedingly gracious, extremely elegant and noble, not to be surpassed.’ He saw also—‘The Heavenly Sister-in-law, worthy, very thoughtful, and of great capacity, always advising the Elder Brother, with a far-reaching consideration.’ The Heavenly Mother is probably Mary, the mother of our Lord; but who is His wife, the worthy one, giving her husband good advice? Those passages cannot be read without great pain, and I need not add another word about the visions.

‘Now, as to the revelations. Some parties have seen in them only a fervid imagination, communing with God, and fancying its own workings to be direct communications from Him. But that view does not afford a solution of the language in which they are described. They are often preceded by the statement—that the Heavenly Father

*came down into the world*, and spoke, or that the Heavenly Brother did so. In some revelations God and the Saviour are joined together. Now, the words, '*came down into the world*' are the same by which the mission of the leader himself is described, when he is spoken of as actually and in body present in the host. At the same time, we have no description of any visible form, or the manner in which the presence of God is indicated. On one occasion, two of the subordinate leaders—the 'Kings'—are first aware that God has come down. They repair to the Court, and represent the fact, when 'Sew-tseuen instantly comes into the presence of the Heavenly Father. On another occasion, God speaks to the whole army, and is answered by the 'multitude of little ones.'

'You will perceive at once that the model of these representations has been sought in the accounts in Genesis of the appearance of the Almighty to Abraham and Jacob, and more especially in the history of all the Divine communications with Moses, at the time of the giving of the Law. How the deception is managed and kept up is an inquiry which we are at present entirely unable to pursue. The substance of the revelations is sometimes silly enough, and the Almighty is described as a detector of traitors, and made to cross-question one in a loose rambling style, which is most revolting to our minds. In general, however, the design of this '*Deus ex machina*' is to confirm the authority of the chief, and cheer the host under circumstances of discouragement. The advice given is often very good.

'These revelations and appearances of God you will place in the same category with the visions. To mention them is a sufficient exposure of their falsehood. There still remain 'the innumerable miracles and acts of power' said to have been performed by the Heavenly Father and the Heavenly Brother. But no record of them is given in any of the publications issuing from T'ao-ping Wang himself. In a proclamation by 'the eastern and western kings,' however, we find the following account, with which I shall close this part of my letter:—'In the 9th month of the mow-shiu year (1848), Jesus, the Saviour, descended among men, and displayed innumerable acts of power, slaughtering we know not how many devils, in several great engagements. How could the impish fiends maintain the fight against Heaven?'

'The above sketch of what is bad in the religious system of the rebels will have altered considerably the opinion that their good points were inclining you to entertain of them. Their errors are certainly deplorable, and we cannot tell to what they may grow. There is, indeed, that about the chief, there is ground to believe, which would keep him from erring on the great points of the unity of God, and the obligation and eternal sanctions of the moral law; but if he were removed from the midst of them—and it is not quite certain that he has not been so already—their whole enterprise might soon be invested with a repellant fanaticism. As it is, there is quite enough to make us cautious in what we say and think of them—to

dash our hopes, and to introduce into our minds the gravest anxiety. It is impossible to quit this topic of what the rebels are religiously, with a flourish of trumpets, exulting in the noble temple that has arisen to the great God in this great empire of idolatry, almost without the hand of man, yet neither can I cast them from my sympathies. They present to us a spectacle of mingled good and evil. Error follows close in the wake of the truth that has attracted their ardent gaze. But it is truth which has made them what, and placed them where, they are—which has set them, with all their subsequent aberrations, on high, far above their idolatrous countrymen and atheistic literati. Means must be taken, at whatever individual and personal risk, to put them in possession of the entire Scriptures, and to explain to them the way of God more fully. When this is done, missionaries will have performed their duty, and may look forward with hope for the results.'

After all the deductions that must be made for these deplorable mistakes and mischievous delusions, it is a great and glorious thing to hear that they have recognised the fundamental truth of one personal Deity, and powerfully protested both against polytheism and atheism; so that they are resolutely and entirely committed against all the old religious systems of their country, and neither spare the superstitions of the Taonists, the idolatry of the Buddhists, nor the atheism of the literati. Who but must have rejoiced to see, as the gentlemen on board the *Hermes* saw, when she was at Silver Island, the great river of China strewn with wrecks of the demolished idols, and Buddhas, twenty feet high, floating in dishonoured crowds outward to the ocean, henceforth to be perches for the sea-birds, or mistaken for a new species of sea-monsters by some credulous and affrighted navigator? If this is not casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, it is to the fishes and the gulls.

One of the most considerable and momentous facts in the whole matter is, that the movement appears to be purely spontaneous, and that it seems to be running like a conflagration over the whole empire; for fuel is everywhere supplied by the disgust which has long existed both against the rulers and the superstitions of the country. It is highly probable that it originates with neither popish nor protestant missionaries, though possibly with a leader who has had some little acquaintance with both, and has had opportunity of perusing the books of each party.

It is a truly great and wonderful thing to see a mighty nation thus awaking, after the sleep of untold ages, to truths that cannot but exercise a powerful influence upon every human mind that receives them; and though in their first awakening they mix up their past dreams with the realities that are crowding upon their astonished sight, yet we who have never passed through such a



transition state, must not be surprised at the strange and monstrous confusion of their ideas; for as yet they are only like men that dream. It is a great thing to be able to say of them, as Dr. Legge does,

‘They are no more benumbed by speculations that do not reach beyond the little span of life, or represent death as the end of conscious independent existence. They are no more the sport of phantasmagoria of the metempsychosis. Add further to this, that they have learned to speak of our Scriptures as the Word of God, and are not ashamed to acknowledge their errors, and remedy them, when they think that they have offended against the Divine honour. Let all these considerations be placed on the one side, and though there be the grievous imperfections, the ignorance, and gross corruptions of the truth, and visions and revelations, in which is no light, to be weighed against them on the other, the scale will descend, I think, on the side of generous appreciation; you will not believe that so great a movement can have a futile termination, and you will earnestly hope that the whole truth of God may soon be given to them, and expounded to them fully and firmly.

‘But whatever judgments different parties may form of the rebels on a review of their religious tenets, it must be admitted as a remarkable fact, that such a body of men should all at once be discovered in the heart of this empire, and waging a war hitherto successful against its Tartar rulers.’

Those who are accustomed to trace God in history, as well as in his written Revelation, will, doubtless, feel an interest of the deepest and most thrilling kind in the coincidence to which we now proceed to call attention. It is precisely at the period of this wonderful movement of the Chinese towards the renunciation of their idols, that the great evangelizing societies of our country have prepared for them the New Testament at the extraordinarily low price of *fourpence*, and in a greatly improved translation. The Book is now lying on our table, and of all the marvels of the typographic art, this is the most marvellous. It is a small volume  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  wide, and more than an inch and a quarter thick; the paper is beautiful, and the type exquisite. Of all the specimens of Chinese printing we have ever inspected, we should be disposed to say this must appear to the Chinese themselves the most beautiful exhibition of their language that has ever been presented to them; and that this should have been effected by the ‘barbarians,’ whom, for ages, their rulers have taught them to despise, may contribute not a little to lower their self-confidence and modify their national prejudices. But that such a work should have been brought to perfection just at this era of their history, that it should be possible to multiply, by means of the modern improvements in printing, to any extent, these Chinese New Testa-

ments for fourpence, presents to the contemplative mind a fact that deserves and will well repay attention. Is it the design of providence that China should read, in its own tongue, the wonderful works of God? Then providence has produced that word without miracles or the gift of tongues. But all that labour, that ingenuity, that mechanical skill and perseverance which have accomplished this work, might have remained for ages abortive, as seed laid up in a granary, had not the present movement presented the wide field made accessible, and, as it were, ploughed up almost from end to end, and ready to receive the precious seed. Dr. Morrison's types, though excellent in their day, were comparatively costly—not adapted for the masses. It would have been impossible to give copies of his Bibles to any great extent. In his day the metal Chinese type was unknown. This is the invention that was to synchronize with the opening of China, and though the two facts have been brought about by two very different sets of individuals, without concert or even knowledge of each other's purposes, yet they both develop themselves almost at the same moment. One mail brings us the intelligence that China is being revolutionized by a set of men who possess only a part of Genesis in their own language, but who recognise the whole Bible as their religion, though they read it only in fragments; and the next mail brings to this country the first completed copy of the New Testament in their language, as remarkable for cheapness as it is for beauty.

The London Missionary Society has the honour of supplying the men who have made the translation and cast the type; while to the Bible Society is due the honour of affording pecuniary aid towards the requisite machinery. Had not both these societies been in operation, no one could have said how China was to have an adequate supply of Bibles. No other nation could have produced them, and she could not have produced them for herself. Then, again, if China had not been prepared to accept the Bible, little could have been done with the work now accomplished, except at the trading ports upon the mere fringes of the empire. In all probability the demand for these cheap Testaments will now become immense. Another year, or even a few months, may decide the fate of the Tartar dynasty, and whether the revolution issues in one universal monarchy, or in the four cardinal ones at present suggested by the titles of the princes—East, West, North, and South—in either case the efforts of the missionaries to spread the Scriptures are likely to be left perfectly free; and when it is remembered that though the pronunciation of the language is different in the different provinces, yet that the character and the power of it are the same everywhere, what an entirely new and vast scope

will be given for the operation of that word of life which has in great part emancipated the mind of the Western world, and has now to emancipate the Eastern from the consolidated darkness of four thousand years. The Bishop of Victoria, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, under date of Hong Kong, May 23, 1853, observes:—

‘The Word of God is now also given to the Chinese in an improved version; the Old and New Testament having been recently completed by Dr. Medhurst and his colleagues of the London Missionary Society. The translation of the late Dr. Gutzlaff and others are extensively circulated in the rebel camp. The Christian tracts and books so long distributed by Protestant missionaries, often with heavy heart and desponding mind, among the listless multitudes in the streets and suburbs of Canton, are at length bringing forth fruit, and God has been better to us than our own weak faith and hope. These little messengers of mercy have winged their flight into the far interior as a testimony to the boundless power and influence of the Christian press in China, and in the adjacent province of Kwang-se, have given a character and an impulse to what is likely to become the most important of modern revolutions. A body of men, who, in the great outlines of their belief, may even be termed our fellow-religionists, are now advancing towards the capital of the most populous of empires; and, in the event of ultimate success, they may, if more perfectly instructed, become the pioneers of the pure Gospel of Christ; or, if neglected, they may degenerate into the most ignorant of mere fanatics and iconoclasts.

‘It is gratifying to hear that one of the oldest of Protestant missionaries, Dr. Medhurst, of Shanghai, the first of living Chinese scholars, is about to make the attempt of visiting Nanking; and it is to be hoped that no consular restrictions will be put in force to hinder him in such a peculiar emergency.’—*Church Miss. Intelligencer*, September, 1853.

One circumstance which has attended the progress of these insurgents must be admitted on all hands to be a heavy drawback upon their claim to sympathy from the civilized world. That such cruelties as they have perpetrated upon foes who have laid down their arms and implored mercy, should be associated with a profession of faith in the religion of the Bible, is a proof of intense fanaticism, probably of innate cruelty, but certainly of very imperfect knowledge of that gospel which teaches forgiveness and forbearance. It may be alleged on their behalf that they find such massacres necessary to secure the overthrow of the Tartar power, and to inspire terror into their enemies, by which they may hope to shorten the conflict and stay the effusion of human blood. But the very fact of slaughtering their fellow-men who submit before them and implore their pity, is grossly inconsistent with their own declarations of fraternity with all men, and the repeated

statement in their religious books, that they hold the Almighty Jehovah to be the common Father, and all mankind to be brethren. We should have thought less of their cruelties if they had not professed to be acquainted with Christianity, or if their rebellion had originated in mere patriotism, suffering under a sense of aggravated wrong. They have, no doubt, cruel enemies opposed to them, and probably they are not acting more cruelly than those enemies would act towards themselves, were the fortunes of war reversed. But then those enemies are superstitious idolaters, and have no sense of the value of human life, whereas the insurgents profess to believe in the religion of love, and the immortality of the soul.

We cannot, we confess, regard their conduct in this respect with anything but horror and disgust. Their ignorance or their hypocrisy must be great; and we shall wait with the deepest anxiety, in hope that their leaders may discover of themselves, or be taught by those missionaries who, it is probable, have now gained access to them, how unworthy and inconsistent their conduct has been, and how little their cause can be served by the repetition of such atrocities. The most reasonable explanation that has been offered of their conduct is that which represents them as imagining, that the Old Testament supplies a precedent for all who would faithfully serve the true God against his enemies; and that they are deriving their authority from the commission given to Moses and Joshua to cut off the Canaanites. This is very probably the case; and if it should be found to be so, when it has been further examined, the best excuse that could then be offered for them would be, that they are by no means the first warriors that have erred in such imitation of Old Testament example. It is, we admit, something of a set-off to their massacres of the imperial troops, that they have almost uniformly respected private persons and property, and have only laid their hands upon the troops and the mandarins, with their possessions—that they have also allowed those private persons who did not approve of the rebellion, to depart peaceably from the towns and cities which they took. So far they are following a sound policy, and securing the means of hereafter cementing the people to their cause. Glad indeed shall we, as well as the whole civilized world be to hear speedily, that they find themselves in such a position of strength and security as to allow them to show mercy to their enemies, and so recommend to their acceptance more effectually than by severity, that religion of peace and good will towards men which they profess to have adopted.

But now as to the future of this singular and mysterious people. According to all the reports that have reached Europe, whether

from officials or from private and independent sources, it is fully expected that the rebels will ultimately gain the empire; every fresh arrival tends to confirm this expectation. Though their army with its adherents does not exceed, perhaps does not reach, two hundred thousand men, yet they have beaten one after another all the armies brought against them, and all the principal generals of the empire; and unless some source as yet unknown should supply fresh and more efficient means of defence, the empire must be lost to the Manchous. The men who hold the reins of government are evidently no match for these soldiers of the revolution, either in spirit or tactics. It is probable that they have paid attention to the European mode of warfare, and it is not impossible that some Europeans may be among them. It is evident that they started with a braver and bolder race of men as soldiers, than were to be found in the imperial army; and besides that, they have been inspired by three years' uninterrupted success.

The young emperor has neither the means nor the spirit to cope with such enemies. His defences have been gradually melting away like snow in sunshine, while his foes have been steadily advancing. His treasury has been exhausted by fruitless armaments, and the means of starving the capital, in which he is shut up, are now in the hands of the rebels. Parties on the spot, and who have watched the progress of events, have become almost, if not altogether, unanimous in their expectation that the rebels must ultimately be successful. Many observers, who for a long time refused to attach any importance to the revolution, and who till recently expected it to be suppressed, are now of opinion that it must prevail to the overthrow of the existing dynasty—whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Pretender. All authorities are satisfied of the imbecility and stupidity of the Tartar government, and expect nothing less than to see it speedily annihilated. It does not deserve to be upheld, and the sooner it is swept away the better. Before this article can issue from the press, it is by no means improbable that the tidings may have arrived of this issue of the conflict, or if not, they can hardly be long delayed. Should the Tartar dynasty be now overthrown, and China be opened to European influences, there can be no prospect of its future restoration.

But the extinction of the Tartar supremacy will raise a problem which at present it would be difficult to solve. With independent insurrections under chiefs probably holding different views, all proceeding at the same time in different and distant parts of the empire, will the present Pretender be able to seize the reins of government, and if he should seize them, will he be able to hold

them with sufficient firmness, and to reduce the other chiefs to acquiescence in his rule? Much may then depend, first, upon the people's love of peace, and next, on the superiority of the Pretender's army. At present it is clear that he has the start of all competitors, and probably many other chances in his favour. Some persons expect that it will scarcely be possible to preserve the integrity of the empire, and that it will in all probability be broken up into several independent sovereignties. Something of the kind seems to be premeditated in their present arrangement of titles. However this matter may be finally settled, there seems a very strong probability that the gates of this mighty empire will at length be thrown open to the rest of the human family, and that ere long China may become as free to European influences as India. The market that will thus be laid open to commerce cannot be calculated. The people are as yet profoundly ignorant of the advantages to be derived from intercourse with other nations. When once they have tasted its benefits, there is no doubt they will eagerly receive our visitors, our science, and all those superior embellishments and comforts of civilized life which will be liberally supplied to them from Europe and America. What must be the effect of free trade with this vast empire upon our own country, which has long been, and seems likely to be, the workshop of the world, no one can tell: but, at any rate, our commercial interests must in consequence be very greatly extended.

To the philanthropist, however, and to the Christian, the field is still more inviting. A people so singularly emancipating themselves from the passive and stagnant state of mind in which they have been hopelessly bound for ages, is a cheering proof of the inextinguishable energy of our nature, and of its innate aspirations after something better and higher than all that idolatry and superstition, or even its own idolized reason, and self-developed philosophy, have been able to attain. Human nature evidently tends to something nobler and happier than any of these systems can supply. The case of China ought to give the last blow to atheism and secularism. These theories have had their sway there long enough, and the large experiment, if so it may be called, ought to satisfy the most sceptical speculator, that humanity is designed for, and will reach an elevation in China and elsewhere, far above the low level of such systems. They are worn out and *effete*—weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Chinese are evidently tired of them, and calling earnestly to the Christian philanthropist—‘Come over into China, and help us!’

Dr. Legge's remarks, in the letter already quoted upon these important points, relating to the future of China, deserve the

attention of every Christian, of every church, and of every Christian Institution for the propagation of the Gospel and the Bible. He says,

'First. The country will be opened to the dissemination of the Scriptures, and the preaching of the Gospel; opportunity will be given to go to and fro, through the length and breadth of it, and so knowledge will be increased. The true antidote to the errors that obtain among the rebels themselves at present will be administered, and the whole population—hundreds of millions of the children of God—will hear the words by which they may be saved.

'Second. Idolatry will be put down with a strong hand, and the Christian Sabbath will be established as a day of rest. You know very well that the use of force in the suppression of idolatry can never find an advocate in me, and there is not a missionary in China who would not do his utmost to dissuade the rebels from putting to death the poor ignorant Taoist and Buddhist priests. But they have their own way of doing matters. If they get the empire the speedy doom of idolatry is sealed. And who will not rejoice in the result, and hail the recognition of the paradisiacal institution? If the nation knew the boon that is in store for it in this one thing—the giving it the Sabbath—it would be thrilled with joy. What rest for the bodies of its toiling populations! What nourishment for their souls! It will raise them from their earthly grovelling habits, pour a new light into their social system, and mature multitudes for heaven.

'Third. The opium traffic will be put a stop to. That this will be required by the rebels is beyond a question, and I cannot think it will be required in vain. Suppose they say, 'Our faith is the same as yours. We are willing to admit you freely to reside and traffic in our land. Only there is this drug brought here in your ships, which has depraved and enervated hundreds of thousands of our people, and we will not have it any more. We will form no treaty with you, but on that condition.' Suppose they address our government thus, there could be but one reply. The success of the rebellion certainly supplies the prospect of the abolition of this traffic, and I will almost venture to say that all parties would rejoice if its cessation were to come about in such a manner. At any rate, let the condition which I have supposed be realized, and the demand of the Chinese government will awaken such a public feeling, that a hundred opium traffics would be swept away by it.'

The pamphlet by Mr. Rule, though disheartening, is not unseasonable, and may be as a note of warning. There are many things connected with the movement that should be strongly reprobated, and others that should excite caution, and perhaps suspicion, as to the ultimate intentions of the rebels. It is, however, not at all wonderful that the missionaries who have so long been knocking at the door of China, and waiting to obtain admission, should hail the symptoms of division and confusion within the house,

which afford the promise of free admission. If Mr. Rule had placed himself in the position of these missionaries, we cannot but think he would have expressed less surprise at their exultation, and felt less disposed to question the reasonableness of their expectations. He should have remembered that the explanations hitherto offered by these missionaries of the origin of the rebellion, are merely the conjectures formed upon the scraps of information they have collected from different quarters. There has not yet been time enough for them, or any one else, to form anything like a calm and complete judgment of the whole case. Though we perfectly agree with Mr. Rule as to the absurd and blasphemous opinions which are mixed up with important truths in the books of the insurgents, yet we totally dissent from his conclusion as to its being an affair of the Jesuits, and cannot but view the censures he passes upon the missionaries for regarding the revolution with so much favour, as suggested by some strong prejudice of his own mind against revolutions and rebellions of all kinds. It is evident he views all such movements as incapable of producing any good, and as proceeding from the worst feelings and principles of our nature.

There is one important consideration which this extraordinary case suggests to the Christian world—it is the demand that must be made in China for Christian enlightenment of all descriptions. This must be contemplated in connexion with the difficulty of acquiring the language, and the length of time that must be given to it by Europeans, before they can make themselves agreeably intelligible to the natives. Were all the missionaries at present fit for the work, and waiting at the outposts, to receive permission to enter and traverse the land with the gospel commission upon their lips, there probably would not be one for every ten millions. It must be years before others can be qualified. But in our apprehension, the missionaries at present in the field would do better to restrict their labours to the training of a native agency, than to enter the harvest field at once as reapers. They have a command of the language, and may probably soon be supplied with as many learners as they can educate, or so far qualify by imparting to them a comprehensive knowledge of the scriptures, and especially of the gospel dispensation, as to justify their entrance upon the work of evangelists to their countrymen. These, with an ample supply of Bibles, might form at least the first portion of agency available in such a time of need, till more can be provided. The project advocated by the Rev. J. A. James, of supplying gratuitously a million copies of the New Testament lately completed, is a noble one, and worthy of the Christian magnanimity that has so auspiciously commenced it, and will no doubt see it accomplished. The church of Christ throughout Europe and America, must, however, look upon



it only as an instalment. Much more will be required, and much more must be done.

If it be correct, as stated, that the new ideas which have fallen upon the mind of this people like a spark amidst combustibles, were derived from intercourse with missionaries, or from the perusal of their books, then there is a strong probability that, when this becomes generally known, it will predispose the mass of the people to welcome the labours and books of the missionaries. When they understand that their civil emancipation has been wrought by the influence of these benevolent 'barbarians,' they may fairly be expected to welcome them or their disciples to their populous cities, and gladly transform their idol temples into places of assembly for hearing the word of life.

The Christian public should, however, be cautioned not to expect that the whole empire is disposed to sympathize in the religious views of the insurgents, or prepared to renounce at once their superstitions. We suspect that the religious portion of the revolution is in great part, if not altogether, confined to the literati and the army. The people will no doubt generally and heartily sympathize in the politics of the rebel chiefs, and this may predispose them to adopt, or at least to regard favourably, their religious novelties; but it would yet be premature to expect that any very great religious change has been wrought, or is upon the point of being wrought, upon the population at large. To prevent disappointment, it will be advisable not to assume at present anything as certain as to the future progress of the Gospel in China. The best that can with safety be said is, that the process seems to have commenced, which affords a favourable augury for the future; such an indication undoubtedly as warrants the noble project that has been set on foot. But it must take years to make any impression; or, possibly, before the political excitement shall have sufficiently subsided, or the government become sufficiently settled and secure to allow the peaceful efforts of Christian missionaries to proceed. This, however, is certain, '*the land of Sinim*' was not unknown to the prophet, who, taught by the Spirit, deciphered the glories, and heard the voices of the latter day. In his visions it was seen yielding to the dominion of the Prince of Peace; and every aspect of events now passing there, warrants the hope that 'those from the land of Sinim' may ere long unite with the children of the kingdom, in adoration of Him to whom 'every knee shall bow and every tongue confess.'

- ART. II.—(1.) *Die sämmtliche Schriften* von LUDWIG TIECK. 20 Bände. Berlin : G. Reimer.  
 (2.) *Die Romantische Schule, in ihrem inneren Zusammenhange mit Goethe und Schiller.* Von HERMANN HETTNER.

It is well known that the literature of the Germans owes much of its greatness, and much also of its littleness, to the influence of foreign nations. They have had seasons in the history of their literature, in which, like children, they have been the mere imitators of some neighbouring member of the family of nations. But as with children, the exercise of the imitative faculty soon awakens other powers, and is the first step to spontaneous action, so has it been with Germany. Her own capabilities have ever been stimulated to their best development by the reaction which succeeds an æra of servile imitations. There is little, indeed, to be said in favour of the first Gallomania which seized the Germans, yet with all its gold-laced buffoonery, its triviality and pedantry, it did ward off from the nation a horrible death by suffocation, from the accumulation of that stagnant literary atmosphere which even the sword-thrusts of Gottsched and Bodmer failed to disturb—failed probably because these heroes girded on no weapon more trenchant than a paper-cutter. The heavy, didactic tone of the German authors of that generation fell on the public ear like a long sermon on a summer afternoon upon the tympanum of an elderly lady; some sudden influence from without was necessary to restore consciousness. This came with the events of the first French Revolution. There is no subject for which the Germans have so little natural capacity or predilection as the science of politics. They wall themselves in with their domestic tranquillity, dusty learning, or artistic dreams, till social questions are, in conversation, a far more intolerable subject than even the weather. A Bechuana would be found more intelligible than a political economist. Hence it is only to an increased acquaintance with the classics, with literature and manners in France and England, that we may attribute such signs of life as have appeared in this direction of later years. Previous to the French Revolution, all the lesser German powers were under the virtual rule of Austria and Prussia, much as they are at the present day. But the influence of men like Joseph the Second and Frederick the Great, however much of cosmopolitan cant may have mingled with their real work, had a humane and manly element, for which we may vainly look to-day in the same direction. The relation between the people and their sovereigns was everywhere peaceable and friendly. The people had no idea of oppres-

sion or of caprice as a thing to be complained of; it was to them inevitable as plague or small-pox. Then, for other classes, the Emperor Joseph had his grand theory of humanity, the pet plaything of the courts, on which they lavished those fine feelings and fine phrases, which fashionable philosophers announced in language so graceful, and political enthusiasts embodied in action so disastrous. It had become the fashion to be no longer a German; but a cosmopolitan, to embrace humanity instead of only the 'Vaterland.' The virtue of patriotism was, for the time, extinct. Speculative theories of universal brotherhood were to regenerate the world without noise or difficulty. In the midst of this calm the tempest awoke in France, and scattered over Germany the first seeds of political life. It came upon many of these speculators like a cry of fire in the night, and in the spirit of the man who thus roused reminded his landlady that he was only a lodger, they turned round, disgusted at the tumult, and went on studying or sleeping as before. It was not, in their view, an event to affect 'humanity.' Such men forgot that, in waters so much troubled, wave must follow wave till they whitened with their foam the inmost bay of the most distant shore. But others ceased to think abstractedly of the universe of men as their brethren, and began to remember that they had a country. Filled with admiration of the French example, they felt what they might become with such freedom, were it theirs. Songs like those of Schiller and of Körner kindled their enthusiasm to the wildest height. Humanity was no longer the watchword;—Freedom, or Germany, sounded in its place. On the other hand, numbers looked with indifference or contempt, not only upon these demonstrations, but upon the events which had given rise to them. Goethe had many companions in his continued aversion to politics, and in his disgust at those social disturbances which seemed to him to originate only in the machinations of unprincipled agitators. Like him, also, Herder and Jean Paul, without the taste, and probably without the aptitude requisite to grapple with great social questions, devoted to efforts purely literary their best energies. A partial exemption should be admitted in favour of Jean Paul. His *Morning-gleams for Germany*, and his *Political Discourses in Lent*, were an attempt to rouse the fallen spirit of his countrymen—a sign, at least, that, unlike Goethe, his warmer heart looked on a battle-field as something more than a munificent contribution to the science of osteology. But these compositions were the brilliant sallies of a subtle fancy, the loose thoughts of a man of books and a man of dreams; their language was that of the educated few; they abound in poetry and humour, in rhapsody and satire; they contain nothing simple, nothing practical.

Wieland, as a Universalist, had tilted at all parties in their turn. The school of the Romantics, whose political ideal was the middle age, looked with dread upon the revolution—its unsettling influence, and the danger with which it threatened the reigning powers. Germans, not cosmopolitans, they were concerned for the stability of the State, and of the Catholic Church, and anxious above all things for quietude. With them Edmund Burke was the prince of statesmen.

In the midst of these new excitements, of great public peril and anxiety, Ludwig Tieck grew into manhood. For any satisfactory account of his early, or of his later years, it is as yet premature to hope. He was born at Berlin in 1773, one year later than his friend Wackenroder. They grew up together, and their friendship lightened the troubles and enhanced the delights of their successive terms in the *Friedrich-Werderschen Gymnasium*.

In 1792, Tieck was freed from its restraint, and doubtless, like other youths, hailed that day as the happiest of his existence, which saw him leave Berlin for the freedom and manhood of university life. At Halle he wrote poetry with his friend, and studied jurisprudence. In 1795, he published his first novel, *William Lovell*, and many would be the hours of anxious hope and busy cogitation, in committing his first vessel to the winds and waves of criticism. Wackenroder's *Herzensergiessungen*, &c., appeared in 1797, but the same year, in which Tieck rejoiced in his friend's success, he had also to mourn his death. Tieck afterwards edited his principal remains. At the close of his academic course, Tieck travelled throughout England and Italy, reaping much advantage from literary intercourse, as well as from the new world of observation thus opened to him. In 1819, he returned to Germany, and some six years afterwards was appointed counsellor of court, and one of the directors of the Dresden theatre. In 1842, he was invited by Frederick William of Prussia to his palace of Sans Souci, and made that neighbourhood his frequent residence until his death in 1853.

*William Lovell* is a novel in the form of letters interchanged between its various characters, and by this epistolary method (if method it may be called), the story is made to bound like an india-rubber ball from hand to hand, till readers of but moderate perseverance are well nigh driven to despair. He presents us with letters of every imaginable species—the sensible, the philosophical, the amusing, the rhodomontade, the lover's letter and the lawyer's, the letter of the old friend, and of the old servant. The hero appears at the commencement of the story as an enthusiastic, excitable Englishman, full of sensibility and extravagance. Every letter glows with high-wrought sentiment and rhetorical exagge-

ration. His views of men and things are purely subjective. He judges all actions and opinions from his own internal standard, viewing them as noble or despicable, right or wrong, according to the state of mind which fortune or misfortune may have induced at the date of that particular letter. He passes under the control of each successive acquaintance, till at last, under the pressure of adverse circumstances too rough for his feeble will, and guided by the wild counsels of a certain Italian named Rosa, he plunges into every excess, sinks deeper and deeper in shame and guilt, and, while at once impiously sceptical and childishly credulous, strives to stifle conscience by the bravadoes of a misanthropic and sensual Epicureanism. Retribution follows his heartless, selfish course, driving him to the last extreme of hatred against his fellow creatures, whom he has perpetually ill-treated, and, notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, has never understood. His language, often overflowing with forcible poetic images, is the utterance of an intense, impassioned nature, wandering without helm or compass. The remembrance of the book is like that of some passionately wild Adagio, and the key-note, through every modulation, is, 'he who perfectly knows himself will hold mankind for monsters.' Tieck has spoken of this work as 'the mausoleum of many cherished griefs and errors.' It is a chaos of sentiments, many of them characteristic of the Romanticists generally, showing how Tieck had come under the influence of their modes of thought, and had adopted their views of life. At the same time, however, in the character of Lovell he censures indirectly some of their wilder extremes. It is not our purpose to enter further upon the plan of this story, or of Tieck's other early novels, *Abdallah* and *Peter Lebrecht*.

The former, like *William Lovell*, is obviously the production of an undeveloped period, distracted with unanswered questions, social and moral. But, like the first novels of Goethe, it told with force upon the contemporary waste of common-place. What is there which ought not to have come like a godsend upon readers accustomed only to stories of shallow feeling, of goodness without strength, or of sentiment without goodness? The numerous lovers of fiction had great cause for gratitude on their deliverance from such bookmakers as Miller of Ulm, J. G. Miller of Itzhoe, Jünger, Grossmann, and Bretzner, who, from the influence they had gained over large uneducated numbers, were a stumbling-block in the way of all enlightenment and true taste.

Two years after the publication of *William Lovell* appeared *Peter Lebrecht* and *Peter Lebrecht's Marchen*. In 1797, Tieck produced his dramatic versions of the old popular tales, *Blue Beard* and *Puss in Boots*. Of these we shall speak presently. In 1798

appeared the novel which he had commenced shortly before the death of his friend Wackenroder, *The Wanderings of Franz Sternbald*. We are unwilling to tell this story at length, since we should spoil the pleasure of some who may be induced, we trust, to read the work itself. It is certainly one of the most excellent novels in the German language. The beauty of the characters, the poetry of the style, the conversations upon painting, all add their charms to an harmonious picture of the sunny side of life in the Middle Ages. Franz is a young pupil of Albert Dürer, and his experiences and observations on art and manners, during a two or three years' wandering, form the staple of the work. He is a noble-hearted, enthusiastic youth, though standing in some need of advice given him by an older fellow-scholar, to this effect:—‘Strive to be somewhat harder, and you will lead a quieter life, at least a life in which you can work much more than in the torrent of emotions which now disturb and hinder you.’ We select one or two specimens as illustrative of the usual prose style of Tieck, and also as distinctively Romanticist in their character. Franz writes as follows, in an early letter to Sebastian, after leaving his home at Nurnberg.

\* \* \* ‘I do not know how you may receive these expressions, I feel myself how necessary is industry to man. But if all men were artists, or understood art, if they dared not torture and sully the pure mind in the tumult of life, all would surely be far happier. Then they would have freedom and peace, which are truly the greatest happiness. How happy would the artist feel in undertaking to represent the purest emotions of such beings! Then, for the first time, it would be possible to attempt the sublime, then would that false enthusiasm, which clings to toys and trifles, first find a career in which to expiate. But all men are so tortured and persecuted by envy, selfishness, care, and hardship, that they have no heart to look upon art and poetry, nature and heaven, as something divine. In their breast even devotion is mingled with earthly care, and when they think they grow wiser and better, they only exchange one lamentable condition for another.’—p. 72.

\* \* \* ‘Do you not often feel,’ continued Rudolph, ‘a strange attraction of your heart toward the marvellous? At such times we cannot exclude dreamy images; we anticipate some wondrous continuation of our usual course of life. Often it seems as though the spirit of Ariosto’s poems flew by above us, and would seize us in its crystal evolution; now we listen, curious for the new future, for all visions which pass bright with enchanted hues; then it seems as though the forest stream would utter its melody more clearly, as though the tongue of the tree would be loosened, that its whispers might rustle intelligible song. Then love begins to approach upon the tones of distant flutes, and the beating heart will fly to meet him, the

present is banished as though by some mighty irrevocable ban, and the shining moments dare not fly. A circle of harmony holds us bound with magic power, and a new glorified existence shines like mystic moonlight into our real life.'—p. 227.

'Oh, impotent art!' exclaimed Franz, seating himself on a green rock; 'how lisping and childish are thy tones beside the full harmonious organ peal, which wells upward in swelling, soaring chords from the hidden depths, from mountain and valley, forest and sparkling stream. I listen; I hear how the eternal spirit of nature seizes with master hand the awful harp with all its trembling strings. Countless changeful fancies arise beneath those creative sounds, and overspread with spirit-wings the face of nature. And my puny human heart would plunge into that ocean of being. It wrestles, it exhausts itself in longing strife with that majesty which mildly sways all nature by its might of love, which looks down in smiling silence on my wringing hands, my cries for help, amidst this omnipotence of beauty. The immortal melody rejoices and triumphs and storms away far above me! Cast down to the earth, my gaze falters, my senses are paralyzed. Oh, ye foolish ones, who imagine almighty nature can be beautified, if, with artifice and petty cunning, you think to make your weakness strong! What more can you do than give us an aspiration after nature, as nature gives us an aspiration after God! It is not aspiration, not presentiment, not intuitive emotion, but visibly religion, walking on every height, in every depth, receiving and enduring with divine compassion my adoring love. That hieroglyph which denotes the highest, the Deity, lies before me in active operation, labouring to express, to explain itself. I feel the motion, the enigma, in the act of disappearing,—and feel my humanity. The highest art can but explain itself; it is a song whose self can be its only subject.'—p. 274.

The reader will have remarked in these characteristic passages, that admixture of flame and cloud, of beauty and of nonsense, of genuine feeling and inane extravagance, which is so distinctive of the Romantic School. The aim in this work, as in that already mentioned, by Wackenroder, and in others of the same school, is the glorification of art. These writers long to see art arise in the full glory of its empire, winning the worms of earth to an upward gaze and a heavenly aspiration. Such endeavours on the part of the Romanticiſt have been despised and censured as Catholic and mediæval in their tendency. A suspicion not altogether groundless, considering the quarter of the field from which these trumpet tones were heard. Yet justice compels us to say that these votaries of art were at least free from the exclusiveness and the prejudices of Romanism. They adored Dürer and Raphael, Michael Angelo and Watteau, but they could, most of them, discern the glory of the freedom achieved by Protestantism, and would render due honour to the spirit of Luther. In *Sternbald*, Tieck extols

country life, and recommends scenes from nature as subjects for the painter, rather than the perpetual repetition of the Madonna, saints, and sacred legends. Such a doctrine must have been flat heresy to the artistic Pharisees of the straitest mediæval school. From nature the Romanticist drew his pictorial and poetic art, and to nature he looked for his religion.

Tieck was next engaged in a translation of *Don Quixote*, and in the composition of his exquisite drama, *Genoveva*, founded on the old ecclesiastical legend. In 1812 appeared a collection of tales under the title of *Phantásus*. Several of these have been translated. The story of *The Fair Egbert* is one of the most beautiful, but marred by the excess of that fatalistic gloom which is the skeleton almost ever present at the brightest feasts of the Romanticists. The only blemish of the *Runenbergr* is an error in the same direction. Tieck and his school have, however, won the kingdom of Titania for themselves. The hostile critic may retreat with gratitude, if the fairy spells do not bind him, nor busy Puck satirise the nature of his head, as his elvishness has been known to do in the days of Master Shakespere. The crystal windows through which commonplace mortals like ourselves may catch a glimpse of this world of wonders, are fairy tales (*märchen*) and stories (*novelle*). These are both favourite forms of poetry in Germany, especially the latter, demanding as it does neither the sustained plot of the novel nor the poetic invention of the fairy tale. It pledges the writer to nothing, and this elastic fabric may be as fragile, as incongruous, or as incomplete as the most wayward author could desire. Sterne himself could not have rebelled against its liberal conditions. This freedom, as our philosophic readers will anticipate, has often degenerated into licence, and has been abused to shield that worst of literary crimes, dulness itself. Unmitigated prose, like Stifter's *Hochwald* (which a man of his talent must have written asleep or with the toothache), is frequently dignified by the same name as the spirited medley of incidents, in the tales of Hoffmann, Hauff, and similar writers. The qualities of a good *novelle* are lively action, and a well devised *denouement*. The more unlooked-for the termination the better; and the *novelle* writer is most successful when most unlike the logician, so that none can divine his conclusion from his premises.

The tales of Tieck are everywhere illustrative of the Romanticist principles, of the peculiar effort made by that school to combine the real and the ideal. Herder and Lessing had prepared the way for such successors by demolishing the artificial pomposities of that old French Renaissance style, which sacrificed at the shrine of conventional art all the truth and reality of nature. Accordingly, Tieck mingles with his most fanciful creations the discussion



of every-day topics, and intersperses the wonders of fairy-land with satirical side-thrusts at the prosaic absurdities of literary coteries or fashionable affectation, and above all, at the expiring follies of that decrepit stage which was about to vanish down its own trap-doors. Minor incidents, such as happen unnoticed every day, suddenly appear, fraught with deep instruction and unlooked-for beauty, showing to us hand in hand the sisters Poetry and Truth. In the tree we hear the whispering dryad, the note of the wood-bird undulates from the cadence of warning to the clear trill of hope, until it seems that all the powers of earth and air are marvellously linked with the most common-place events.

In this walk, Tieck is the very king of story, and under his footsteps sprang, with fresh life, a tender shoot of historic poetry, which is struggling now towards manhood. But to blend successfully these rival elements of dream-land and of prose, demanded workmen of no ordinary skill. In this 'callida junctura' the romanticists often fail. The machinery of supernatural and traditionary terrors is sometimes heard to creak and groan. As in Hoffman's *Golden Pot*, the fantastic and prosaic worlds reign in alternate chapters, and the breathless reader, without warning, and without remorse, is plucked from the domestic tea-urn and set down beside the witch's cauldron, the same persons and objects are now homely and sober enough, but presently the victims or the workers of the most appalling enchantments, and the steady English reader is immeasurably provoked to find them all like the knocker on the door of Archivarius Lindhorst, at one moment making horrible grimaces, and the next, as proper a knocker in its burnished propriety as any one would wish to see. To those who will not absolutely surrender themselves to the author, and be content amidst all these curvettes, demivoltes, and pirouettes of the gambolling fancy, to catch some subtle under-current of higher meaning, all these metamorphoses of vegetables, nut-crackers, and professors into salubranders, gnomes, or magicians, seem only ridiculous and bizarre. In the middle of a story, the wand of the wizard takes as it were the place of the family umbrella, the cat which purled in solemn bliss at our feet becomes a fearful demon or a merry goblin, turning the point of the whole story. This mode of evolving a piquante conclusion by supernatural means, or by some inevitable fatalism, mars, æsthetically and poetically, the wholesome effect of the tale. John Bull hates your symbolologies and your inner meanings—he must be told straightforward what you have to say: he flings the fantastic book, which seems in one page to ridicule the supernaturalism it cooks into a hell-broth the next, into the remotest corner of the room, whistles to his dog as a companion at least more sane than his author, and if you ask him

how he liked the *novellen*, makes answer, with a fierce face, 'Sir—the man's drunk!'

It has been remarked, that the temple of German fame is a beautiful imitation of the Athenian temple of Minerva, in which was an altar dedicated to Oblivion. Could we restore to its natural state the latest heap of grey dust now upon that altar, what choice gifts might we not then discover! Dramas by some impetuous follower of Gutzkow, innocent of his talent, but hastening after his errors, until, stumbling at last, his fall extinguishes the borrowed light. Lyrics, feebly striving after Heine, with profound political opinions suggested by the words, *Freiheit, Tod, Tyrannen*, and accompanied by the usual accessories of flowers, dewdrops and superlatives. Poems in very blank verse, of a didactic tendency, inculcating with clearness and sufficient force the one great fact, that prose is the natural and habitual language of man. Letters, tales, and novels, with considerate directions respecting passages where tears will be most appropriate, but unsuspicious that the smiles excited can be so only at the author's expense. Below these we should find fiery controversies upon questions of criticism, with works on education, culinary art, and domestic duties, all severely trying to the reader's patience, and far beyond his most zealous practice. At this stage of the investigation we should also recognise the names of Hoffmannswaldau, Lohenstein, Brocke, Gottsched, Bodmer, and many beside. Though it may seem hardly fair to rank all these among the multitude who are thus willingly ignored, yet ere very long such will be their fate. The desire for literary immortality, so rarely gratified, becomes less than futile in the absence of creative genius. Men of this order must be content to labour in their day and generation, one little link in the chain of universal progress—in themselves nothing, but necessary in their span of life to a wide field of culture whither their eye cannot reach. As poets, as models, let them for ever be forgotten; and may an age in which such men could appear as shining lights never return. The direct benefit of the poetry they taught and wrote, or of the bombastic dulness and frigid pedantry which distinguished their prose, it would seem difficult to discover; nevertheless, wise heads have done so. It is, however, indirectly, that their influence has been productive of the greatest results.

The minds which rose up to deliver poetry from such bondage were among the greatest Germany has ever welcomed; and, on a different track, though with the same object in view, the Romantics also laboured zealously. They at the same time combated most earnestly the doctrines of the 'Illuminati,' whose theory was to enforce grand rules of conventional, moral, and poetical pro-

priety,—a mathematically correct machine which should cut and smoothe, and turn men out like ‘superfine cream-laid envelopes:’ men were to narrow their views, that they might see more clearly. The very necessity of our nature, to look above the dust and cobwebs of everyday life to a world of some sort beyond, seemed crushed, as though the generation would be content to become veritable moles and pass away, leaving for centuries to come no other vestige than a mound of earth. Knowing it to be only the few out of the many who hear ‘a deeper voice across the storm,’ in the grand tumults of nature, or care to listen to the clear ripple of that under-current streaming through all earthly things, and freshening their faded glory, it was this voice which the Romanticists strove more widely to interpret. To teach a hidden poetry in everyday existence, alike in hardy toil, in deep grief, in kind thoughts of love and friendship, and in that daily struggle against evil borne out by the resolute faith and will strong in self-sacrifice, pressing onward and upward through a thousand cares and trifles, until it rests at last upon the height, whose

—‘toppling crags of duty scaled,  
Are close upon the shining table lands,  
Of which our God himself is moon and sun.’

So fair a text might well kindle the imagination of the preacher. But imagination without bit or bridle is a dangerous steed, and often bears his rider, like the prince in the Arabian tale, so high above the earth, that he forgets which way to move the spring which should direct him home; and at last is fain to descend upon the desert mountain tops. Free natural poetry like this seems to shape itself instinctively into the fairy tale; and finds there, in skilful hands, its proper home. Is it not sometimes, however, matter for regret, that with Tieck and others the simplicity of this species of tale is spoiled by allusions to some conventional evil, destroying our own childlike pleasure, and the harmony of the work itself. They should rather be written in the straightforward language of childhood, and the hidden moral, or philosophy, lie not in words, but in essence. In making this remark we are not the less alive to the valuable services which Tieck has rendered in this branch, both to the objects of the Romantic school and to the national literature.

When we hear of Tieck as a dramatist, and call to mind his successful labours as a student and translator of Shakspeare, we seem naturally to anticipate, as the productions of his pen, grave historic dramas, perfect in their form, and in their humorous and poetical expression. But the name even of his plays will be sufficient to dispel so lofty an idea. *Bluebeard*, *Puss-in-Boots*, and *The World Topsy-turvy*, are titles not suggestive of

Shakespeare or of Calderon as models. The two former are the popular tales dramatised; the latter is a play answering in every respect to its name, and containing two or three smaller stories, or scenes, acted one within the other, like those curiously carved toys, with which the Chinese excite our barbarian admiration. All those who take part in the theatrical performance are permitted to make their remarks, despite dramatic laws and stage regulations. The orchestre reflects sadly and profoundly, through an adagio in A minor, or in the brilliant allegretto tells of the joy of existence. Poets remonstrate publicly upon the stages with hard-hearted managers, who persist in putting their idolized pieces into the hands of ungifted actors. Spectators display, by side remarks, the depth of their sensibility, their critical power, their knowledge of dramatic art. It is against the stage evils and the public ignorance that the satire of the piece is mainly directed.

The poem of *Prince Zerbino in Search of Good Taste* is somewhat in the same style, though with almost less regard to any rules of form. It contains very much of what appears upon the surface to be pure nonsense; but how often it happens that the jester proves wiser than the sage.

His Highness Prince Zerbino is ill, very ill; he suffers from a terrible mortal disorder—a most inconvenient and unnecessary longing to get to the bottom of things. An old charlatan of a prophet, named Polyconikus, prescribes for his complete restoration a journey in search of good taste. The story, what little of it there is, contains some beautiful impossibilities. The whole book is a persiflage upon the peculiar absurdities of the day, so obnoxious to the author and his school. The courtiers are most piquant fools, the literary men servile pedants, the public full of barbarism, ‘illumination,’ and ‘humanity.’ Then the sentimental, unnatural strain of the domestic drama is taken off by the case of four unusually ridiculous lovers, who are always wandering about, tearing their hair, without any ostensible reason or design. An æsthetical tea-party (of course, at Berlin!) is also introduced, where, strange to say, the prince’s search still does not end. Towards the end of the play, the unfortunate prince becoming quite desperate at his ill success, rushes frantically at the machinery of the theatre, and begins turning the scenes backward, by this means to put an end to his unsatisfactory existence, as a hero. However, after two or three scenes have been thus repeated, he is set upon by the insulted author, the reader, the printer, the critic, and the characters themselves, who by no means approve of the novel process of repeating their grand speeches backwards. We will here endeavour to give some

extracts from the scene in the *Garden of Poetry*. Nestor is the servant who accompanies the prince upon his hopeless journey, and is an embodiment of vulgar prose. He has, for a time, lost sight of his master, and now finds himself in a garden of gigantic trees and flowers talking and singing round him.

*'The Wood.* Freshly blowing winds of morning,  
Through our dancing branches play,  
Thrilling with their amorous touches,  
Waving boughs and trembling spray.  
Mourning child of man, come hither,  
Throw thy puny griefs away,  
Come to the heart of the greenwood shadow,  
Smile with us through the summer day.

*Nestor.* Now, is not that a most atrocious manner of rustling? So many forests as I have seen in my day, and never has such a thing happened to me.

*The Wood.* Our tops they wave in the heights of blue,  
And claim their share with the clouds of air,  
Sparkling aloft in the glory too.  
From fluttering fingers to coiling root,  
From our furrowed bark to our last green shoot,  
With the bliss of our being we overflow,  
While the songs of the bird and the airs of spring  
With music and odour through us go.  
We whisper, we rustle, we rock, and we swing,  
While the blue it o'erspans us, the west wind it fans us,  
Blessing, caressing us all the long day.

Oh hearken, Spring,  
Our roundelay:  
To thee we sing,  
Oh joy of Spring!  
Oh welcome Spring, from morn till eve,  
From eve till morn, oh welcome Spring!  
Come, mortal, come, thy sorrow leave,  
Seek restful ease in shades like these,  
Among the brotherhood of trees.

*Nestor.* Be free from sorrow! 'Tis just this chatting of yours, that almost borders upon the rational, which is my greatest trouble. The most insane of all is when they chime in together; were it not for the singularity of the occurrence, I should have run away long since.

*The Wood.* Each for himself; we oaks and firs and beeches,  
Stand interlaced and massed, yet each is free;  
And none his brethren scorns, or overreaches;  
All bud and branch in broad-armed liberty.  
One points to heaven; another, downward tending,  
Shades with wide hands the grass—each hath his part,  
When play the winds, yet altogether blending,  
Send one vast anthem from the forest's heart.

And so with men,—so diverse and so parted—  
 Some quarrelled and earthward, some that seek the height,  
 Yet to the wise they utter, single-hearted,  
 One mother speech—a ceaseless prayer for light.  
*Nestor.* There, there; that's the preaching of toleration with a  
 vengeance! The ideas and language a little confused; nevertheless, it's  
 enough to drive one mad.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

*The Roses.* Comest thou to love, O stranger?  
 Mark the flowers we bear thee well;  
 All our boughs are strewn with roses,  
 Rich and red, thy heart to tell  
 How love is young for evermore,  
 And blossoms newly as before,  
 Renewing spring-time o'er and o'er.  
 The emblems we of blushing cheeks,  
     Of kisses shed  
     On lips of red,  
 And all the bliss that passion seeks;  
 Of foretaste sweet hope's venture sips  
 When love is born upon the lips.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

*Nestor.* I believe I am a downright fool to be listening to these creatures.

*The Wood.* Green is the earliest mystery  
 In nature's lesson found;  
 It breathes o'er all the waking world,  
 And wreathes its beauty round.  
 Green is the vital element  
 That emblems life for thee,  
 The type of glad some innocence,  
 And joyous poesy. ●  
 Green are the leaves around the flowers,  
 And green the buds of Spring;  
 And all the flowers from parent green  
 Their gayest colours bring.

*The Wild Flowers.* Oh friend, who passest by,  
 And never seest  
 How fair the grass doth in its lustre lie—  
 Its blades, with cooling dew, how kind they are;  
 While down between looks love from every star;  
 Why choose the least,  
 Losing the greatest love that waits thee nigh,  
 Why think that beauty always lies afar?

*The Song of the Birds.* Merry we lie in our green tree-cities,  
 Twittering and fluttering, and singing our ditties;  
 The morning, the evening, they still find us singing  
 Under the boughs, where we gather and house;  
 Through the deep shadows the branches are flinging,

Over the mountains and over the lea,  
Over the world, so wide and free—

Just as we will,

Carolling still,

Over the meadow and over the hill.

*The Sky.* These all I embrace with soft linking arms,  
And give them drink, and shield them from all harms  
On my eternal bosom. These I love  
To cool with kindly airs, and from above  
Gaze deep down on them, gazing up at me,—  
Bless'd from the depths of my aerial sea.  
The clouds they come—they pass, they flee away,  
Playing throughout my realms their phantom play,  
And wave or fly like autumn forest-leaves.  
But in the glory morn or sunset weaves,  
Are hues more bright than e'er by flowers were worn—  
More grand the vapours, tempest-piled or torn,  
The rapturous lightning and the rainbow brave,—  
More dazzling yet those flaming seas, that lave  
With crimson cloud-waves all that cloudland shore,  
Where golden sunset ebbs when day is o'er.

*Nestor.* This is too much! I am losing my senses;—standing the whole time alone, and yet to be obliged to listen to an incessant chatter; it is too mad! Who comes yonder? A woman, apparently. Fine figure, but too tall, far too tall. It seems the general failing here.

*The Goddess appears.*

*Goddess.* Who are you?

*Nestor.* I? At your service, a traveller, at the present moment half crazy because I do not know to what extent I am being taken in!

*Goddess.* Are you so little pleased with the garden of poetry?

*Nestor.* Pardon me, but I have some little doubt. Poetry? The garden of poetry? Hei! You are for putting my taste and sound common sense to the test.

*Goddess.* How so?

*Nestor.* According to my ideas, my feeble judgment, poetry must have a very different form. Here it is just like a madhouse.

*Goddess.* Then do not these flowers delight you?

*Nestor.* No, assuredly not; for I see very well that they are not flowers.

*Goddess.* How can you harbour so false a thought?

*Nestor.* Because in the course of my life I have seen far too many flowers. Yes, if I had not had such astonishing experience, I might, perhaps, have been thus hoodwinked. My parents had a garden behind their house, and I have myself often planted the flowers and bound them up.

*Goddess.* Then what do you consider these plants?

*Nestor.* I consider them fools, for they hardly can be anything else; honest flowers they certainly are not. Just look at them, they seem

really monstrous. No, I must have the honour to tell you, that the essential quality of a flower is a certain littleness and prettiness: and then not such an exaggerated quantity. Generally speaking, I like flowers very well, and they give us a certain pleasure and refreshment, but these things must be kept within bounds, and on no account go off in this eccentric way.

*Goddess.* These are the true, the ever-blooming flowers,  
And earth's reality is but the shadow  
And feeble copy of their pure ideal.

*Nestor.* Oh, yes! that is the proper climax, the way these idealists always do, if one does not believe in their fancies; they would have one fool enough to suppose that theirs is the right and true way, to which all the rest of the world must conform. And if I could bear everything else, there is nothing to me so unendurable as this perpetual talking and singing about these things.

*Goddess.* Did the flowers never sing to you before?

*Nestor.* Ha! ha! for whom do you take me? Flowers would thrive finely that dared commit such improprieties.

*Goddess.* But what is it you do in the world?

*Nestor.* I represent a martyr. I go to ruin for the public good. I am on a journey, and my prince cannot be fully restored to health until we have found good taste.

*Goddess.* What do you call good taste?

*Nestor.* I will explain it to you, as you seem to have a tolerable spirit of inquiry. See, taste—if I say, for example, a poem,—but now you must quite understand, for I give myself all this trouble solely to make the thing quite clear and intelligible,—so, when you think of a classic poem,—classic, that is, why that explains itself,—or an epigram, an heroic poem, a tragedy in which all rules are observed, never changed.

*Goddess.* I do not understand you; perhaps you mean art generally.

*Nestor.* Well, yes, that is about the thing. If you had read the classics you would better understand me. Had I but my Principles of Criticism with me!

The most learned of our readers, so far from echoing the complaint of this nonplussed elucidator, will doubtless rejoice thereat with ourselves. In the true spirit of his day, he sets himself and his utilitarian prose upon the summit of Parnassus, above the poets and the very gods themselves. This conceited ignorance and vulgar pedantry is brought later in this scene, into a contrast almost painfully ludicrous, with several poets individually. Nestor complains of the high opinion entertained by the goddess of herself and her garden, while all the time he does not see a single poet:—

*Goddess.* I see them walking in the shady grove,  
And now they bend their steps to where we stand.  
[The poets appear.]



*Nestor.* Now, are those really veritable poets?

*Goddess.* Your doubts appear unnecessary.

*Nestor.* One should be a little careful with such assertions. Only see how rude they are; they do not trouble themselves in the least about me, and yet I am a stranger here.

*Goddess.* They have not yet observed you.

*Nestor.* One thing more. I have seen no caterpillars in your garden, and it is now the time.

*Goddess.* No noxious thing lives on this hallowed ground.

*Nestor.* Now that is the most unnatural and improbable of all. No single creature will ever believe that. Why, my dear madam, such a garden never was heard of. The poets are coming towards us; with your permission I will just sound them a little.

*Goddess.* A brisk and easy freedom, verily!

*Nestor.* Who is this gloomy, morose-looking old fellow?

*Goddess.* Speak with more reverence. 'Tis the mighty Dante.

*Nestor.* Dante? Dante? Ah! now I remember. He has written a sort of comedy, almost a poem, upon hell.

*Dante.* Almost a poem! Who are you, that you speak thus?

*Nestor.* Now softly. I am a friend to you all, for I love poetry, and often occupy my idle hours with your fiddlefaddle.

*Dante.* Fid—What was the work you just named?

*Nestor.* Ha! ha! ha! He does not know fiddlefaddle, and yet has written enough himself. It means your nonsense, your laughable stuff which you have written, and which serves to pass away the time pleasantly.

*Dante.* And who art thou, dull insignificance,  
With speech so shameless? Hath no music reached thee  
From Dante's work? Dwellst thou in ancient blindness,  
Far from religion and from poesy?

*Nestor.* Pray don't excite yourself so, old man. To tell the truth, I have never read your works.

*Dante.* What! and come here and talk of me, and call  
The Comedy Divine a fiddlefaddle—

A vile, a barbarous word, that shames the lips.

*Nestor.* Be quiet, I tell you, and let us speak seriously. Were you really ever a poet?

*Dante.* Ariost! Petrarca!

*Nestor.* Well, well; times have greatly changed, then, yes then,—but now you are too difficult to read, and tedious besides.

*Dante.* Then! What mean you, worm?

*Nestor.* An irritable fellow! Well, I was only going to say that then it was amazingly easy to be a poet; because, as I have read, there were no poets at all before you, in modern times; so you must appreciate your good fortune, since, in fact, any one else then might just as well have been admired and celebrated.

*Dante.* So then thou needest only to have lived  
In that old century where Dante shone,  
And thou hadst, even as I, amazed the world?

*Nestor.* Certainly ; and, what is more, even in our own epoch, when success is far more difficult, I hope to achieve as much. I begin by degrees carefully with essays for monthly periodicals, in which I disclose my enlightened genius, and show up politely and thoroughly the weaknesses of some enthusiast or pietist ; then I write against ghosts ; then a novel against you and all that I cannot agree with ; then I shall show that nothing in the world is right ; until at last I rise higher and higher, begin to despise and pull to pieces everything that is done, and then out of pure weariness the people will think me the greatest genius in the world. But a thing like your comedy, as they call it, I should never have dreamt of writing in that unenlightened age ! And all so circumstantial too, as I have heard ; I wonder an old man like you was not ashamed to write such childish nonsense.

*Dante.* 'Twas given me of God, and kindly heaven  
Breathed down the might for my prophetic song,  
Made me with inspiration bold and clear,  
So rendering laud to the Church Catholick.

*Nestor.* Now that is just what we are speaking of. This Catholic religion is to me and all other reasonable people the stone of offence.

*Dante.* What does the reptile mean ?

*Nestor.* In a rage directly ! Every child knows what it means ; it has become a perfect proverb ; and when one hears of anything unusually insane or ridiculous or tiresome, we say, Ei ! that is enough to make one turn Catholic.

[*Dante moves angrily from him and returns into the grove.*]

*Nestor.* Those poets are a confounded set. Nothing but ingratitude if you take an interest in their works.

*Ariosto.* The protestant protests against all that is good, and especially against poetry.

*Nestor.* All rude alike ! Who are you, then ?

*Ariosto.* I am called Luigi Ariosto.

*Nestor.* Aha ! I know you a little better ; you are more amusing than that old growler, but desperately immoral. Man, man, how could you allow so many things to pass in the revision ?

*Ariosto.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Nestor.* Don't laugh, don't laugh, for goodness' sake, if I am not utterly to despair of your heart ! Out of love to mankind, love to virtue, you should never have written many of those wicked jests.

*Ariosto.* Out of love to man I did it. But what is mankind ?

*Nestor.* Mankind ! I wonder you know nothing about it. See, it is the world *en gros*. Just now, mankind is rising amazingly—there are even industrial schools founded—the soldiers are flogged rather less—we—there, you see that is what we call mankind.

*Ariosto.* One might, perhaps, write a comedy upon it.

*Nestor.* There are enough without you. You are too late for that—all for humanity.

*Ariosto.* Are they amusing, these comedies ?

*Nestor.* What are you thinking of ? Ah, well ; one sees plainly in

you the barbarous age. They are touching, even to tears; all full of preachers and princes, and scoundrels and high-minded noblemen.

*Ariosto.* Are my gay songs still read?

*Nestor.* Just as it happens. Many think a good deal of you, but the fact is, every one has now so much to do with his own enlightenment, that there is not much time left for jesting, except myself and a few poetic friends; we have the weakness.

*Ariosto.* Fools! It must be a lamentable time of day upon the earth.

*Nestor.* As you please. No, my dear sir, that is too high a matter for you to judge. Such aid-books; gentle, excellent rulers; Deaf-and-Dumb Institutions; cabinet orders; circulating libraries; instructive journals; inoculation, and acacia trees, you never heard of in your life.

*Ariosto.* You are raving!

*Nestor.* And beautiful womanliness, and domestic sweets, and true human feeling, and compassion for others.

*Ariosto.* That appears to me necessary.

*Nestor.* Indispensable. Yes; you should live now. They would be able, and doubtless would forbid your existence, wherever you appeared.

*Ariosto.* Oh, pity that I cannot return to earth.

*Nestor.* Besides, on other grounds we can dispense with your poem, for the greatest German poet has taken about the best from your style, and greatly improved upon it in his magnificent *Oberon*: also, he has brought a beautiful originality to the so-called stanzas, making them freer and less artificial.

*Ariosto.* Indeed!

*Nestor.* You have been diligently imitated and improved.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would lay a wager upon it, you, sir, are the well-known Tasso.

*Tasso.* No other.

*Nestor.* Yes, your intentions are good, there is no denying that. Who is that pleasant man yonder?

*Tasso.* That is the Castilian poet, Cervantes.

*Nestor.* Oh, jester, jester, come nearer to me, and do not be so shy. I am amazingly fond of you, for you are a merry fellow.

*Cervantes.* What do you want with me?

*Nestor.* Your thing, your *Don Quixote*, kills one with laughing,—but what are the stories in it for?

*Cervantes.* Don Quixote asked that too.

*Nestor.* Well, answer.

*Cervantes.* What is the whole book for?

*Nestor.* You should not say that; for, first, the book occasioned many others; for example, the Don Silvio von Rosalvo, so that is a very considerable service; and then, it is killingly amusing; there is no one—not the quietest among us—who has not read the stuff. Pity he is not alive still, something might have been made of him.

*Cervantes.* Have I, who in my life even suffered so much, after my

death sunk so deep that the common people recognise me as brother and comrade?

*Nestor.* Don't be cast down; you are read by quite respectable people; and in the translations, poems, and what does not strictly belong to the matter, are left out, so the thing has a very decent appearance.

*Cervantes.* And no one troubles themselves about the gentle Galatea?

*Nestor.* Oh, those are youthful weaknesses, which are forgiven, my dear friend.

*Cervantes.* That I must tell my friend Shakespere when he comes again.

*Nestor.* So that fellow is here too? A queer company. There is not a single classical and correct man here, with whom one can refresh one's mind in an intelligible manner. And this the garden of poetry? Of enthusiasm and fantasy, that I confess.

*Goddess.* Whom do you miss?

*Nestor.* The German nation has long since had its golden age of poetry, just to set a bad example; and among those Celtic poets I seek in vain a Hagedorn, Gellert, Gesner, Kleist, Bodmer,—I do not see a single German.

*Goddess.* We do not know those whom you name; but yonder stands the brave Hans Sachs.

*Hans Sachs.* Do you know my Carnival play of the Doctor and the foolmaking?

*Goddess.* We have made ready here a mead of flowers  
For that great artist of the latter days,  
With whose name wakes the art of Germany,  
Who sings you still full many a noble lay,  
And bids you from this time for evermore  
Know true poetic light:—him Shakespere hopes  
Ere long to clasp—Cervantes longs for him,  
And Dante muses welcome with his verse;  
And then these holy four shall ever walk  
Masters of latest art about my fields of calm.

*Nestor.* Who in all the world can that be?

*Bürger.* [*Whispers in his ear*] Goethe.

*Nestor.* Oh, away with such men! I have just lately reviewed *Hermann and Dorothea*; the genius of the age demanded it, and so reviewed it, that people must be blind to think him any longer a poet.

This summary extinction of German poetry is submitted to with an heroic silence. Sophocles next appears. But even his tragic majesty of disdain is insufficient to excite in Nestor the remotest symptom of respect or modesty. Unabashed, he hails him with a cordial insolence of friendship, and expresses his condescending admiration of the Greeks. He complains of the difficulties in the

choruses of Sophocles, and also of the base treatment, which he, a friend of the poetic art, is called upon to experience. Forasmuch as Sophocles, with the wrathful dignity of Jupiter himself, commands the genii to bear him hence, and give him food! Dying away in the distance, he is still tormented by the last song of

'*The Flowers.*

The twilight dies :—  
 With op'ning eyes  
 Night-violets rise,  
 And breathe sweet odours through the air.  
 With voices low our songs outflow,  
 Night-violets rise  
 With op'ning eyes,  
 And breathe sweet odours through the air.'

*Prince Zerbino, pp. 267—282.*

Among the many failings and exaggerations charged against the Romanticists by their opponents, the ironic humour observable in these plays was by no means forgotten. We here meet with it at every turn, creating characters only to annihilate them with satire; or, perhaps, one moment sentimentalizing upon their most comic difficulties, and the next, placing them in tragic situations only to cover them with ridicule. The reader comes to an idyllic scene, somewhat sentimental, but withal poetical, which, without any special exercise of his critical faculties, he is content to consider good, the more especially that he does not dream of the author himself holding any contrary opinion. Alas for his simplicity! The next page, or possibly the next sentence, fires a train of irony, then follows an explosion, and the touching fabric is scattered to the winds. The reader was perhaps about to shed tears over troubles, where he should only have ridiculed the weakness, selfishness, or conventional necessity, which had occasioned them. But most frequently such summary dealings proceed from mere caprice, as children in the exuberance of their delight will sometimes destroy a new plaything. Respecting this romantic irony, as it is called, some assertions have been made which would appear only to proceed from misapprehension. That it takes its stand above all control, and, trampling upon the real relations of human life, mocks relentlessly at its most sacred aspects, is a strange charge against men, who for the most part were zealous Catholics from the very outset of their career. The words of Tieck himself define it as 'the last finish to a work of art, that ethereal spirit which hovers with ease and satisfaction above the whole.' It is the effervescing pleasure of success; the kindling eye and brightening smile of the workman contemplating the finished production of his creative genius.

It has also been advanced, concerning these dramatic tales, that

with all their irony there is nothing in them. This is, in fact, true to a certain extent. The material of the pieces was the author's last solicitude. His great endeavour was the emancipation of form from the strict bondage of rule and custom by which it had so long been hampered. It is the material by itself against which he is for ever crusading. In *Puss in Boots*, he brings all the force of his sharp-shooting to bear against the ignorance and conceit which compose the subject of certain sentimental, didactic plays. *The Dwarf* is a satire on the false imitation of the antique, and *Bluebeard* upon the solemn absurdities of the popular chivalrous romances. The life and spirit of the plays is to be found in the untrammelled capricious form, which bends the subject to its will, defying all rule, and satirizing its own achievements. Upon this track of emancipation, Tieck was eagerly followed by Werner, Collin, and other writers of less note, among whom the doctrine was carried to an extreme injurious both to art and to the public taste. However much of justice there may be in the censure which has fallen upon Tieck on this account, it is but fair to remember what we have to throw into the other scale—his labours to root out the weeds which were growing up apace and destroying the vitality of the drama; his anxiety to see in the place of these a natural growth, deriving its nourishment from the national history, its vigour and success from a healthy national taste. In the stage also, which is in Germany very distinct from the drama, we find him a most zealous and successful reformer. That Tieck's own plays should have in them more of the literary *jeu d'esprit* than of the national comedy is doubtless matter for great regret; but we should look to an era before we blame its authors, and demand from them the untimely and the impossible. Jean Paul has remarked, with characteristic acuteness, that 'in most German countries it takes two centuries 'to do away with a complete absurdity,—one to perceive it, one 'more to remove it.' Hence we cannot anticipate that a lifetime would suffice to build up a national drama, though the labourers were such as Tieck and Lessing, Schiller and Goethe.

Our readers will doubtless be aware, that the piece to which Tieck owed his greatest popularity, and which has acquired the reputation of a *chef-d'œuvre*, was the legend of *Genoveva*, published in a dramatic form, similar to *Octavianus* and *Fortunatus*. The chief excellence of the work is in the lyrical parts, where Tieck shows himself to be the great poet of the Romanticists. The subjects of these two poems are such as we find most frequently selected by the writers of his school. From the condition of society in the eighteenth century, they could derive no poetic inspiration like that offered by the middle ages; to have attempted

it would have been to risk reducing poetry to the level of common-place, and to have fallen into those unpardonable extremes of dullness and of prose, which they were combating right and left. And it is here that we become most aware of the respect in which this revival of natural poetry in Germany differs from the same revival as experienced, a few years later, in our own country. It is true that with us the poetic tide had not reached so low an ebb; the sandy waste revealed by the retreating 'curves of creamy spray,' was less hopelessly extended. Though Darwin, within the sacred enclosure of his rumbling chaise, might pen his artificial verses, marvellous in their ingenuity, we still could look to Cowper—and a few beside—for something of nature and of power. Those days were dark, however, and sorely needing a regenerating influence. Then Wordsworth came, the prophet of nature, of reality in poetry and of poetry in reality. Thus far his object was that of the Romanticists. His works interpret nature, or reveal the poetry of our strong emotions, as we see and feel it around us every day. Instead of soaring away into misty regions of the poetic and the marvellous, and seeking to unite them with our common sympathies, he has as it were inspired the little incidents of daily prosaic life, showing their hidden force and poetry, by this means to open our hearts to that spiritual beauty which fills the universe, and which seeks in every bosom an intelligent response. Not so the Romanticists: the real world was to them hateful, and, indeed, useless, excepting as poetry could be brought from elsewhere, and incorporated with this lifeless mass. From the Oriental or the Greek, a new inspiration must come. Minds of a certain order are open to the influence of the classical and the antique. Others, of warmer temperament and less exclusive sympathies, are more readily attracted towards the free passionate lore of the east, and the sunny poetry of the middle ages. Goethe endeavoured to raise poetry to an art, Tieck to restore it to its early mythic fable. The Romanticists, with characteristic thoroughness, were not content to look for poetry only a few centuries into the past. They traced it back to its glowing eastern home, and at the end of their toilsome labour drank from the very fount itself. Thither it was that Herder, Schlegel, and others, led the way; and those thirsting at home, searching vainly among the scorched stones and dull brown moss for any traces of the distant spring, drank with an eagerness that overpowered their feeble strength. Poetry henceforth became their religion; they held religion to be the highest form of poetry. The piety of a man was but his individuality, his character in its highest development. As in those days the 'illumination' and religious contempt were identical, so also on the side of the Romanticists were emotion and religion.

The inspiration of faith and the inspiration of poetry were synonymous. This mystic quietism is the cradle of Romanticism. Under its influence many embraced the Roman-catholic religion; and the whole school were led, more or less, to look to the golden mediæval days as a home of poetry and religion. Sacred legends and tales of chivalry were dug up and prized like Australian nuggets. Among those who joined the Catholic church in most sincerity, submitting to its rule and imbibing its bigotry, were Zacharias Werner, Friedrich Schlegel, and Adam Müller. The author of *Lucinde* becomes lost in admiration of the piety of the Indian penitents. 'They stiffen in the most torturing postures,' he exclaims; 'their nourishment is the dew of heaven; they as it were take root, moss grows upon them, birds build upon their heads. What sanctity! When will Christians attain unto that height!' By far the greater number were led into this connexion finally, from what A. W. Schlegel calls, *la prédilection d'artiste*. Among these was Tieck. He admits, himself, that a separation from catholicism would have caused him as little trouble as his connexion with it. It was obviously taste, not conviction, which had influenced him. His sympathies were all on the side of subjects like *Genovera* and *Octavianus*, which enabled him to bring out the exquisite harmony of religious sentiment with dauntless chivalry; that harmony which constitutes the great beauty of the middle age. In the *Wanderings of Sternbald*, we see how his whole soul is wrapped up in the artistic excellences of that period, how they influence his opinions, and must have given the decided bias to his religious views. The fatalism of the Romanticists, of which we have already spoken, became also a part of their mystical religion. Those of them who yielded the greatest homage to the powers of nature did so, acknowledging in them an irresistible destiny, which thwarted at its will all the purposes and hopes of man. The fairy tales of Tieck, and his last novel, *Vittoria Accorombona*, give the most complete expression to this doctrine.

The events detailed in this romance belong to the later half of the sixteenth century, and the picture here given of those stormy years is such as must rank Ludwig Tieck among the first historical novelists. Fiction does not alternate with history, the one serving as a foil for the other, but both grow up together, so that the reader feels, as he reads, this must be all truth or else all fiction. In the preface Tieck states his first idea of the work to have arisen from the perusal of Dodsley's *Collection of Old English Plays*, containing Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*. This was in the year 1792; the plan, therefore, had fully ripened before the publication of the novel about 1840. The author



expresses himself as most solicitous that the character of this poetess should, when presented in its true light, commend itself to our highest and purest feelings, and stand for ever free from the calumnies which have been heaped upon it, as well as from the injustice of such a representation as that of our English tragedian. The Vittoria of Tieck is the ideal of a noble and gifted woman. In the description of her countenance one feels the majesty of her beauty. The lofty vigour of her character, as brought out by the tumultuous scenes of that reckless, sanguinary age, fills one with awe and admiration. She has all the ardent feeling of the poetess, but the will and self-dependence of a hero. Her strong emotions chafe vainly as against a rock; she bends them to her will, or to her inevitable fate. In all her power of mind and will, she is a woman, and commands one's unresisting homage to her woman's beauty and her angel strength. The position of her family draws Vittoria into the fierce vortex of the struggle then raging between the bursting freedom of the country and its jesuitical oppressors. The one extreme, of the savage licence of the young Italian nobles, with their bandit followers, opposed, on the other hand, by the impotency of the pope and prelates. Pope Sixtus dies. The decrepit Montalto (the only sentimental character in the book) is raised to the vacant dignity. But with the golden keys between his fingers, the lamb becomes a wolf. The presentiment of Vittoria is accomplished, and the 'victory is to the weak.' Surviving the murder of her first husband, Count Peretti, and of her second, the Duke of Bracciano, Vittoria experiences the fulfilment of the dream of her childhood, in which she dies pierced with a sword, surrounded by figures in black masks, with naked daggers. The speeches and reveries of this heroine are among the finest passages in the writings of Tieck. One evening, that upon which her husband, the Duke of Bracciano, discovers himself to be poisoned, she is writing thus:

'How sweetly weary this living yet slumbrous languor, this blissful, conscious dream! It is through love that I understand all things; through it even the dead becomes animate. The lake sparkles in whispering ripples amidst the toying, changing sunbeams. The noise of bells rises up often out of the depths, and dies away in warning among the busy, playful murmurs. Is it the grave spirit of the water exhorting the prattling children? For, as the skilful hand moves up and down between the many-toned strings of the harp, as the keys of the harpsichord answer to the touch, so the glittering fingers of the water-sprite toy with the gurgling ringing waves till they tremble with delight. The solemn rock above draws on its dusky cap upon its rough head as though to sleep, to listen earnestly to the whispered questions in the forest. Will night come and the vision of dreams

that wanders in its poetry through the dark green? The little bushes chatter upon the shore of the time when they shall be trees, and when the eagle shall visit them instead of the thrush and the nightingale, and the heron shall build its nest in their branches. How the polished lizard shines in the last rays of the setting sun! And now the little world of insects wanders in busy crowds, the multitude of little beetles go in and out the darker shining grass. The eagle flies to his eyrie and drinks in the rosy evening beams: the sheep come bleating from the pasture, the bells of the cows give forth their ever-recurring note; a silence rests upon the water, rock, and field—it listens, brooding and pensive, to what those spirits say down in the earth's depths, from whence they never rise. Now the mountain-craggs glow brightly in the rosy light; the mists sink gently from the beam's caress down into the wood; the great clouds paint upon the deepening dome of heaven the Metamorphoses of Ovid—a wild, tumultuous battle-field. Now she goes, the evening red, the queen; the rocks stand purple-grey, corpse-like, ghost-like. A horror seizes me, my very heart trembles.'

'A freezing tremor crept upon her, and she rose to close the doors and window against the penetrating night-air. In looking round into a corner of the room, she became aware of a small, shrivelled, grey figure beside the door. Her first thought was that she saw before her one of the imbecile beggars or cretins so numerous in that district. She was about to call to the servants in order to find some trifle for the little creature, when it raised its grey finger with a warning gesture. It was not reality, so she said to herself; it was only the creation of an excited fancy. She boldly approached the stranger, and fixed her eyes upon him, but he did not disappear as she had anticipated. His loosely hanging garment was grey, fastened by a black girdle round the waist; the wide sleeves flapped about, and within them were the thinnest arms, fingers, and hands. His countenance was like a half corrupting corpse, the lips pale blue, and the eyes dark and piercing. But notwithstanding the courage which had enabled her to approach the mysterious visitor, Vittoria could not overcome her fear and awe. 'Who are you?' she said to him. 'What do you seek with me?' 'To forewarn thee,' croaked a scarce audible voice; 'thou must beware! He—even now——'

'Vittoria went close to it, but her hand touched the wall, there was nothing there which could have spoken; but that part of the room was darker than before the little figure stood there in its pale-grey light.'—pp. 235—239.

During the later years of his life, Tieck withdrew himself very much from all connexion with the Romanticists. He had become increasingly aware of their many errors and extremes, and saw where they must inevitably fail. In endeavouring to form some estimate of the degree in which the aim of this school was realized, the thoughtful reader will already anticipate our remark, that so

far from uniting the real with the ideal, these writers, with rare exception, have merged everything into the ideal. Discontented with human life in all its aspects, their own region of poetry and reverie became their world; full of fretful, brooding discontent, they created an ideal of their own, and fell down and worshipped it. Social problems distracted them, and on all sides they met with inconsistencies and evils with which they needed the straightforward manliness to grapple. Like hermits, therefore, they left reality to itself, and went, as it were, away to some moss-grown cell, to muse beneath the trees and hear the sermons of the stones; doubtless contented, like their more modern countryman, to feed upon fabulous 'unicorns.' With Schiller and with Goethe, apart from their superior genius, it was their steadfastness of purpose which contributed incalculably towards that success which could not rest upon this gifted but chaotic school. Goethe, with the skill of the military tactician, would choose his ground, reconnoitre the position and resources of the enemy, disperse his disciplined troops, lay his plans, and resolutely pursue them. He knew his aim, and followed it resistlessly over every obstacle. He knew also the extent of his own powers, and had that faith in them which gives success. The Romanticists had penetration enough for the angles of human life and character, but Goethe took in one broad view its virtues and its eccentricities, the inmost coils of feeling, and the rude or polished surface. His practical wisdom, which arrests us at almost every line in silent wonder, stands like the pyramid towering above the eddying sand. By the side of the Romantic School, he is as the fully developed man beside the restless boy, full of desires and aspirations, yet ignorant of the world, ignorant of himself, impatient to accomplish all things, yet capable of nothing.

In concluding these few remarks, it may not be altogether inappropriate to quote the characteristic passage in Goethe's *Conversations*, respecting Tieck.

'Tieck has a talent of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself to his extraordinary merits. Only when they raise him above himself and place him on a level with me they are in error. I can speak this out plainly; it matters nothing to me, for I might just as well compare myself to Shakespere, who likewise did not make himself, and who is, nevertheless, a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence.'—*Conversations with Eckermann*, vol. i. p. 154.

- ART. III.—(1.) *The History of Imbanking and Drayning, &c.* By Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE. London. 1652.
- (2.) *History of the Navigation of King's-Lynn, &c.* By THOMAS BADESLADE. London. 1725.
- (3.) *Historical Account of the Great Level of the Fens, &c.* By W. ELSTOBB. London. 1793.
- (4.) *Narrative of Bedford Level, &c.* By Sir JONAS MOORE. London. 1685.
- (5.) *A Discourse concerning the Drayning of Fennes, &c.; News from the Fens; The Anti-Projector; and other Anonymous Publications.* London. 1629 to 1654.
- (6.) *The History of the Drainage of Bedford Level.* By SAMUEL WELLS. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1830.
- (7.) *Fen Sketches: a Description of the Great Level of the Fens; with the History of its Drainage and Agriculture.* By JOHN ALGERNON CLARKE. 12mo. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1852.
- (8.) *Prize Essay on the Farming of Lincolnshire.* By JOHN ALGERNON CLARKE. London: Ridgway. 1851.
- (9.) *Engineers' Reports; Acts of Parliament, &c.*

A PLEASANT story is related of our Dutch neighbours, how that, in the days of old, finding their land too small for its inhabitants, they held a council to determine what should be done. And when it was proposed to conquer the neighbouring country, which offered them rich fields and vineyards, and cities ready built to their hands, together with the 'great glory' of making these their own; they said 'Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder: we had far better *invade the sea*. For there is much ground which 'seems properly to belong neither to the sea nor the land—sometimes covered with water, sometimes partly bare, and inhabited 'only by voracious crabs and sea-fowl. Let us make a large 'mound with piles and beams and stones that will shut out the 'tide; and get us land enough and to spare.' So, therefore, it was decreed: they stretched a mighty bank across from land to land; and though the sea in anger struck it in the midst as with thunder, they repaired its damages, stopped up crevices, and made the bulwark secure. Then they began to dig and drain, to plant trees, to build towns, and to lay out gardens: so that vast flats of slime and sand became a beautiful country.

The reclaiming of our own English Fens may be regarded as a similar enterprise. And those industrial pioneers who first recovered, as well as the succeeding generations who preserved and extended these inclosures, deserve from us a greater meed of praise than conquerors who enlarge their territory by deeds of cruelty and plunder.

Under the term 'fen,' we do not include all the low wet grounds which, as bogs and mosses, are found among the hills, and upon the margin of almost all our lakes, rivulets, and larger streams; but only those lying wide and horizontal in several of our maritime counties, below the ocean level at high tide. These flats, marked on the geological maps as 'alluvial,' are distributed principally as follows: a considerable portion of Lancashire, but little elevated above the sea sands, issues its drainage by artificial cuts and sluices into the Wire, Ribble, and Lune rivers. North Wales has patches of sandy marsh embanked from the sea. The central basin of Somerset, more than 200 square miles in extent, exists under the protection of sea walls; and, by means of canals and works, discharges its rivers, the Axe, Brue, and Parret, into Bridgewater Bay. Anciently, the fine grazing lands and peat moors of this tract were watery swamps, which guarded the Celts from the kings of Wessex, and sheltered Alfred when pursued by the Danes. In the south-east corner of Kent and Sussex, Romney Marsh, and other low grounds, are contending, by means of massive walls and embankments, first constructed by the Romans, against the battling waves and shifting shingle of the Channel. Embanked marshes border the Thames and flank the Essex coast;—and in East Norfolk are extensive lowlands, maintaining a perpetual struggle with the moving sands of the shore. Artificial works also defend low lands on each bank of the Humber; at the upper end of which estuary lie the districts of Marshland and Hatfield Chase, in Yorkshire, the Carrs in Nottinghamshire, and the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire,—forming together a very large tract, consisting of rich soil, either naturally or artificially deposited from the muddy waters of the Don, Ouse, and Trent, and of peaty bogs, now drained by numerous steam-engines. But the most extended district of all is that called 'The Great Level of the Fens,' which occupies the south-eastern quarter of Lincolnshire, the northern half of Cambridgeshire, and spreads itself also into the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, and Northampton; having a length of about seventy miles, with a breadth varying from three or four to thirty or forty miles, and an area of more than 1060 square miles, or about 680,000 acres; and this, without including a branch of the same flat which runs along the entire Lincoln coast, several miles in breadth. We shall confine our observations within the limits of this level, endeavouring to give our readers an idea of its peculiar physical characteristics and rural improvements.

Upon the map, the great level appears like an enlargement of the Wash; and, in reality, has the aspect of a dark sea of land lying between that bay and the gently-rising uplands which form

an irregular coast-line around it. The perfectly flat surface is broken here and there by islands of harder ground piercing upward through the fen; but neither these nor the bordering uplands exceed in altitude some of the church spires. The soil of the central and most inland parts is a peat-earth, or decayed vegetable matter mingled with the sediment of flooding waters; the deepest of its bogs, and the ancient lakes or 'meres' (as the well-known Whittlesey Mere), lying at the foot of the surrounding hills. Locally this is termed *fen* land; whereas, the clayey and sandy loam,—a tidal deposit, which forms a band of rather higher level between it and the sea,—is denominated *marsh* land. The fen land is intersected by innumerable rivers and drains, riding high above the surface between embankments, and receiving the drain-water lifted by windmills and steam-engines: but the marshes emit their land-floods by their natural descent at low water through sluices in the sea-bank, whose valve-doors exclude the rising tide. Interminable ranges of old embankments, throughout this latter district, show the successive advances that have been made in pushing out the coast-line into the sea, and inclosing new stripes of land. The whole country lies several feet beneath the level of the ocean at high-water; all its farms, towns, and population, depending, therefore, for safety upon the ability of the barrier banks—which stretch along all the shore and ramify over the entire plain—to hold out the highest tides, and curb the descending hill waters within proper bounds.

Leaving the hydrography of the level, and the principles of its great engineering works, for after consideration, let us examine a little into the origin of the fens and the date of their formation. The Great Level, or at least all the firmer ground comprised in it, is commonly supposed to be simply a portion of the great alluvial deposit that is still slowly growing outside the sea-bank, and gradually raising up the sandy bed of the Wash for future enclosure: while the peat, with its embedded timber, accumulated, it is thought, upon the inner portion of the plain left bare by the retreating salt waters. The same process of tidal and fluvial deposition, accompanied by the formation of moss, is employed to explain the origin of Holland—a country possessing similar strata; though, we believe, in neither case will it account for the observed facts. The subterranean trees found beneath the fen soil give undoubted evidence of having grown where they now lie. At what period, then, was this a wooded country? Various writers, thinking they had only to determine how long the above process had been going on before, or has continued since the forest epoch, have come to divers conclusions according to the direction in which historic records or archæological relics seemed to point

them. Thus, one antiquary (De La Pryme, in *Phil. Trans.* No. 275), affirms, that the Romans certainly cut or burned down the woods; while another (Elstob, in *History of Bedford Level*), thinks that the embankments they constructed caused the decadence of the forests by hindering the outflow of the fresh waters. One author (Thompson, *History of Boston*), on the other hand, supposes the Romans to have planted the trees after they had fenced out the ocean, thus accounting for the low level at which the timber flourished; while he attributes its destruction to the axes of Saxons or Normans. Dugdale, in a letter to Sir Thomas Brown, and also in his *Imbanking and Drayning*, fixes the date of the change further off; his opinion being, that this was a well-wooded country before the marine deposition commenced; that the sea broke in upon the land by reason of a great earthquake, overthrowing the forest, and then leaving a shoal of silt or sand, which the Romans, enticed by its richness, embanked from tidal overflow, and behind which the decaying timber formed into wet morasses. Wanting due investigation of the details, some geologists have erroneously applied to the fen phenomena explanations that are true only of other districts. Thus Dr. Rennie, in his *Essays on Peat Moss*, gives the opinion of De Luc, that the Lincolnshire fens were formed by the flowing or sliding of peat from higher grounds towards the sea, as he had observed on the Elbe: while Phillips (*Treatise on Geology*, Vol. II.) suggests the drifting of the deep-buried trees of the Humber, after the manner of those in the Mississippi delta. And Dr. Fleming (*Quarterly Journal of Science*, 1830), accounts for the low level of the timber, by supposing it to have grown in a secluded valley of peat, originally full of moisture like a sponge, and so higher than the tide-level; but which, being laid open to the sea by waste of the coast, was drained, and sunk considerably. These solutions, however, are incompatible with the fact testified by all observers, that the fen trees grew on the spot, and, for the most part, previous to the accumulation of peat-moor. With a view of correcting such hypotheses, a general description of the different strata belonging to the fen alluvials, chiefly the result of personal examination, has been recently published in a small volume entitled *Fen Sketches*,\* from which it appears that the fens are the offspring of complicated changes in the action of the sea, and in the relative levels of land and water.

The great stratified formations upon which the fens chiefly rest, belong to the oolitic system; the lowest in the series connected

\* 'Fen Sketches: a Description of the Great Level of the Fens, with the History of its Drainage and Agriculture.' By John Algonon Clarke. 12mo. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1852.

with this district being the great limestone formation, which, ranging in a north-easterly direction from the south of England, touches the fens at Peterborough, and then turns directly north, to Lincoln and the Humber. Between this ridge of hill and the western, or green-sand, boundary of the cretaceous strata—which range in a similar direction eastward of the oolite, but in a bow of larger sweep—is included a valley, in shape somewhat resembling the moon in her first quarter, and attaining its maximum breadth where it is occupied by the Great Level. This valley consists of the Oxford and Kimmeridge clays; and as the stone-band usually parting them thins off and disappears in its course from the south, they unitedly constitute one mass of clay of enormous thickness. The surface of this bed is gently undulating, and gradually declines towards its broadest part, where, sinking below the level of the sea, it has been overspread by the alluvial accumulations of the fens. Although this forms the great foundation, yet other strata are in some places hidden by the fen land; as the green-sand, gault, and chalk, in the southern division of the Level; and the plastic clay, lying upon the slope of the Lincolnshire Chalk Wolds, and dipping under the belt of marsh land on the coast. As in other portions of the kingdom, these rocks contain here the marks of having been lacerated and upheaved at certain points by subterranean force; their surface has been denuded and their contour fashioned by overwhelming waters; and boulder-clay and gravelly detritus are heaped upon them, in many places to a great thickness. Precisely the catastrophes that have left the traces of their disturbance over a great portion of the globe. The date of their occurrence was prior to the formation of the fen alluvials, as these indiscriminately cover ‘faults’ and ‘drift’ beds, together with the original strata. In fact, the base upon which the fens rest, was once merely a low and comparatively featureless district of country, since then hidden under a coating of water-born soil, all its inequalities being filled up to one uniform level, with the exception of protruding hillocks wherever the ancient summits were above the reach of the sea. The thickness of this alluvial deposition varies from four or five to twenty or thirty feet, and may be occasionally pierced to much greater depths. The most widely extended of the beds is the peat-moor forming the surface of all the central and southern portions of the Level, and stretching along its western and northern border. This is not confined to the surface, but enters eastward under the tract of alluvial loam and clay which lies between it and the shore. Thus the peat of the southern part of the Level underlies the clay lands between Wisbeach and Lynn, cropping out upon the banks of the Ouse estuary: the same peat is also found beneath the similar alluvium



between Wisbeach and Spalding; and the peat of East Fen, dipping under the marshes north of Boston, appears again upon the north Lincolnshire coast, and also on the Yorkshire side of the Humber, as a submarine forest. Trunks and roots of oak, fir, alder, and other trees, abound within it, generally rooted in a soft, greasy clay, and evidently upon the site of their growth. If the Level were bared to this clay, upon which the timber principally vegetated, the tides would deluge the whole plain with water eighteen to thirty feet in depth: how then could forest have existed under such a condition of the relative levels of land and sea? De Serra, a geologist who visited the Lincolnshire submarine forest in 1796, naturally concludes (*Phil. Trans.* 1799) that the surface was formerly higher, and that there has been a subsidence of the entire country 'suddenly, by means of an earthquake;' which convulsion he assigns to a very ancient period, far anterior to the imperial age of Britain. Sedgwick, De la Beche, and other modern geologists, have endorsed this idea of subsidence (though dispensing with the earthquake); the latter remarking (*Manual of Geology*), that the fact of 'a change in the relative levels of land and water since these trees were planted, cannot be doubted.' He includes, also, in this statement, all the British Isles and north of France; and the phenomena of Holland seem to admit no other explanation.\* The absence of marine exuviae from the peat implies the movement to have been slow; the ocean waters not having been precipitated over the surface. The illustration usually adduced in support of this hypothesis, is the well-known gradual rising of part of Sweden and the Baltic islands. And, indeed, it appears that some great changes of this kind have occurred at a comparatively modern epoch. Dr. Forchhammer (*Geol. Trans.* 1841) states that on the islands on the western shores of Sleswig are traces of the former presence of the sea sixty feet above the present high-water mark, and the submersion happened since the islands were inhabited by man, because there are tumuli partly destroyed by it. In Scotland, in the valley of the Forth, a whale skeleton, with a harpoon beside it, has been discovered twenty-five feet above the present tides of that frith; showing that there has been twenty-five feet elevation of the ground, since the art of making deer's horns into harpoons was known.

\* Holland, indeed, seems to be not only of similar structure, but of contemporaneous history with our Great Level. Why may they not be portions of one vast plain, just as the French and Kentish cliffs are parts of one chalk range, though both are now sundered by the sea? If England and Western Europe were ever 100 fathoms higher than at present, this would have been the case; and the subsidence which we find must have lowered the site of our fens, may have been the very same that separated us from the Continent, by sinking the supposed flat valley under the shallow waters of the German Ocean.

Unable to deny that slow vertical movements of the ground are actually going on in some countries—as Sweden, Abyssinia, &c.—even at the present moment, some authorities still hesitate to admit them among the causes that produced our fens. Thus De Luc, and after him Lyell (in *Principles of Geology*), attribute the undoubted sinking of the peat surface to the simple contraction of the stratum which bore the forests, by drainage and drying. But if we reject the idea of a forcible upheaval of the ground, as well as *vice versa*, there remains another difficulty, not so easily overcome. The bed of earth on which the trees flourished is itself alluvial; generally a blue buttery clay, extending over, or rather under, all parts of the Level. It appears to have been formed by the landing up of a spacious bay; and it was inundated during its accumulation with waters partly salt and partly fresh. Approaching the sea, it rests upon sea-sand, evidently the ancient shoals and sand-banks forming the bottom of the bay; and traversing it in every direction are found beds of muddy sand abounding with shells—doubtless the warped up channels of former tidal creeks. Without the supposition of a general elevation of the land, how can we account for the transformation of this water-dropped marsh into a dense tract of woods? Even granting that the ocean could have gradually shut itself out from a marsh of its own depositing, by means of piled shingle or blown sand—by no means a probable supposition, in the absence of these littoral agencies from this section of coast—still the descending rivers, and the pent-up drainage water of the district, would have deeply inundated the Level. Unless, indeed, there existed embankments, and cuts, and sluices, as at present—and that this was not the case we shall presently show, by fixing the date of the change at a period long before artificial works could be constructed—an uplifting of the whole country seems to be the only possible explanation.

In some parts of the Level are found the remanís of timber of very great age, which flourished upon the sand and boulder-clay of the drift: sometimes buried twenty feet below the surface; sometimes rising up from under the alluvial beds, and covering the foot of the hills. As, for instance, the subterranean trees discovered between Lincoln and Boston; many of colossal growth, and with a grain of wood resembling that produced in warmer countries. This second stratum of moor and trees, though apparently of limited extent, implies a dry and wooded condition of the primitive surface before it became submerged: and here, therefore, we have evidence of another subsidence. So that we have three vertical movements: first, the plunging of the original country beneath the sea; then, the elevation that converted its marshes

into forest ground; and, lastly, the gradual sinking by which this became fen.

The first phase of the scene, then, after the epoch of the great northern drift, was a gulf or bay dotted with islands; its inland margin coinciding with the boundary of the present Level. The next was a slimy marsh, more or less inundated with fresh water, and guttered by wandering creeks and tidal rivers. This extended much further seaward than the present land: because the soft clay, and also the incumbent peat, everywhere break off abruptly toward the coast; showing that they have been eaten away by the tides since their formation. On the Lincolnshire shore, they have not only been extensively washed away, but have also been stripped of their covering of more recent soil; having formed, in the year 1796, islets of moor and clay, left bare by the sea at the lowest ebb for a mile in breadth, and stretching at least twelve miles along the coast. This flat expanse of lake, and creek, and reedy marsh, becoming by some means sufficiently elevated to preclude tidal floodings, and allow the upland streams and the drain-water of the plain to run off into the sea, wrought the third great transformation,—changing into a region of overshadowing forests and flowing rivers. From the embedded remains we learn, that oaks and firs grew to a size and altitude now, perhaps, unknown in England; the wild-boar devoured roots and mast in the recesses of thick woods; the auroch or bison, and the red-deer and stag herded on the glassy glades; and the beaver colonized upon the shady margin of streams and pools. Centuries having elapsed during the forest period, a general subsidence of the country took place; prostrating the woods, and reducing the Level again into low watery ground. The tides rushing up the river channels drove back the freshes; and by the overflowing of streams, the damming of water into stagnant plashees, the fall of timber, decay of foliage, and growth of aquatic and bog plants, the Fens attained their present character. Peat (or moor) spreading over the plain buried and preserved both animal and vegetable relics, and, mixed with river sediment, became decomposed at the surface into rich black earth: while at the foot of the uplands deep bogs and mosses were accumulated,—probably in hollows worn by descending waters. Change, however, did not cease: in some of the southern portions of the Level, deluges of highland water deposited beds of alluvial loam upon the moor; and an immensely larger extent of surface toward the sea was covered with a deep marine clay, or alluvium. The tides flowing inland, loaded with ‘warp’—or sand, rich mud, and animal and vegetable matter, and meeting a repulse from the volume of fresh water already upon the fen, dropped their sediment—according to the laws of tidal

deposition—in a stratum, lessening and lowering, as it receded from the sea, thinning off in section like a wedge. This deposit, commonly varying in thickness from four to sixteen, twenty, or even many more feet, occupies the surface between Lynn, Wisbeach, Spalding, and Boston, and forms a broad belt of marsh land, continuing northward along the coast. Its eastern or seaward edge breaks off suddenly; as this clay, like the underlying peat and softer clay below it, once extended far out over the Wash and German Ocean. This stratum having been formed, Father Neptune in a strange manner began, like Saturn, to devour his own offspring: the waves, instead of prolonging their growing sand-banks and oozy shoals further and further into the deep (as they are now doing in the Wash), began to make inroads and encroachments upon their former gift. The great estuaries of the Ouse and Nene, and the smaller embouchures of the Welland and Witham, now opening into the Wash, were formed by a deep excavation of this clay stratum,—the grinding tides and freshes having eaten through it, and down also through the subjacent peat and soft soil beneath it, into the original sandy bottom of the great bay. If, therefore, there existed, when this clay was deposited, any estuaries like those into which the Wash now forks, they must have been much further seaward. Upon this stratum was built the earliest line of embankment to defend the country against the tides. The bank, raised upon what was then a salt marsh, left bare by the ebb-tide, was undoubtedly carried as far out to sea as was practicable; its course retreating inland to avoid crossing the estuaries, which were at that time in shape much like the present. And from this we infer that no perceptible subsidence, or upheaval, has transpired since the construction of this barrier. Wide tracts of marsh have since accumulated outside this bank—now several miles from the shore—and have been successively shut in by new embankments; while improvements in the river mouths have restricted the old estuaries to narrow limits, and gradually converted them into land. On the north Lincolnshire coast, however, the ocean has never renewed its creative operations: the submarine forest is being gradually washed away, and several villages have been swallowed up within the historic period.

Such being the physical transmutations which the Level has undergone, the next inquiry that arises is, can we assign them to any chronological epoch? Appealing to the evidence contained in the antiquities found under the fen land, we learn that the ‘aborigines’ of our island certainly frequented the Great Level after it had passed its first marshy character, and had become solid and habitable. Their rude weapons, unbaked pottery, stone axes, and canoes, occur in many parts of the Fens, always within

the moor, and superior to the subjacent clay. In Deeping Fen, in 1839, was dug up perhaps the largest specimen of a British canoe ever discovered. It was of oak, hollowed out of a single log, four feet deep, five feet eight inches across at the stern, and of the extraordinary length of forty-six feet. It rested on cross-timbers, which had been broken by its weight. All the canoes exhumed have occurred near to the present rivers; and while the history of some may be that they were conducted up or down these streams, and stranded upon the banks or lost in the morasses, others appear to have been tight new craft, unlaunched from their primitive dockyards. But whether the latter were fashioned out of trees felled upon the spot, or out of timber found in peat-bog as at present, we cannot determine. That some of the Fen subterranean wood was either burnt or chopped down, and that some of it has been found squared and bored through, the testimony of witnesses fully proves; but these trees may have been an after-growth, like many very fine oaks and other trees which have thrived since then upon deep peaty ground. The inference drawn by some writers that all the Fen forest was cut down, is at once rendered futile when we remember that the trees generally lie in one uniform direction—viz., the heads pointing south-east from the roots: thus exhibiting a common cause of prostration, acting continuously in one direction. It may have been a current of water, or a hurricane. As to the question whether, in the time of the ancient Britons, the Great Level were a forest or fen, the probability rests with the latter supposition; because they *lived* in forests; and had this been a tract of woods, their relics ought to be as plentiful here as upon the surrounding uplands, which is not the case. And it seems to have been an all but impassable region, a sort of natural barrier against invading enemies, because those remarkable earth-works called ‘ditches,’ extending parallel to each other across the county of Cambridge, invariably terminate just upon its edge; these having been their trenches and ramparts for defence,—one so ancient as to have been filled up for the Ikniel Way (originally a British road) to pass over it. The Roman vestiges point out more plainly the fenny character of the Level. Their encampments, weapons, coins, urns, and household utensils, their foundations, roads, and names remaining in the district, show that a Roman population resided here. From the fact of these mementoes occurring in considerable quantity upon the surface of the marine alluvium which covers the pent, it is obvious that all the physical changes we have described had occurred before the imperial legions arrived, and the woods had perished into peaty fens *long* before; as much time having elapsed between their destruction and the advent of

the Romans as was necessary for the slow deposition and after-abrasion of the upper clay stratum and the formation of estuaries, which we have described. And, in confirmation, we find that the great Roman road crossing the very heart of the Great Level, from Denver, in Norfolk, by March and Whittlesey to Peterborough, a causeway of gravel three feet in thickness, and from forty to sixty feet wide, with a foundation (in places) of oak timber and rag-stones, rests upon the peat-moor, which has become partially solidified by its weight.

The earliest sea-bank is always called 'the Old Roman Bank;' and there is every reason to believe it to be a monument of that people. They are supposed to have first inclosed Romney Marsh, in Kent; and the same proofs of their handiwork exist here as there,—for they could not have inhabited a country 'where the loud ocean leans against the land,' as their remains tell us they did, unless it had been embanked. The long line of embankment in question is closely connected with Roman localities, passing by Burgh, Wainfleet, Boston, Spalding, Holbeach, Wisbeach, and other places, where Roman fortifications, aqueducts, mill-stones, armour, vases, coins, &c., have been found. Similar relics have been discovered close up to the bank, but not any upon the seaward side of it; and in one or two places they have been dug out of the centre of the bank itself. Circumstances strongly leading to the conclusion that the imperial legions were the first reclaimers of the Fens from the dominion of the sea. There is no proof, however, of their having been actuated by any motive of agricultural improvement. There is, indeed, a long canal, termed the 'Car Dyke,' running along the foot of the hills from Lincoln to Peterborough, said to have been a Roman work; but this seems to have been rather a means of communication than a drain for intercepting the hill brooks. The more reasonable conjecture is, that, as there were never any Roman towns within the Level, and as numerous forts and stations (including Lincoln, one of the most important Roman cities in Britain), were set all round the Fen boundary, this Pontine plain of fens and marshes was fenced in first as the retreat of the almost amphibious Britons, and then as the covert landing-place of northern pirates.

One point connected with the low level of the Fen surface requires to be elucidated before we can understand how the peaty or inner portions of the Level could have been in any measure free from water, with hill-floods pouring down, and ruins falling upon them, and yet their surface (if we may judge from the present) lying considerably lower than high-water mark. Now, though at the present day the marsh-land which the Romans first

guarded from the tides is several feet higher than the more inland surface of peat, this was not always the case; for, within the present century, improved drainage in some places has caused the spongy peat to subside several feet lower than adjacent ill-dried districts; and over the entire marshy portion of the Level, the clayey substratum is found at much less depth (commonly five to eight feet) than it was two hundred years ago. So that, owing to the saturated and inflated condition of the peat-soil in the early ages, the surface was high enough to give the unembanked rivers a natural descent into the sea.

The descriptions of the Fens given by the old Saxon chroniclers accord with the above facts and inferences, and are of themselves interesting, because of the rarity of such early intimations as to the original aspect of our country. The first mention made of the fens is in the charters and registers of the monks, who, fascinated by the very ghastliness of the district, founded cells and monasteries here at a very early period. They speak of it (see Dugdale) as 'a hideous fen of a huge bigness, extending itself in 'a very long tract, even to the sea; oftentimes clouded with moist 'and dark vapours, having within it divers islands and woods, as 'also crooked and winding rivers;' and the remote recesses of these reedy quagmires were supposed to be haunted by uncouth monsters, and even devils, into which, it seems, that superstitious terror personified cramps and gucas. Hermits first settled here in spots renowned for 'their dreadfulness and solitude,' and built wooden oratories 'in untilled places, where none dwelt.'

In the earliest charter—viz., that of Wolfere, King of Mercia, to the Abbey of Peterborough, A.D. 664, the boundary of the fen lands given is set out for many miles, 'winding through the immense fen,' and 'through the middle of many stagnant waters and immense marshes.' During the seventh and eighth centuries many religious houses were founded here, and endowed by the Saxon monarchs; some very important abbeys, as those of Bardney, Crowland, Peterborough, and Ely, having attained to considerable opulence and grandeur. Although the Fens were, for the most part, 'a possession for the bittern,' overgrown with reeds, osiers, and bulrushes, yet the monks found stores of peat-fuel there; the spacious meres or lakes abounded with fish and wild fowl, and a supply of food existed in the exhaustless eel-streams.\* The islands upon which Ely and some other monasteries stood are described as being adorned with woods, and most fruitful in

\* Eels, in the fens, seem to have been as plentifully used for food as swine among the upland wealds and forests,—the lords of manors in the Isle of Ely (according to Domesday,) annually receiving 100,000 eels, of which number Wisbeach fisheries alone paid 30,000.

corn and pasture; abounding not only with cattle and even goats, but also with hares and red deer for the sport of the hunter. The watery morasses encircling these islands, and securely separating them from the main land, were bridged here and there with raised causeways of wood and stone.

Perhaps the first recorded attempt at agricultural improvement is one mentioned by Ingulphus; how, in the reigns of Edward and Edgar, the Abbot Egelric ploughed up a portion of the fens of Crowland for corn, but only 'in dry years,' and reaped a hundredfold increase of the seed he sowed. The monastery being enriched by the crops, 'a multitude of poor people resorted thither, and Crowland became a considerable town.' It was in this way, by rural industry, that the monks gathered round them a population of 'gyrvii,' or fen-dwellers, as they were called,—a rude race of ploughmen, herdsmen, and a still rougher class who caught fish and entrapped wild-fowl with nets. Numerous salt-works existed at this early period along the shore, and in the river estuaries; and rents of salt were paid by some of the marsh villages. It is pretty certain that all the towns now in the Level existed in the days of Edward the Confessor, which implies a considerable number of inhabitants, especially near the sea; Wisbeach and Elm are distinctly named in Wolfere's charta of 664. This being the case, there must have been a sea bank maintained in repair and able to repel the spring tides: as some of the towns were close to the embankment, and standing on ground much lower than the sea. This barrier was doubtless the restored work of the Romans. The very first mention of it (See Stukeley's *Paleographia Sacra*, No. II.) speaks of 'the old sea bank,' in the year 1178 (21th of Henry II.), 'the old sea bank broke, and the whole country of Holland (as a part of Lincolnshire is named) was deluged and destroyed by the sea.' Not only Saxons studded the Level with their rustic habitations, but Danes also, first coming as robbers, remained here as settlers. In the ninth century these fierce pirates had ravaged the country—despoiling and burning the monasteries, and cruelly murdering monks and nuns; and, after a time, they made a second descent, their depredations assuming the character of invasion and territorial conquest, and ending only with the crowning of Canute as monarch of all England. Lincolnshire, as shown by its names, traditions, and antiquities, received a stronger impress of Danish and Norwegian names, customs, and consanguinity, than perhaps any other county in England. A memento of Guthrum, the Dane with whom Alfred divided his kingdom, still survives in the name of a locality, 'Guthrum Cote,' in the fen between Bourn and Spalding. Canute frequently visited the Fen monasteries:



tradition makes Bodsey House, near Ramsey Abbey, one of his residences ; and he certainly constructed some public works, particularly a causeway, still called King's Delph, communicating between Ramsey and Peterborough. Camden says, he caused a dyke to be marked out by his soldiers with their daggers and swords on the marshes adjoining Whittlesey Mere, and afterwards completed by labourers, 'whence some of the inhabitants give it 'the name of Swerdesdelfe, and others will have it called Cnut's-  
'delfe, after the king.'

When the Normans had fought their way into the kingdom, the Isle of Ely became a 'camp of refuge,' in which Hereward the Saxon, with a number of nobles and patriot ecclesiastics, defied the Conqueror, though he besieged it in person. The exploits of these warriors in the midst of sedgy bogs and 'reed-plecks,' are duly portrayed in the pages of Dugdale and Thierry. At a subsequent period, this natural stronghold was defended against King Stephen in person, and afterwards sheltered the rebellious barons of Henry the Third.

As harts and hinds fed in some portions of the level upon the vert which covered occasional patches of surface, we cannot expect the Norman kings to have missed the opportunity for afforesting them : several districts were thus appropriated ; some not being deforested until the time of Henry the Third.

From the time when Edgar began to restore the religious houses demolished by the Danes, down to a century or two after the Conquest, a great number of abbeys, priories, churches, cells, chantries, &c., rose up within and around the Great Level ; not only beautifying the murky plain by their presence, but forming the centres from which highways and drainage-canals began to radiate in different directions, and dried fields of meadow and arable to overspread the fens. Indeed, Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury, about the time of King Stephen, give glowing pictures of the verdure and pleasantness of the ouses girt round some of these magnificent buildings ; the latter extolling even 'the vineyards.' He may be correct, for at Ely, at the survey of Domesday, several acres of grape vines were really growing.

At a very early period, the fen-men, finding great value in their rank herbage and hay, in their reed for thatching houses, and turf firing to warm them, became jealous of their 'common rights ;' so that, to stop disputes, large tracts of open fen on which the bordering townships were accustomed to graze their cattle, were subdivided by ditches, and parcelled out among those towns, each place having its own allotment in which to dig fuel or mow hay ; but all indiscriminately stocking the whole before

and after the appointed season for the growth and gathering in of hay. This arrangement was instituted by Canute on the fens adjoining Whittlesey Mere, Ramsey, and Peterborough. In many cases, the rights of pasturage and of mowing hay were held by different owners. Inclosure, however, in the modern sense of the term, was practised only upon some of the firmer and better drained marsh grounds nearer the sea: thus, in the reign of Henry the Second, the inhabitants of South Holland (that portion of Lincolnshire between Spalding and Wisbeach) had drained their own marshes, converting them into 'good and fertile arable land,' of which each town had its proper portion.

Respecting particular drainage works executed in these wild times, we learn that Richard de Rulos, chamberlain to King William the First, having acquired Deeping Fen as part of his estates, and being much addicted to tillage and the breeding of cattle (like some noblemen of our day), inclosed a great part of the fen then lying in common, excluding the river Welland from overflowing his meadows by 'a mighty bank,' some miles in length, changing lakes and swamps into fields arable and pasture, and building new towns upon their site. Marshland (a part of Norfolk between Wisbeach and Lynn) was oppressed by the Fen waters swelling behind it, as well as by the ocean threatening in front; and, to intercept and convey them to their proper outlet, the inhabitants enlarged 'the river of Well' for a length of two miles; this being in 'the sixth year of Henry I., or A.D. 1105.' A portion of this province, near the mouth of the Ouse, being much flooded, we read that, about the year 1181, (27th of Henry II.) 'the inhabitants came, and with draining and banking 'won as much thereof by their industry as they could.' Now, these are certainly interesting memoranda; for, there being no mention of any domineering noble or cunning churchman as director of these proceedings, we have here presented to our imagination the Saxons in rural life,—not the woodsmen or swineherds, but the husbandmen,—leaving their plough-oxen to observe the cause of stoppage in floods that soaked their pastures, floated away their hay, and made fruitless their seeding; assembling to concoct measures of relief, and unitedly falling to work in the channel of a stream, excavating its muddy sides, deepening its bed, and flinging out the soil with some sort of tools, for mutual safety and advantage. It is always an interesting inquiry, how a rough, semi-barbarous population could have first combined together in any enterprise of great and general utility; and, in these recorded instances, we seem to have a clue to the motives and purposes actuating our ancestors to labours of unusual magnitude. Co operation for mutual benefit, in drainage as in other

matters, was soon upheld and enforced as a 'custom; and then usage and precedent became authoritative as 'law.' The share of work allotted to each town by the practice of the earliest times, was the repairing or enlarging, as the case might be, so much of the bank or watercourse as passed through or contiguous to that town or parish; claims and disputes being settled in the time of Henry the Third, the Edwards, and succeeding sovereigns, by the itinerant justices, or by commissioners appointed for the purpose. In the year 1284 (13th of Edward I.), the inhabitants of Wisbeach, and other towns, complained to the king of defects in their banks and sewers,—'banks anciently raised and to be made anew from town to town,' and that many persons refused to submit to 'the law and custom of the fen, for remedy thereof.' After a time, a more definite and equitable mode of apportioning the share of repairs than the mere assigning of such and such a length to a parish, seems to have been introduced: for though the old custom might give each parish its due proportion; as long as there was no means taken to insure a fair subdivision of the burden among the inhabitants of that parish, the poor may have been compelled to perform the labour, while the idle and powerful escaped. A further regulation was therefore adopted; as exemplified in the following case: In 1293 (22nd of Edward I.), a long main drain emptying into the Nene estuary, having to be widened, the king sent commissioners to inspect the matter and 'distrain thereto,'—'so that no favour should be used therein either to rich or poor;' and it was considered and ordered by them that the towns concerned should do the work 'according to the number of their acres belonging to every inhabitant.' The expense was levied by means of an agistment or assessment upon every man's land, that is, by an acreage rate; the tenants having been re-imbursed by their landlords, according to circumstances.\*

The English have always been a self-governing, electing, jury-obeying people; hence, in Fen-drainage, when controversy arose about the nature or desirability of proposed works, and the rights and obligations of persons and properties, jurors were chosen, and appealed to for arbitration. So early as the year 1250 (35th of Henry III.) 'ancient and approved customs to this end' existed in Romney Marsh, in Kent; the supervision of the banks and drainage works having been entrusted to twenty-four jurors, chosen by the commonalty of the marsh, whose office was to view the defects, and levy sums and distresses upon neglectful defaulters. The landowners disagreeing, referred to the king;

\* One town is stated, in 1335, to have maintained, for every acre of land, four feet of the sea bank; and the heavy expenses of this and other parishes more than once obtained for them a remission of the public taxes of twelfths and fifteenths.

and a justice having been dispatched to the scene, and a council of the commonalty convened—upon the judgment of ‘honest and lawful men of the bailiwick,’ and ‘none of the marsh-men gainsaying it,’ six ordinances were agreed to, which became not only the standard regulations of Romney Marsh ever since, but had their chief points afterwards embodied in parliamentary statutes, for the conservation of ‘all the like places of the whole realme.’ Upon these laws are based the Commissions of Sewers, first founded by an act of the 23rd of Henry VIII. They had charge of all the drains and embankments for many centuries; and though a law regulating their proceedings was passed in 1833, (3rd & 4th William IV.), still exercise in some districts all but irresponsible power. Monarchs did not always confine themselves to ‘directing precepts to shireeves,’ issuing commissions to esquires and gentlemen, or signing their assent to laws against obstructions in rivers, and damage done to sea-banks: there are many instances of royal personages actively busying themselves in fen drainage. Respecting a dam which had been thrown across a main channel in the Level, Dugdale says, that ‘King Edward the First, passing that way, had taken notice thereof.\*’ John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward the Third, and regent during the minority of Richard the Second, is said to have been occupied in fen-drainage, as well as in oppression of the villeyns. He resided at Bolingbroke Castle, on the northern border of the Level, and had extensive possessions within it. Margaret, Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry the Seventh,) procured an admeasurement and division of the drowned grounds north of Spalding; and an anonymous author of 1629 (*Discourse on the Drayning of Fenns*), says, ‘that royall lady sat her selfe amongst the Commissioners of Sewers.’ We shall find, also, that James I., Charles I., and Cromwell, similarly employed themselves. The records of the Sewers Commissions, including the presentations of jurors as to the state of the works, and condition of different districts in the Great Level, and the improvements, from time to time, ordered to be made, are of the greatest value to the fen-land historian and engineer, and possess peculiar interest and importance for individuals connected with the Fens; landowners frequently finding in these ancient statements their only claim to discharge their drainage through other properties.

\* King John visited the Level; but like Stephen, and the Conqueror before him, left no industrial memento behind him. Marching from Peterborough to Lynn, he plundered and burnt the houses belonging to Crowland Abbey; and, crossing the estuary into Lincolnshire, lost his baggage and regalia,—in consequence of which, Henry III. had to be crowned with a plain ring of gold. In digging any new cut, or drain, in this locality, workmen even now speak of this treasure as a thing they may possibly discover.

But we will attempt no extracts from them here, referring such of our readers as may have a relish for details of drains, 'gotes,' 'clows,' 'pipes,' banks, and bridges, in localities with outlandish, unmelodious designations, wrapped in rude orthography, to the pages of Dugdale's *Imbanking*—pages tediously dry, notwithstanding the watery topics of which they treat.\*

Perhaps the most interesting of the relations are those depicting the frequent and awful inroads of the sea, consequent upon the bursting of the barrier banks. In almost every century preceding the present, the calamity of inundation desolated large tracts of country, carrying away crops of corn and hay, and live stock by thousands, and often with great sacrifice of human life—'people being drowned in their beds;' and, on one occasion, at Wisbech, 'one hundred corpses buried in one day.' Holinshed, in his *Chronicles*, gives some graphic accounts of these violent deluges, the terror of which led to the infliction of grievous penalties for neglect of embankment repairs. Harrison (in his *Description of Britayne*) says, 'Those who have walles and banks near the sea, and doe suffer them to decay, whereby the water entereth, and drouneth the country, they are, by a certaine custome, apprehended, condemned, and staked in the breache, where they remain for ever as a parcel of the foundation of the new walle that is to be made upon them, as I have heard reported.' It is certain that, to cut or injure the banks, was punished as the crime of felony.

We have seen that the Great Level, under the early care of the monks, made considerable progress in agricultural improvement. The least dropsical portions were brought into tillage with greater facility than the untrimmed woodlands on the hills could be cleared into farms. And partly owing to the personal exertions and intelligence of abbots and priors, partly to the peculiar privileges enjoyed by a great number of the rural population, as tenants of the church, rather than serfs of ruthless warrior lords, the Fens, to a great extent left undisturbed by political factions and quarrels, attained to a higher order of cultivation and farm-management than other parts of the kingdom. While in other places the plough-oxen consumed in winter all the straw of the farm, and the other cattle were obliged to be salted down before they were fat, for want of winter provender, the fen-men mowed large stores of hay from their immense self-irrigated meadows,

\* The following is a specimen of the sort of information:—In the reigns of the Edwards, and of Richard II., royal commissions were issued for repairing the banks between 'Dertford, Flete, and Grenewiche,' and thence to London Bridge: 'betwixt Lambethe and Grenewiche,' and also between the Tower of London and 'the town of Chadewelle.'

and *fed cows* in winter, enriching their island corn-grounds with the manure. On the better drained marsh lands, they regularly grew 'winter corn;' and this in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when only spring-sown grain was generally known. Hemp and flax, too, they were accustomed to cultivate on their richer soils, rotting the fibre in their innumerable ditches, and employing their housewives to spin it—two hundred years before the time of the Tudors, when (according to general history) the culture of these crops was attempted to be introduced in England, but without success. However, this precocity was not enduring; for when tillage, husbandry, and sheep-farming began generally to extend and improve, the influences which had formerly affected the Great Level were taken away, and, under others, prejudicially operating, the rural state and credit of the fens declined. The spoliation and dissolution of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth undoubtedly produced calamitous results as regarded the drainage and agriculture of the Fens; the preservation of many works hitherto in the charge of the monks, who had designed them, fell into the keeping of careless or reckless commissioners; and at a time when a careful jurisdiction was more than ever required, the great rivers or arteries of the country were annually becoming less able to discharge the drain-water led into them. The inhabitants must have felt heavily the loss of their pastoral protectors; for proud and corrupt as were the clergy, they were assuredly the friends and benefactors of the poor. An author of the period, who lived on the border of the fens, says of them, (see Coles' MSS.)—

'If y<sup>e</sup> Price of Corn had begun to start up in y<sup>e</sup> Markets; they made thereunto with Wayne Load of Corn, and sold it under y<sup>e</sup> Markett to poor People, to the End to bring down y<sup>e</sup> Price thereof . . . . If any poor Householder had lacked Seed to sow his Land, or Bread Corn, or Malt before Harvest, and come to a Monastery either of Men or Women, he should have had it untill Harvest, that he might easily have paid it again. Yea, if he had made his moan for an Ox, Horse, or Cow, he might have it upon his Credit: And such was y<sup>e</sup> good Conscience of y<sup>e</sup> Borrowers in those Dayes, that y<sup>e</sup> Thing borrowed needed not to have been asked at the Day of Payment. They never raised any Rent, or took any incomes or Garsomes of their Tenants; nor ever took in any Comons; . . . . happy was that person that was Tenant to an Abbey; for it was a rare thing to hear that any Tenant was removed by taking his Farm over his head.'

Denying the charge that he has 'said y<sup>e</sup> best of them,' and relating the various impostures and pollutions of the monasteries—which seem to have put even the modest Henry the Eighth to

the blush—this author next portrays some of the evil results of their suppression. The new possessors of the church lands quickly raised the rents, 'so high, that an Acre of Ground that 'might have been letten to farm before K. H. 8 times for iiiid., 'will not be let now (viz. about the year 1590) for iii<sup>s</sup>. And if 'there be any Piece of wast Ground, wherein their Tenants and 'others have used to have Common for their Cattle, all is taken 'in, and so enclosed for all others, that y<sup>e</sup> poor Cottagers, that 'always before might have kept a Cow, or XX<sup>v</sup> Sheep towards 'their cloathing, now is not able so much as a Goose or a Hen. ' . . . . . Beside all this there hath been such Sale of great 'woods which Abbeyes saved and nourished . . . that Wood is 'come to such a Dearth, that a poor Husbandman is not able to 'buy Wood to maintain his Housing and his Husbandry geare; 'as Plows, Waynes, Curts, Harrows, and such like.'

One of the first consequences of the dissolution, was an enormous and cumulative increase in the number of beggars; for as nobles and others who had obtained the church property immediately withheld from the poor the various kinds of relief which had always fallen to their share,—the poor, being left 'to their *own* resources,' the resources which had always been theirs being theirs no longer,—were compelled under all the new and oppressive circumstances of their lot, to entreat or enforce alms from the rich. And the nation, saddled with an obligation by those who appropriated to their own use the rightful means for discharging it, has ever since contributed burdensome poor's-rates, in order to 'prevent death from starvation.' All the mischiefs following the suppression must undoubtedly have afflicted the Great Level, and with a severity the greater because of the unusual number and surpassing wealth and magnificence of the establishments despoiled. And, as we should expect, the Lincolnshire fens, and immediate neighbourhood, were the foremost scene in which rebellion rose against the greedy king. Twenty thousand men, headed by the Abbot of Barlings, (on the northern border of the Level), complained of the change from hospitable monks to 'bad bishops,' and took to the field of insurrection. Forty thousand men, in Yorkshire, followed their example: in both cases, however, being quelled, without having stayed the rapacity of their rulers.

Whether or not the effects of the multiplied pauperism and vagrancy were perceptible in the Fens a century after, we do not know; but Dugdale describes the inhabitants as 'a rude and 'almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.' The Fens, however, possessed stores from which the destitute could help themselves; and there was consequently a large class who, unoc-

cupied either in husbandry or in navigation,—for barges constantly plied along the Fen rivers between the sea-ports and the hills, laden with corn, wool, and merchandize,—subsisted by fishing and fowl-catching; wading through plashes upon high stilts, leaping drains with long poles, or skimming the broad and reedy meres in boats, and annually purchasing boots and clothing at Sturbeach Fair, Cambridge,—while many robbers and marauders, secure in lone retreats among the tall jungle of the fen, committed depredations upon the upland border.

But as we are approaching the era of general drainage in the seventeenth century, we must advert to the peculiar difficulties attaching to the situation and character of the Level. The Wash, into which the water must be emptied, is a shallow bay, gradually filling itself up with sediment from its tides; and the river mouths opening into it would be rapidly choked with bars of sand, did not their currents of fresh water scour and clear them. These streams, however, are feeble in force because of little velocity, resulting from the trifling rate of descent in the surface over which they flow, the principal rivers possessing a fall of only three or four inches per mile, for many miles above their point of discharge. The tides, holding alluvium in suspension, rush up each river channel, beating back the freshes, and leaving a deposit upon the bed of the stream; and owing to the weakness of the back-water in grinding out this impediment, art is required to guide and regulate the opposing forces, or the outfalls could no longer be preserved. The fen flat we have to drain, is not a union or confluence of the natural valleys which conduct the various upland rivers toward their outfall; for these rivers have already reached the ocean level—do, in fact, virtually discharge themselves as they enter the fens; but the Level is a delta, or rather a landed-up bay, placed in the sea outside the original coast-line where the rivers first emptied. Being a low plain added to a country whose configuration, contour, and drainage were already complete; and having displaced the ocean, like the former bay, it must receive the land waters that converge into it, and transmit them in guarded channels into the sea, besides fortifying itself against the power whose dominion it has usurped. The quantity of rain falling upon the Fens is considerably less than that falling in the midland and more elevated districts of England; but the volume of alien waters is very great. If we start from the east side of the Wash, and travel over the loftiest elevations of the chalk, through the middle of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Buckinghamshire, across the clays of Leicestershire to north Lincolnshire, and then curve round to the western shore of the Wash—including within our circuit, besides large breadths of the counties above



named, the entire counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Northampton, and Rutland—we shall have traced the boundary of the great district that drains into the great level: an area of about 6000 square miles, pouring all its unevaporated downfall, its issuing springs, and sudden floods, down upon a surface of scarcely more than one-sixth its magnitude. The waters from this expanded watershed are chiefly aggregated by the conformation of the country into four main arteries, viz.—the Witham, entering the fens at Lincoln; the Welland, at Market Deeping; the Nene, at Peterborough; and the Ouse, at Earith, near St. Ives. Although the latter is known as the largest and most tortuous of our English rivers, such is the want of declivity in the lower portion of its valley, that it loses the power and vivacity of the current which, higher up the country, is seen sweeping round the curve of its wide channel and foaming upon the mill-wheels on its brinks; and, spreading the rich matter it washes from the upland clays into broad margins of meadow before arriving at the Fens, winds with sluggish waters into the plain. All the streams, with their many tributary rivulets and becks, spend their strength in a similar manner; and, descending into the great receptacle of the Fens, in times before art interfered, they swelled into lakes and chains of smaller pools, upon the lowest ground, most remote from the sea, as Whittlesey, Ramsey, &c., meres, and the deeps of East Fen; and then wandered listlessly and aimlessly over the Level, dividing, bifurcating, intersecting into a network of ‘lodes, caues, skerths, sykes, and leams,’ intricate as the arms of the Ganges that stray in bewilderment through its Sunderbunds. The Witham now empties at Boston; the Welland, below Spalding; the Nene, below Wisbeach; and the Ouse, at Lynn. But, originally, the Ouse, uniting with the Nene, discharged by the central and largest embouchure opening into the Wash, its diversion to Lynn having been effected by means of an artificial cut in the central part of the Level, which turned its waters into a small stream then running to sea that way. This channel, about two miles and a half in length, was made some time previous to the accession of Edward I., having been doubtless a first-hand remedy for some defect in the seaward channel below Wisbeach. Could any of our present engineers have counselled our worthy Saxon forefathers, they would have pointed out the suicidal policy of dividing between two outfalls the current naturally needed to keep one clean; and, instead of weakening the force of the freshes, have shown the propriety of scouring out the main central outfall, restraining the stream from expanding too freely over the sands or salt-marsh, and urging every available drop of hill or fen flood into its channel. The immediate consequences of this mistaken work were the speedy

eroding of Lynn harbour from six to forty perches width, the bursting of the bank-defences of Marshland, with tremendous damage; the silting up of the almost forsaken estuaries of Wisbeach and Spalding; and numberless disasters which no summonses to cleanse and repair, no 'ameracements of defaulters,' penalties for letting hogs root holes in embankments, or other doings of the Sewers Commissioners could remedy. The lasting evil is, that now the whole system of drains has been directed to the new point, no outlay of skill or capital can ever provide the Fens with a drainage so perfect as that they could have attained had the central, and therefore nearest and readiest outlet, been perseveringly adhered to.

In the reign of Henry VII., Morton, Bishop of Ely, and Lord Chancellor of England, executed a work of some magnitude, and proposed a grand design for improving the chief outfall. Observing that the Nene wasted its velocity and strength in a semi-circular course about the fens, he made a new channel for it, about fourteen miles in length, straight across the flat: this still bears the name of 'Morton's Leam.' And acting upon the true principle of drainage, he endeavoured to collect and concentrate other drains into Wisbeach river, to preserve it against the silting of the tides. Neglect, however, quickly lost the advantage of works that were too advanced for the age.

In the time of Elizabeth, the sodden and winter-drowned lowland attracted the regard of knights and noblemen; beside those who had estates there capable of drying and improvement, lying around the halls and old moated mansions which fen herons and other objects of sport seem to have enticed them to build. The Commissioners, no longer able to force 'acre-shot' for repairs out of the impoverished and disaffected fen-men, began to bargain with individuals—often themselves with other gentlemen—to undertake the desiccation of particular districts by means of new works, for the remuneration of a proportion of the lands. King James the First is reported to have declared that 'he would not suffer any longer the land to be abandoned to the use of the waters:' and the crown then having large estates and manors in the Fens, which promised rich revenues to the sovereign, and perquisites for needy followers, upon their improvement, 'projects' and 'undertakers' were soon quite in fashion. It was common for some of the larger landlords in any district, (of which themselves often fixed the bounds,) by using their influence with courtiers, to get themselves made Commissioners; and then, under an act of the 43rd of Elizabeth, by which the major part of the owners and commoners of any township might agree with any person or corporation for its drainage, they contracted with

themselves, were both 'judges and parties,' and in the end managed to get possession of large slices of other people's ground for a merely nominal amelioration. In the first year of James's reign, a gentleman having made an attempt of this kind—only his own lands being hurtfully overflowed, while the rest of his proposed 'level' was able to drain itself—the scheme was wittily discovered to the king. 'For,' (says the 'Anti-Projector,') 'one told the king he should hear a cow speak, which the king wondered at, and was persuaded to go to his stables at Theobald's, where the cow was covered all over. The king commanded the company to withdraw, and uncovered the cow; and upon the horns there was a large parchment rolled up, and all the undertakers' fallacies discovered therein. The king enjoined secrecy, and in full parliament spake against it in these words: 'It is just the same case, my lords, as though a pack of thieves should give me 20,000*l.* to give them a patent under my broad seal to rob my loyal subjects of 200,000*l.*, by the which I should perjure myself, and become a thief and tyrant.' And thereupon it was thrown out for a project.'

A General Drainage Act had been passed in the forty-third of Elizabeth, comprehending all the marshes and drowned grounds in England; but as no real ditching or banking had been done in consequence, King James, immediately upon his accession, by his private letters, encouraged the Sowers Commissioners in a scheme for draining effectually all the southern half of the Great Level. In a previous work the Commissioners had caused the line of a proposed cut to be *levelled*, and 'inquired, by the judgment of workmen and otherwise, what the expense of casting out one perch would be,' in order to estimate the cost of the whole: and, in the present case, they commenced in an equally reasonable, though, up to that time, entirely novel manner. To ascertain the nature of the earth in which their drains were to be excavated, and which would form both the basis and material of their intended embankments, they bored with an auger at numerous points across the flat, declaring the soil at 8 feet depth to be 'all vile moor by the whole tract.' A public council at Huntingdon, where all objections were heard, pronounced the work feasible: five knights and two esquires took a particular view of the whole Level, reporting the muddy and weedy obstructions of the rivers—the Ouse in some places not two feet deep—the Nene waters flowing 28 miles in lieu of 6—the outfalls choked and almost useless; and a mapped survey was made of 307,242 acres. But Lord Chief Justice Popham, who was employed by the king in the work, suddenly dying after the first and only drain (Popham's Eau) had been cut, all came to a close. An

additional cause of failure was the opposition of the fen-men to the allotting of no less than 112,000 acres to the drainers; so that a bill, embodying the scheme, was twice defeated in the House of Commons. In the year 1619, another project of equal extent started under the Earl of Arundel: and this time it was judiciously proposed to begin at the sea, by opening the outfalls of the Nene and Welland, 'which would *draw* the waters into their true and natural channel.' Here was precisely the right principle; but the project fell to the ground amid the turmoil of the times; and when the general drainage actually did begin, this principle was discarded, and a totally opposite one acted upon. In place of 'drawing' or leading, forcing was resorted to; instead of lowering or removing the insidious tidal sediment in the mouths of the rivers, our wise drainers lifted up the rivers themselves between restraining embankments to enable them to run over it, thus raising the very water that was already too high for the fens draining into it. In conjunction with right natural principles in the above project, we find a sense of justice and equity animating the Commissioners; for, instead of unscrupulously bartering away the fen-men's property, they refused to sanction any scheme which appeared to grasp at the fen-land, declaring that they had no power to take away any man's ground without his voluntary assent, and deciding that the drainers' recompence should be a moiety of the clear profit which they should bring to each particular owner,—the lands to be valued before and after the work.

In the reign of Charles the First, A.D. 1630, Francis, Earl of Bedford, with thirteen gentlemen adventurers, undertook the task in which so many had failed—viz., to drain most of the southern half of the Great Level, or about 310,000 acres, since denominated 'the Bedford Level.' The remaining fens northward of the Welland, lying wholly in Lincolnshire, were the scene of similar attempts by other parties at contemporaneous or subsequent periods. The earl and his participants were to make the fens 'summer lands,' or, free from surface water during that season; their reward being 95,000 acres, of which 43,000 were to be appropriated to the construction of works; 40,000 to their perpetual maintenance; and 12,000 allotted to the king. In imitation of Bishop Morton's improvement on the Nene, he cut a straight channel twenty-one miles long for the wandering Ouse; and made many drains in different parts of the Level, conveying its floods into the Ouse and Nene. However, from the shrinking of the light peaty banks, and the uprising of the soft bottoms of the cuts, none of which were sunk through the spongy soil, the work proved ineffectual; and after the expenditure of 100,000*l.* in

three years, the Fens were but little improved. Nevertheless, at a session of Sewers, held at St. Ives in 1637, the claims of the undertakers were allowed, and their plots of land set out. The king, who had all along promoted the scheme, now turned against the adventurers, with the view, it seems, of filching from them and the country an additional amount of money for his lean treasury. For, sending down to Huntingdon a new commission, composed of officers and servants of the crown, he wrote to them, declaring that he was perfectly satisfied that the earl (who had now attached himself politically to the *popular* party) had not drained the country, and offering himself as sole undertaker. Accordingly, they adjudged the earl unentitled to recompence, declared the king undertaker, with a freewill offering of 57,000 acres more 'for his princely care of this distressed country;' and furthermore imposed a tax of 30s. per acre on the adventurers' 95,000 acres, under the pretext of making them 'winter' as well as summer lands; 40,000 acres, however, being finally apportioned for the earl. Oliver Cromwell, then a farmer of St. Ives, endeavoured to stop these unjust and grasping measures of the king by a great meeting at Huntingdon (where the above commissioners were sitting) and other good means, for which he acquired great popularity in the fen country, and the title of 'Lord of the Fens;' 'at a time,' says Carlyle, 'when that operation of going in the 'teeth of the royal will was somewhat more perilous than it would 'be now.' The king carried a bank along one side of Morton's Leam, straightened the outfall for two miles and a half below Wisbeach, and set a sluice upon the mouth of a large drain, so that, together with the earl's works (of which the king had taken possession) the Level began to assume its present artificial appearance, though but little relieved of its floods. King Charles's Fen business, however, was speedily cut short by more troublous affairs.

In 1641, the fen-men having forcibly re-entered upon their occupancy of the 95,000 acres, the earl sought the assistance of parliament; but the Commons decided that, under colour of a statute of improvement, the drainers had abstracted a large quantity of lands and common feeding grounds from their rightful possessors; and voted out his bill as 'an injustice, oppression, violence, project, and grievance.' From the very first, the projects of drainers met with the bitterest hostility on the part of the fen-men; and, even if their earliest efforts had not been marked with tyrannical and unjust dealing, there was in the country then, as at present, enough prejudice against all innovation to inspire strong opposition to great works of improvement.

It is calumniously said, indeed, that this feeling is peculiarly native to the district; bred there, we may suppose, as Hydra in

the Fen of Lerna. But, doubtless, the largest portion of the refractory population consisted of men whose livelihood and independence were at stake; fowlers and fishers, and villagers who *hired* common-rights, and could not, like the *owners*, receive compensation for their loss. And this class, deprived of their privileges, and obliged to sell their cattle, through the jobbing of inefficient drainers, arose in tumults, broke sluices, cut banks, deluged farms, and burnt houses, to express their dissatisfaction. In fact, the drainage of the Fens was not undertaken with the goodwill or for the benefit of the people most interested in it; but, in nearly every case, without the consent of the inhabitants, and against their feelings and wishes. Like some other enterprises of those times, Fen drainage was neither so well conducted nor so satisfactorily done as it would be if in hand now; and undoubtedly, had it been deferred until the principle of popular representation had become more widely recognised, and the public, then gained over to the idea, we should have seen a work more quickly, completely, and heartily performed than that which, half done in the seventeenth century, struggled against the hostility it engendered, until its finishing in the present. We have not space to narrate the stories of rioting and disturbance, which pertain to every district of fen, large or small, in the Great Level at that period; the tough resistance of the fen-men to drainers attempting to 'make prize of their lands,'—the espousal of their cause in one district by the celebrated quarrelsome John Lilburn,—their forty-one pitched battles in the Isle of Axholme, at a time when the parliament itself set the example of arming for its rights,—and the subduing of the tumults by Cromwell's soldiers. For these, and for extracts from the quaint and graphic pamphlets, discourses, and even 'libellous songs to disparage the work,' contributed by literary belligerents in the drainage war,—we must refer our readers to the *Fen Sketches* already alluded to.

During the Commonwealth, the drainage proceeded under William, first Duke of Bedford, the son of Earl Francis, in connexion with a new company of adventurers, who, in 1603, were incorporated by statute; and this 'Bedford Level Corporation' have ever since continued to support their ancient drainage works by means of taxes levied upon the 'adventurers' lands.' Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutchman, was engaged as chief engineer; and among the workmen employed were protestant refugees from France and the Netherlands, who became settlers in the country; there were also, as we read, 'Scotch prisoners taken at Dunbar.' Vermuyden made two new straight rivers running parallel with those already cut to convey the Ouse and Nene, and raised embankments beside them; thus partitioning

the Bedford Level into three districts, now named the North, Middle, and South Levels. The Ouse, not seeming to fancy its new channel, had to be forcibly directed into it by a sluice at the upper end next the hills, and by another at Denver, where the new and old courses again united. The drain water of the fen lands, conducted in long main drains, was issued into the rivers at the lower end of their new cuts. The rivers, constrained into narrower channels, and thus raised above their former level, were now better able to flow over the shallow beds and bars of the estuaries; but by their elevation over-riding the water in their side drains, the fen land was little better off than before. Indeed, had it not been for a device of Vermuyden, additional overflow would have resulted from his embanked cuts. Along the course of the Welland, and of the new Nene and Ouse rivers, he left a wide space of foreshore, from one quarter to three quarters of a mile in breadth, open to receive the overflowings of the stream, but embanked on each side for the security of the fen. These three reservoirs, or 'Washes' as they are called, comprising no less than 10,000 acres of land, were an imitation of the meadows which fringe upland rivers, and retain excessive floods until the lower channel can discharge them. The 'Wash' was to fulfil much the same office as the air-vessel of a force-pump,—receive the sudden flushes of hill water into an expanded area, and supply a constant and equable current toward the sea. This was ingenious, and necessary when the outfalls were impeded; but experience has shown that the heaviest pressure of upland waters may be forthwith discharged by a well-preserved outlet, and is of the greatest use in opening and clearing it. Besides, Vermuyden copied not a natural perfection, but a defect which art can remedy; for with its seaward channel in a condition equal to the emission of its waters, no river requires such a reservoir of either natural or artificial meadow. The new works, though useful as interior drains, were not likely to answer their intended purpose; and the Fen surface having subsided in some degree from partial drying by the agency of all the long series of drains which had been made, the water became more reluctant than ever to flow into the deep. Frequent drownings of the Fens provoked another drainage-fight; but the great army of fen-men fought against the water in the weakest and worst way. Instead of combining together and driving out the grand enemy at the general outfalls, they fortified their own property against floods by ring embankments, and (often to the injury of each other) baled out the water from each enclosure with a windmill; not considering, that unless the means for carrying off those waters were improved, their 'Poldered' lands would quickly be in as disastrous a state as ever.

'The farmer, little speculative or philosophic, and prone to be beguiled by immediate effects rather than by distant, though capital results,—eagerly fenced his own plot, and framed a wind-mill (notwithstanding its being a *machine*) to lift out his floods; for he saw the advantage with his own vision. But organization was to him reticulation; the resultant action of the half-thousand engines that quickly sprung up over the Level; the composition of all these hydraulic forces; the relation of his own mill to everybody else's; the importance of the great arterial streams to his little farm-drain, which, with myriads more, permeated the vast body of the fen like capillary veins;—these things were complicated matters of thought, calculation, and conflicting opinion; and hence general plans were a long time in taking possession of his mind.\* The first mills were probably erected about the year 1690; but in twenty years they had become almost universal, there being scarcely an estate in the lower peaty portions of the Level that had not one of these engines dashing the drain-water with its scoop-wheel into some high-riding river. For a century, the Bedford Level lay exposed to inundations, which flooded, year after year, more than 100,000 acres at a time,—not from the bursting of the sea-banks, but from breaches in those made to confine the rivers, and from the accumulating of waters, which, descending in larger volume from the extending upland inclosures, found increasing hindrances to their discharge. The annual taxes raised for securing the country amounted to about 100,000*l.*; but in spite of all cost and labour, the situation became more and more dangerous; and alarm was manifested lest the whole tract should revert to its ancient occupants—the frogs, coots, and wild ducks of the region. The fen-men, however, only augmented the size and power of their more than five hundred mills, and heightened their banks, which the waters were continually overtopping, or breaking down by the increased hydrostatic pressure. The internal rivers receiving the mill water, sometimes struggled to the sea, sometimes retrograded over the surface of the most inland fens. Did no one, then, suggest a wiser scheme?

In the year 1720, Charles Kinderley pointed out the folly of letting the Ouse (after passing through Vermuyden's new cut) bend in a horse-shoe course for seven miles, stagnating among shifting sands and shallows more than a mile wide, when a direct channel, for three miles, between Eau-Brink and Lynn would discharge it with greater fall and momentum: and he further advised that the Nene, below Wisbeach, should be carried in a straight embanked cut through the moveable silts and bare

\* 'Fen Sketches,' p. 167.



marshes of the estuary. By these means, the head of water holding back the fen drainage, might have been lowered several feet; but several inconsiderate engineers, backed by many unreasonable people, with the obstinate coporations of Lynn and Wisbeach at their head, trembling for the safety of navigation,—not daring to open the river mouths lest the impetuous tides should prove too powerful for the outflowing freshes, and not only dam back the drainage, but also ruin the fen soil by filling the drains with salt-water; opposed and quashed this great and reasonable idea. In 1751, Nathaniel Kinderley, son of the former engineer, proposed the still bolder scheme of prolonging the supposed Eau-Brink cut into deep water below Lynn, with a cut from Wisbeach to Lynn to combine the Ouse and Nene rivers; and another to join the Welland and Witham,—the consequence of which would have been the avoiding of all the estuary shoals, and the reclaiming of land from the Wash, greater in extent than the whole county of Rutland. These works were all proposed upon the principle of confining the rivers to narrow channels, in order to insure depth by force and weight of current. In 1774, a straight clean cut of a mile and a half was completed through the salt marshes below Wisbeach; lowering the low-water mark there more than five feet, improving the drainage of the low land depending upon the Nene, and facilitating navigation to that port. An Act for making the Eau-Brink Cut was obtained in 1795; but the scarcity of money, arising from the war and other circumstances, stopped the undertaking; although fen land was constantly changing owners, at 4*l.* to 10*l.* per acre, which, under secure drainage, would have made 20*l.* to 30*l.* In the spring of 1808, banks were burst, sluices blown up, thousands of acres deeply inundated; and the Bedford Level damaged to the amount of at least a million sterling. Mr. Rennie, who had most successfully drained a large tract of fens north of Boston, by separating the hill waters from those of the low land, and carrying them off in canals upon a higher level than the district drains, was employed to plan a remedy. Applying his genius to grasp the whole subject, he gauged and levelled the fens, found that their surface might all be drained without mills; and proposed to surround the level with 'catch-water' drains,—thus intercepting the rapid freshes, or 'living' waters,—and issue the sluggish fen-water into the rivers, at the lowest possible point toward the sea. This grand design has never been executed: the estimated expense of more than a million sterling having, at the first, frightened the impoverished fen-men, as much as a general flooding.

The worthy fen-farmers seem to have had an inveterate prejudice against outfall improvements; perhaps, because they were far off

and likely to be expensive; and it was only the scenes of watery wreck and general dismay, the blasted produce, withered fortunes, reduced trade, a spectre-like array of disasters staring upon them from all sides, that finally terrified them into a commencement of the work. The Eau-Brink Cut, begun in 1818, was at last opened in 1821, just twenty-six years after the absoluteness of its necessity had procured the Act of Parliament, against a ruinous opposition. The low-water mark, at its upper end, fell no less than seven feet; and this, in conjunction with a general cleansing and deepening of the internal drains of the Middle and South Levels, which had raised their own beds, by sillage and weeds, to the level of the fens they passed through, saved these vast districts from permanent drowning. The Nene estuary, originally the largest mouth of the Fens, had become an expanse of out-marshes, from half a mile to three miles in breadth, through which the river passed in a variable channel to the sea. But by means of the winding stream being conducted in a straight embanked channel, upwards of 20,000 acres of ground have been reclaimed in it. By successive prolongations of this river in cuts, completed in 1830, on a gigantic scale, at an huge outlay of capital, the Fen drain-water has been lowered several feet, improving the value of the land as much as 100 per cent. over some large districts. The last-made channel is six miles in length, and in its widest part was made 300 feet wide at top, and 24 feet deep.

These great works are under the superintendence of Commissioners, appointed by the respective Acts of Parliament, and their expense is borne by taxes on the lands benefitted, and by contributions from the various interests concerned. We have not room to refer to the striking improvements of smaller extent in the Lincolnshire half of the Great Level, where, by similar amendments of the Welland and Witham rivers, well-dried, highly-farmed tracts of country have taken the place of shallow waters, crowded with pikes and frogs, and white on the surface with cranes and herons; of sedgy and reedy fens,—inhabited by men uncouth as their stock, and untamed as the fowl, whose occupation was pursuing a rude husbandry, plucking the feathers and quills at moulting time from their great flocks of geese, catching thousands of ducks, widgeon, and teal in their ‘decoys,’ living in an atmosphere loaded with fog, and perishing with malaria and ague.

As early as the year 1800, the applicability of the young power of Steam to fen drainage had been discussed. The first engines, however, were those erected in 1824-5, near Spalding, to drain Deeping Fen. They are of eighty and sixty horse-power, and by means of scoop-wheels lift 300 tons of water per minute about seven feet high,—draining the district far more effectually than the

forty-four windmills they displaced. From that time to the present, a great number of steam-engines have supplanted the windmills, in all parts of the Great Level, being most frequent in the southern portions of the Bedford Level, and in the Witham fens toward Lincoln. They almost universally work by means of the vertical scoop-wheel, which dashes the water up an ascending curve: though a few are fitted with pumps, particularly where they discharge into a tidal river. The number of windmills formerly at work upon the Great Level, probably exceeded 700; at present there may be about 200. The number of steam-engines may be estimated at upwards of sixty, varying from ten to eighty horse-power, and raising the drain-water of at least 222,000 acres from six to sixteen, or even twenty feet high. The question of the relative merits of the scoop-wheel and pump has generally been decided, in the Great Level, in favour of the former; but a new invention has lately put forth its claims. Appold's centrifugal pump, which astonished the visitors of our Crystal Palace, equals, if not surpasses, the wheel in the per centage of duty it performs, in proportion to the power employed; and its light disc running rapidly but with little friction, bids fair to out-tire the ponderous wheel which slowly revolves with many tons weight upon its axle. One of these pumps is now draining about 3000 acres of the newly-inclosed Whittlesey Mere; the disc, four feet and a half in diameter, worked by a twenty-five horse-power engine, throws up  $74\frac{1}{2}$  tons of water five feet high, or 101 tons per minute, between two and three feet high.

The security provided for crops, and the efficient drainage insured by the certain power of steam, (which, with all its costliness, works more cheaply than wind, with its great number of mills to be repaired,) renders it an invaluable agent, when compared with the fickle and capricious winds; and the consequence of its application to the drying of the lower lands, combined with the outfall improvements, has been a complete revolution in the system and modes of farming. The Fens appear to have had crops, and implements, and a style of husbandry, peculiarly their own. With a paring-plough, most probably introduced by the Dutch drainers, they cut a sward of the peat-earth, or with another tool skimmed off rough hassocks and turf-bass, for burning. This prepared the ground for a crop of rape, or 'coleseed' (colza?), as it was called; and having reaped the seed, they cropped the land for two or three successive years with oats, and then laid it down to grass for several years, until fit to pare again. As the drainage improved, and tillage extended, the light black earth became stiffened and reduced; and, indeed, sometimes the burning itself materially lessened the soil; and as the surface subsided, the

underlying clay was in some districts so nearly approached (or, as the country people say, the clay *rose*) as to come within reach of the plough. Being thus mingled with the upper soil, its ameliorating virtues were discovered; and within the last thirty years the system of digging up this clay, where too deep for the plough, has become universal. The paring-ploughshare became red with rust; the clouds of dim smoke, with their acrid bituminous smell, in a great measure forsook the Fen air; the 'gauling tool' was kept bright and sharp; the fields were trenched from side to side, and the solid blue geological manure flung out upon the weak, sooty moor. The clay gave solidity and tenacity to the soil, and prevented the too rapid evaporation of moisture by the sun; it supplied siliceous matter for the nutriment of the wheat-stem, while the peat gave carbon for the green leaf and stalk of the cole, the two unitedly forming the most fertile and productive of soils, yielding, under the stimulance of oilcake cattle-feeding and bone manuring, heavy crops of wheat, oats, seeds, coleseed, and even turnips.

These great agricultural improvements have been effected upon a surface which averages only seven to twelve feet above the sea at low water, and may yet sink lower when relieved of further moisture by a wider adoption of subsoil drains—a surface remote from the outfall, and separated from it by higher ground; so that these things have all been achieved under the burden of an unavoidable expensive mechanical drainage. The next step, therefore, in the march towards perfection, is, if possible, to relieve these low-lying districts of this charge, by furnishing them with a naturally outflowing drainage, like that already enjoyed by the rich arable and grazing lands nearer the coast, which have an elevation of sixteen to twenty feet above low water. There is a sufficient fall for the purpose; but to make it available there must be no impediment whatever in the river channels, or estuaries, beyond the simple influx and ebbing of the tides. The mere removal of bends and contractions, where the rivers pass through towns, or elsewhere, will not be sufficient: the channels must be properly confined, and directed, for a considerable distance out, through the sand-banks of the Wash. The Welland has been already carried for a long distance out to sea. As any impediment will cause the thickened tide-water to let fall its store of slime, advantage is taken of this circumstance to make the sea itself form the river banks. Thus, a line of faggots being fastened down with stakes, &c., upon the marsh at low water, in the proposed line of river brink, the next tide leaves an accumulation of 'warp' mud behind this simple breakwater, which is thus strengthened for opposing the following tide. The outflowing river and ebb water, finding

this jetty in the way of its former course, is compelled to scour for itself a channel in another direction; and thus, by skilful management, is made slowly to continue itself in a straight line, without any difficulty or expense of excavation and embanking. The river Ouse, below Lynn, is also being improved; but in this case, such was its former sinuosity, that it has been directed into an immense new cut, excavated through a breadth, or corner, of old reclaimed land. The current of the stream, aided by the influx and ebbing of the tides, will erode a channel still further out into the Wash, under guidance resembling that of the Welland. These measures of outfall improvement are not only desirable for obtaining a better drainage, but are absolutely indispensable, in order to prevent the deterioration and loss of that now possessed. The Wash receives daily an immense amount of earthy material; much of it probably abraded from the Yorkshire cliffs, and carried in suspension by the tides. It is being slowly warped up by the sandy accumulation; and its river channels are thus made so uncertain as to shift occasionally several miles in a few years. With the exception of one broad channel running through the centre of the Wash, with an average depth of ten fathoms, the rest of its bed is a series of sands, dry at low water, and shallows of one or two fathoms. The 'Norfolk Estuary' and 'Lincolnshire Estuary' schemes, now in progress, are intended to carry out the rivers into this deep mid-channel, and enclose with embankments the sands or marshes they will include between them. These are portions of Rennie's grand design of a 'Victoria County,' which, if ever executed, will take in 150,000 acres of land by barrier banks, leaving only a four miles channel in the centre of the present Wash.

It is no wild dream to suppose that future generations will behold fields and roads, and towns, where fleets of merchant-vessels now sail on the billow; cultivation adorning the site of this great bay with plantations and gardens, and harvests of golden corn; and perhaps a sea-port, with its wharfs and granaries, and busy population, thriving in its very centre. The extent of land already won from it is considerable: the first, or Roman bank, being now several miles inland, in some places four miles from the most recent barrier. The area of land formed outside the Roman bank, and inclosed at successive periods within the last one hundred and ninety years, cannot be less than one hundred and five square miles, or 67,000 acres, equal to three-fourths of the county of Rutland. The process of deposition, however, is very slow—a marsh being seldom raised more than one or two feet in a year, and this only towards the extremity of the tidal flow, or upon the skirts of the last-made enclosure. In

consequence of this, the surface of the marsh land rises by steps at each embankment as it approaches the sea. Great loss is incurred by closing in the marsh before it has risen to its fruitful level, before its sharp sandy warp has been covered with a finer coating of clay, and become so far above the reach of all but the highest tides, that samphire and then sea-side grasses have matted its surface. The fertile alluvium thus created principally consists of siliceous and argillaceous earths, and animal matter, from the waves of the wash, mixed with the vegetation which grows upon the rising mud, only to be buried under fresh warp—as it does not appear that any appreciable quantity of sediment is brought down by the fen rivers. In addition to these materials, a much larger proportion of the deposit than might be imagined is composed of the siliceous and calcareous skeletons and envelopes of marine and fluviatile infusoria—microscopic animalcules, that float in the fresh and salt streams, and perish where they meet. In the Elbe they are found, in some places, to form one-fourth to one-third of the mass of fresh mud, exclusive of the sand.

No wonder that from a soil so enriched the most fattening pastures should spring, and bulky crops of wheat and beans, mustard, and other exhausting seeds, be gathered without the aid of foreign fertilizers.

While stating the natural productiveness of the marsh and fen-land, and eulogizing the enterprise and perseverance which, through centuries of toil and disappointment, have succeeded in adding this fine territory to our kingdom, and in multiplying its capacities for production, we ought perhaps to remind our readers that they should hardly expect such perfection in agricultural details here as on the hills, or in naturally dried valleys, where attention to the art of husbandry is undivided by the charge of preserving the very existence of the surface laboured upon. Yet, as far as the management of the soil and crops, the performance of different farm-operations, the adoption of superior implements, the fattening of useful breeds of stock, and other points of excellence in the field and foldyard, are concerned, we do not know that we err in affirming the farmers of the Great Level to be in no way behind the general practice of the age. In one important branch of the improving agriculture of our day—under-drainage of the subsoil—the fen-men certainly are deficient, notwithstanding the great extent of fen-land under which drains of tile, or wood, or clay-wedge, have been laid. But this, arising from their disadvantageous situation, can scarcely be deemed a culpable remissness. Will under-drains,—considered by many as the first and indispensable requisite in the culture of a stiff, or loamy soil,—fulfil their office on a dead level? They have been

tried upon thousands of acres of perfectly flat surface with the happiest results; but drains laid four or five feet deep, with their outlets, for the most part, above the water in the main ditches, are not here attainable. Perhaps the greater portion of the Great Level cannot admit of drains even two feet deep; there are many districts in which the water, during most of the winter, is seldom more than that distance below the surface of the fields; and drains are frequently buried just under reach of the plough. Until the Fens obtain a thorough and complete natural drainage, without consuming immense quantities of coal in bodily lifting all their waters, the perfect draining away of all noxious and corrosive matters, and the restoring of ammonia stolen by the crops, by an atmospheric aeration of the soil, which are involved in subsoil under-drainage—will never be accomplished. But where the fen-farmers might enjoy a tolerably low head of water in their ditches, they very generally practise what is called 'sub-irrigation,' admitting water from the rivers into different districts at certain seasons, and so increasing the amount of drainage which their engines have to throw out. Thus, two steam-engines in Deeping Fen were found, in an experiment, to remove in one year exactly the excess of downfall water over that evaporated.\* But the letting in great quantities of upland water in addition to leakage through the embankment, caused the land to be unduly saturated. It may be, however, that wherever a thoroughly good subsoil drainage is found impossible, the farmers obey a necessity of their position, by refreshing their thirsty crops and gaping, sun-dried lands, in this manner.

The great achievements of our fenland engineers and successive generations of inhabitants, which we have now endeavoured to describe through all their varied struggles with natural and moral difficulties, have their counterpart in other ages and countries. The straightening or diverting of rivers, the opening of outfalls, or the shutting of rivers by sluices against the tide, the setting up of wind drainage, or adoption of steam—whether done upon the principle of assisting nature, or in violation of the laws of physics—all are seen on a great scale in our neighbour country, Holland; many of them, in Italy, in Egypt, nay, in India and China; and they are also recorded in the history of Rome, Egypt, Assyria. And as for moral hindrances and triumphs, it is equally certain that the early abuse of the principle of self-government, by local authorities meddling with and injuring general interests; the interference of the central powers with the rights of the commonalty; the conflict of independent spirit against assumed supremacy; the efforts of prejudice and ignorance to stay the

\* See *Prize Essay on the Farming of Lincolnshire*, Ridgway; London.

progress of sound though novel principles of improvement; and the final introduction of the method which, by instructing and persuading the various interests by full discussion, carries out an enterprise with the sanction of the public voice, (alone able to create great and durable works)—these are points all illustrated more or less in the history of foreign drainages. Did space permit a reference to some of these kindred labours, we might show in how many ways we are indebted to their example for what we have ourselves effected. Thus, the Tuscan and Lombard people long ago practised every variety of embanking; and in the seventeenth century had learned to ‘warp’—that is, to raise and fertilize their weak lands with the rich mud from rivers artificially led over them—a mode of improvement that English farmers had only just begun to learn more than a hundred years after. This is now practised with the thick waters of the Trent and Yorkshire Ouse, which have been made to cover 10,000 acres of worthless peat and sand with a stratum of the finest alluvial loam. Our knowledge of mills and scoopwheels undoubtedly came with the Dutch drainers who helped in the desiccation of our Fens. And we must look to that industrious and thriving community of Hollanders—men who can distinguish themselves otherwise than by smoking pipes and showing tulips—as the parents and patterns of our Fen engineers. In magnitude of works, in the strength of their dykes, barring out a boisterous ocean, in their many thousand windmills, raising the drain-water from millions of acres to heights far exceeding those of our Fens, and in the vastness of the enterprises in which they are at present, and will be in future engaged, they are our masters. The great Meer of Haarlem, a lake 50,000 acres in area, and many feet deep, now being dried by huge steam-pumps, is a work scarcely inferior to our Victoria Level Scheme, which almost excites our incredulity as to its realization. For, though but one-third the superficies, it has to be embanked, at once *pumped* dry, at a cost of several pounds per acre, and then kept dry by permanent engines at a perpetual expense. Whereas, the Wash will be very slowly inclosed bit by bit, as its bed grows up to a height sufficient for its self-drainage. The Hollander’s Victoria Level is the great Zuyder Zee—a shallow bay like the Wash, only vastly greater—large as the whole of our Great Level; and when this sea has been shut in by an embankment across its mouth, there will remain an equal area, which, in the course of centuries, may likewise be reclaimed from the German Ocean, simply needing barriers to connect together the islands off the coast, and join them with the mainland. But in the measure of completeness attaching to our draining, we surpass the Dutch: they receive from our machinists those more effective engines which they are just beginning



to apply to their lake drying, and which, in imitation of our fen-works, must ultimately take the place of the windmills upon their often-flooded polders.

The unceasing rains which have but lately steeped our fields, brimmed our brooks, and deluged our valleys, have led us to consider more energetically than at any previous time, whether the General Trunk or Arterial Drainage of the kingdom cannot be put into a more perfect condition. Our chief rivers, burlesquing the Nile and Jordan, have been flooding the wide flats of meadow bordering their course, and in every county smaller watercourses have deluged pastures, crops, roads, and towns, destroyed buildings, drowned sheep, floated away hay, &c. &c., with immense damage and loss of property. But it is not alone the tenant-farmers, landed proprietors, and other classes whose capital is destroyed or deteriorated in value, that suffer by the liability of so much ground to these overflowings; sickness invariably follows upon the assuaging of the inundant waters, so that the health of the entire population is here concerned. Formerly, the Great Level and the contiguous lands were rife in fevers and pestilential miasmata, but these, with the dreaded 'fen ague,' have in great measure disappeared, and in its general salubrity this district now compares favourably with the rest of the kingdom. And experience in other districts tell us that, with a further reduction in the amount of surface evaporation, by means of drying and warming the soil to a greater depth, a still greater amelioration of climate and additional healthfulness would result. How greatly, then, must our sanitary condition as a nation be injured, how many lives shortened or emasculated by reason of our frequent floods? If we could form an accurate estimate of the areas of land in England now suffering from the inability of their main channels to carry off sudden or protracted downfall, we should probably be surprised at their aggregate extent. Without precise information, we know that our wet valleys must occupy a large proportion of the country, because of the very general character of the late floods, and the existence of overflowing brooks in every county, and upon every geological formation. The Nene, in its frequent swellings, often overspreads 10,000 to 15,000 acres between Northampton and Peterborough, before it enters the Fens; the Ouse probably damages a greater extent, and the Welland, and other Fen rivers, inundate in a similar manner. The Severn, the Thames, and innumerable smaller streams, have each a district of its own in the state we are referring to, sometimes amounting to some thousands of acres, in a situation that we should have supposed would have freed them from such inconvenience. A remedy becomes highly important, when our bee-

hive population need that every square foot of soil should, if possible, be wrought to its highest capability of productiveness. We have seen how the drain-water is drawn off, or if need be, actually baled out from our low-lying fen-lands; but from our inland valleys, far more favourably situated, the waters are not *conducted*; they are too often left to feel their own way out, groping circuitously among all kinds of natural obstructions. And far worse than this, they are purposely retarded in their descent by human agency—by dams and weirs, by water-wheels and locks—so that for want of a systematic arterial arrangement and management of our water-courses, an individual may hold back our drainage to grind his corn, float his barge, or sometimes even to swell his lake or feed his fish-pond. There is no *physical* difficulty to prevent our clearing, enlarging, and deepening our rivers, so that they can discharge speedily and safely into the sea the heaviest rains that clouds can let fall, and the most rapidly oozing subterranean springs. Engineers can calculate, from the excess of downfall and spring water over that evaporated, how great a volume must be provided for in any season; and, knowing the fall of the river bed, they can determine the sectional area of channel able to emit the flood. But when we come to the actual performance of the work, we meet a host of rights and interests conflicting upon the banks of our stream: mills mentioned in Domesday refuse to lose their water-power; navigation or canal companies will not have their ‘head’ in any way lowered; irrigators of meadows demand our non-interference with their drains and ‘carriers’; towns obstinately oppose our alteration of their strangulating bridges and wharfings; and even a large portion of those whose lands we seek to benefit persist in declaring their satisfaction with the present state of things, miserable as it is, and their disbelief in the ultimate profitableness of the expenditure to be incurred. To reconcile opposing interests, therefore, there must be either compensation offered them for injuries and removals, or their river may be left to moisten their meadows, turn their mills, &c., by the drainage being formed independently, and carried by culverts underneath it; or, what is still better, the new works may often be contrived so as to augment the water-power of some of the mills, and benefit all other interests concerned,—a boon, coupled with a proportion of the labour and charge, thus falling to each. And, of course, all claims must be finally regulated and appeased by the authority of a special act of parliament. In the Vale of Pickering, in Yorkshire; in the Test and Anton valleys, in Hampshire; and in the valley of the river Nene, we have examples of such an improvement, either completed or in progress.

Why should not all the many districts of similar character abundant over central England, and scattered in every county, be likewise ameliorated? Why do not more of our maritime lowlands—such as the marshes of Somerset—fulfil their duty to the inland tracts, by perfecting their river mouths?

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- ART. IV.—(1.) *Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839.* By JAMES S. BELL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
- (2.) *A Year among the Circassians.* By J. A. LONGWORTH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
- (3.) *Die Völker des Kaukasus*, ('The Tribes of the Caucasus, and their Conflicts with the Russians for Freedom.') By T. BODENSTEDT. Second edition. 1849.
- (4.) *Der Kaukasus und das Land der Kosaken*, ('The Caucasus and the Land of the Cossacks in the years 1843 to 1846.') By MORITZ WAGNER. Leipsic. Second edition. 1850.
- (5.) *Rapports sur un Voyage*, ('Reports of an Archæological Journey in Georgia.') By BROSSET. Paris: 1851.
- (6.) *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*, ('Universal Annual for 1850, 1851, 1852.') Paris.
- (7.) *L'Univers Pittoresque: Région Caucasiennne*, ('The Caucasus, forming part of the 'World in Pictures'.') By C. FAMIN. Paris: Didot, Frères.

AUTHORITY has determined that the Russian empire was founded in the year 862. The year 1862 has been designated as the time for celebrating the thousandth anniversary of that foundation. A thousand years since the territory extended only a small distance from the city of Moscow. Now the dominions of the Czar are said to cover 7,700,000 square miles. This amazing extension has been made at the cost of neighbouring states. From the first, plundered territory was incorporated. The incorporation has gone on on a grander scale since the accession of Peter the Great; and the eyes of the present generation have witnessed the aggrandizement of Russia out of what deserves no better name than stolen property. To say nothing of the East, Sweden, Turkey, and Poland have been compelled to make contributions to the Russian empire. Ambition, like jealousy, 'grows by what 'tis fed on;' and so 'the Emperor of all the Russias' is very desirous that the jubilee of 1862 should not only exhibit to the world a colossal power of unparalleled dimensions, but record huge accessions of territory gained by the reigning Czar. Indeed, as every animal

has its own propensity, and every phase of society its own characteristic, so is it the appetite of Russia to feast on dominion unjustly acquired. The cravings of that taste for plunder have long directed the imperial eye to Constantinople, on which at the present moment it is intently and immovably fixed. Under the same unworthy impulse, the Russian eagle has endeavoured to seize with its talons the Caucasus.

The Caucasus is the strip of land which bridges over the space between the Caspian and the Black Sea. It is a mountainous region, rising by degrees from the plains of Europe, on the one side, and of Asia, on the other, to a central ridge of primitive rocks, the highest of which, Mount Elbruss, stands at the elevation of 17,350 feet above the level of the sea. As an alpine territory it possesses, in a degree second in Europe only to Switzerland, the characteristics of such districts. The cones, and even the ridges of the loftier summits, are covered with perpetual snow. The central chain, lined by two of less dimensions, sends off branches to nearly all the cardinal points, and is intersected by ravines through which a thousand torrents now flow and now rage, and form rivers of great magnitude, which pour their waters into one or other of the seas above mentioned. On the flanks of the mountains huge avalanches form themselves, which, in summer, either quietly feed the streams, or rush destructively on the lower lands. Extreme barrenness and luxuriant vegetation are constantly interchanged; the mountain sides and tops are burnt and bare: the clefts and valleys are covered with vegetation, and loaded with the rich fruits of the earth. Abounding in mineral treasures, the country is poor, like all alpine regions where agriculture is the only resource for human wants. Why should so great a monarch as the Czar covet so unattractive a region? The Caucasus is, in some sense, a classical land, the annexation of which would be attended with *éclat*. A species of glory has been shed over the country by Grecian fable: there was Prometheus bound in chains, to expiate his crime of stealing fire from heaven; in its vicinity was the golden fleece, in search of which the Argonauts made a long and perilous voyage. The region is not unknown, also, in Grecian history. And even the sacred records point to the neighbourhood as the part near which Paradise itself once stood, and in which the human race was renewed after the deluge. Within those fastnesses, too, primeval tribes are said to have preserved their identity, unimpaired by the flux and reflux of the ever-moving tide of the earth's population. Certainly he who should subdue the Caucasus would win a laurel of unshared glory, for all the great conquerors of the world, from Alexander down to Napoleon, have left its inhabitants free, either not venturing to attack them, or

failing in the attempt. To Russia, however, the possession of the Caucasus has special attractions. A glance at the map will show of what consequence to its empire the Caucasus is. It were enough to point to the fact that the Caucasus is its south-eastern boundary. With that boundary in hostile hands, the empire in general would not be safe, and the parts of it adjacent to the Caucasus would be liable to constant depredations. Then, through the Caucasus lies a road by which Russia could annoy, if not overcome, its rival, Persia; and if Russian ambition extends to the Ganges, how could it be so effectually promoted as by the subjugation of the Caucasus? Above all, the Caucasus lies in the way to Constantinople, from the great eastern division of the Russian dominions. The tenure of Constantinople would not be secure without the Caucasus, and without the Caucasus its seizure would be difficult and perilous. Besides, the prey has the additional recommendation of being intimately connected with a hated rival; for the Sultan, as well as the Czar, has endeavoured to make the Caucasus his own; and while the Caucasians abhor the latter, towards the former they look with a somewhat friendly eye. Those inhabitants are various in origin, name, language, religion, and affection. Amounting, in all, to about one million two hundred thousand souls, they present, perhaps, greater diversities than can be found within any equal space of country on the earth's surface. Of some seven or eight leading tribes into which they are divided, two only can, in our narrow limits, be even mentioned—the Circassians (280,000 souls) on the north west, and the Shetshens on the south east (110,000 souls). Necessitated by a regard to brevity, to avoid ethnographical distinctions, we shall speak of the natives under the general term of Caucasians, unless when our narrative compels a departure from the rule. These mountain tribes, which cannot exceed two millions of souls, are thinly scattered over the plains, steppes, hills, and vales of the district we have described. The bulk are Moslems; a minority profess a nominal Christianity, and outwardly belong to the Greek Church, being, for the most part, proselytes made by Russian influence. As mountaineers, the Caucasians are of simple habits, and lead a pastoral life. The care of cattle, however, may be regarded as the amusement rather than the occupation of the people; for war is at once their profession and their delight. Yet it is a false representation which sets them forth as a horde of barbarians. It is true they know little of city life; but if civilization consists in the culture of man's higher powers, the Caucasians are civilized, and that, too, beyond the measure of their Muscovite neighbours. Indeed, to very different types of humanity do the two belong. The Russian Slave is every way

inferior to the Caucasian, whose very name has been chosen by science to denote the highest variety of the human species. What a contrast between the broad cheeks, brawny shoulders, and doltish aspect of the Muscovite when compared with the lofty and well-proportioned stature, the easy and noble gait, the eagle nose and piercing eye of the Caucasian! We specially allude to those of pure blood. Purity of blood is highly valued and strictly guarded in Caucasia. The population contains three sharply marked classes—the noble, the gentle, the common people. While all take part in the defence of their common country, with the first lie the functions of government. That government is patriarchal, and, as such, it is a species of despotism, instructed by public councils and qualified by public opinion. Exercised for little else than for purposes of war, the administration of the country borrows an almost inconceivable strength and intensity from the two ruling passions of the Caucasians, namely, the love of country and the love of freedom. Those sentiments are the great necessities of Caucasian nature. Fed by the impressions of thousands of years, nurtured by traditions which extend from an indefinitely remote past to the generation just gone by, and encouraged not only by an outward nature, whose very essence is liberty and power, but also by patriotic songs and the love of woman, the affection of the Caucasian for freedom, and for the freedom which he has had and enjoyed from the days of his earliest recollection, and which he knows that his fathers and his fathers' fathers had and enjoyed before him, is inwrought into every fibre of his heart, where it lives and moves, a great actuating reality, or, rather, *the* motive power of the life, unquenchable except in death. This deep and intense love of country embraces every countryman, and never yields to any passion but one, namely, the passion for revenge. In no land has blood exacted blood more thirstily or more unsparingly than in Caucasia. There the most imperative of duties is to slay the slayer. At least, vengeance *was* the crowning virtue of social life; for of late the passion has been somewhat mitigated. This improvement is, in part, owing to the presence of a common foe, against whom all the force of highly-endowed souls and violent natures has been turned and directed; in hatred for Russia and Russians every other passion has been absorbed; in that focus all the rays of those fiery hearts have been and are concentrated. The passion is universal, shared by women as well as men, by the young as well as the old. A few years ago, a Turkish vessel in the Black Sea, bound for Constantinople, with a cargo of Circassian girls for the slave-market, suffering under stress of weather, made signals of distress, hoping to receive succour from a Russian

steamer which was opportunely descried. The signals were observed, and the steamer bore down. As she neared the Turkish vessel, a heartrending shriek arose from its deck. Those girls had left their homes without a tear, but intolerable to them was the idea of Russian service;—

*Ἰστον ἐπιχομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λόχος ἀντιώσαν.—Iliad, i. 31.*

So strong was this feeling of national pride, and this loathing of everything Russian, that some terminated their existence with the dagger, while others leaped into the sea.

Where maidens die thus, men are not easily conquered. For a long series of years the bravery of the Caucasians has been put to the severest test by Russia. A more unequal contest there never was—an immense empire matched against disunited tribes of mountaineers. Unscrupulous in its means, Russia employed all the arts of seduction. Money and honours were lavished wherever was found an open hand or a treacherous heart. The effects were felt in the lowlands, where escape from the Russian sword is less available; individuals, and even tribes, openly or covertly, sundered themselves from their patriotic brethren. Hordes of assailants were year after year poured down on the Caucasus. Whole tribes of Cossacks were transplanted into the vicinity. The first officers of the army were entrusted with the command; and as the service proved repulsive, as well as deadly, the pay was augmented and favours were multiplied. Long bent on conquering the Caucasus, Russia had made herself mistress of Georgia and other trans-Caucasian lands. She also acquired the Crimea. By means of the Black Sea she commanded with her ships an immense line of the Caucasian sea-board. Having thus hemmed-in the mountaineers on nearly all sides, and possessing also two high roads through the country, one, and the chief one, across the mountains, the other along the shores of the Caspian, Russia at length resolved to close upon her destined prey.

The wars which led to the treaty of Adrianople, made in 1829 between the Czar and the Sultan, found the Caucasians engaged on the side of their co-religionists of the Sublime Porte. The diplomatic arrangements then entered into by the belligerents seemed to recognise the independence of the Caucasus, but were found to be expressed darkly enough to give some feasibility to a claim for sovereignty over it on the part of Russia. That claim was made. It was enforced by arms. But as yet it has not prevailed. The claim was wholly invalid. Avowedly it rests on the construction of words doubtful in their import. In our judgment those words may be so understood as to deny the alleged right of Russian sovereignty. Any way it is very certain that the consent

of the Caucasians to the treaty was neither asked nor given. Caucasia had never been subjugated. It was independent, and as it wished to remain independent, it had a right to remain independent. The country belonged to its inhabitants, and any attempt to seize their lands and enslave the natives, was and is robbery and manstealing. A course of gross robbery and manstealing did the Czar enter upon, when he took measures for appropriating the country of the Caucasians. And noble was the patriotism which resisted the attempt; and sublime has been the heroism to which the resistance has given birth.

The nature of the contest is now before the reader's eyes. The question simply is on one side: the Caucasus for Caucasians? and on the other, the Caucasus yoked to the car of Russian despotism? Russia declared her will in this mountebank style.

'If you wish for peace you must admit a chief to be named by Russia. All the English who have come here are impostors not to be believed on oath. They wish to gain the country; but it is better to be under Russian than English rule. If you give up intercourse with England, France, and other countries, and become good Russian subjects, peace may be obtained. What is it you expect? *Do you not know that if the heavens should fall, Russia has power enough to support them on her bayonets?* The other countries are good mechanics, artificers, &c.; but power rests with Russia alone. No country has ever made war successfully against Russia; no nation is so strong as Russia; and if you wish peace you must believe that there are but two powers—God in heaven, and the emperor on earth.'

To this precious rant—this bombast heightened into blasphemy—the Caucasians calmly replied:

'As we are all united, we can undertake that no one shall set foot in your territory; and as the Circassians will not molest you in your provinces, we expect that you will raze your fortresses, and retire to the other side of the Kuban; and a treaty may be made that you will no longer do us injury, nor we you. You write too vauntingly when you say you will destroy this country; for in so speaking you arrogate to yourself the attributes of the Deity—the Creator.'

This mild language was followed by unsurpassed daring, hardihood, and endurance. Innumerable are the instances. One must suffice. A young man, after killing or wounding several Russians in a rencontre, was made prisoner and carried to Yekaterinodar. There he was questioned, and frankly told all the acts of hostility he had been concerned in of late, pointing out two of the soldiers he had wounded. He was threatened with death, fettered, and thrown into a dungeon. During the night he contrived to free himself from his irons, and to dig a hole through his prison wall, by which he got into the courtyard. This was sur-



rounded by a wall and chevaux-de-frise, which he surmounted by grasping the points of iron in his hands, and thus making a footing, from which he leaped down upon the outer ground. Here he was encountered by two sentries. Snatching up a billet of wood that lay at hand, he felled one of the soldiers to the ground, and escaping from the other, ran towards the Kuban. On the way he was attacked by three Cossacks, whom he kept at bay with his billet, until reaching the river he plunged into it. His trials were not yet at an end, for some soldiers put off in a boat in pursuit of him; he dived and upset the boat. Thus freed from pursuers, he made for the shore. But on reaching it he found himself in a territory, the people of which had made terms with the Russians. Afraid of being captured, he set off forthwith, and in the state of almost complete nudity to which his scuffles had reduced him. After minor adventures and great privations he safely reached his home.

A consecutive outline of the Russian war in the Caucasus cannot be given, for want of materials. The materials which exist are of two kinds, either official military reports, or narratives published by eye-witnesses. The last are necessarily defective, the former are withheld. Even detailed maps of the country existing in the Russian *bureaux* are denied to the public. The Czar puts forth only that which suits his own purposes, and he has done his utmost to prevent Europe from thinking that he had any great difficulty in one corner of his vast dominions. While, however, we are not in a condition to write a complete sketch of the Caucasian war, we possess abundance of facts for depicting some of its scenes, and may give an outline of the last few years.

The earliest method of warfare pursued by the Russians was the establishment of petty fortresses in favourable spots. This was their course in the period from 1835 to 1837, when by this means they endeavoured to subdue the whole Circassian coast of the Black Sea. They built there eight forts, of which the smallest contained 800 and the largest 1500 men, but met with such opposition, that at one point alone, namely, the mouth of the Tuah, they, though supported by eleven ships of war, lost not fewer than 8000 warriors. This resource, attempted throughout the Caucasus wherever opportunity offered, proved of small avail, though very costly. While within the walls, the soldier was comparatively safe, for the Caucasians had no guns of large bore; but the moment he showed himself beyond, he was the mark of the almost unfailing Circassian rifle. Points of land here and there might be occupied, but the country could not be conquered by such means. From time to time, indeed, a combined attack might be made from these fortresses; but to what purpose? What is gained

by ravaging a poor country? What is gained by pursuing an enemy who flies before you, hiding in his mountain retreats, until you are involved in the heart of the land, when he falls on you, weary, disappointed, on the point of returning from your fruitless errand, and in the thickets of a wood, or in a narrow pass, where he brings you down by rifle or sword, almost at his pleasure? Such, in a few words, is the substance of very numerous attempts made by the Russians, and defeated by the brave mountaineers.\* The failure of previous operations induced the emperor himself to visit Caucasia, in October, 1837. From the results of that visit great things were expected. Of course the imperial master did all he could to make the trouble he took productive. Abuses were corrected; generals were changed; the army was raised to 40,000 men. But the war prospered none the more. Again the forces were augmented. Men of the highest skill and prowess were placed at their head. Before others, General Sass was remarkable—a man of huge stature, ceaseless activity, with a tiger's heart, and an arm of iron. Not content with commanding, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, hewing down opponents like oxen under the butcher's sledge. What was the issue? He erected a few new forts; he maintained the occupied ground at a great cost of life and property. He brought ruin and death on many Caucasian homesteads. In 1839 and 1840 he transported from their homes, and placed where he thought fit, many thousands of Armenian families, designed to act as spies, and promote Russian interests. Nevertheless the war went on precisely as before. Parts of the country were ravaged. Forts were lost and won. Russian troops fell into ambush and perished. Caucasian villages were burnt down. The Caucasian rifle inflicted terrible revenge. The summer passed in hostilities, in which the invader was by far the greater sufferer, and the winter came with the wear and tear of its long, dreary, intolerable monotony—a monotony relieved only by storm and tempest, and the ceaseless crack of the deadly musket.

During the last-mentioned year, one became conspicuous in the war, who united in himself the character of priest, prophet, and chief, and has given a new turn to the current of events, and earned for himself an imperishable name. This distinguished personage bears the name of Shamyl. Born in the year 1797, of Tartar blood, and in a family of ordinary condition, as well as in an obscure province, Darghestan, lying on the south-east of the Caucasus, along the Caspian, Shamyl gave at first no signs of the

\* The most recent narrative of the kind may be read in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' number for April, 1853; the article entitled '*La Forteresse de Vnczapni: Scènes de la Guerre du Caucase.*'

extraordinary distinction which he has recently gained in fighting against the foes of his country. Of a quiet and retired disposition, he was naturally given to solitude. His frame was small and weak, and he endeavoured to strengthen it by severe bodily exercise. Ambitious even in boyhood, he could not endure being surpassed by his associates, and if another gained the prize in running or shooting, his countenance fell, he withdrew from the public eye, and weeks sometimes passed ere he was to be again seen. His retreat was a spot, bare as if burnt with fire, which lay above his native village, Himry, in the bosom of lofty and jagged rocks, forming the broadest contrast to the verdure and richness of the plain below. The spot was fabled to be visited by unearthly beings, whose coming was announced by flames that suddenly burst from the mountain. In that place, which made the blood of the brave Caucasian run cold as he passed it after dark, Shamyl was wont to tarry deep into the night, indulging in thoughts which he could scarcely distinguish from dreams. Those thoughts turned on the condition of his country. The tendency to reflection was nursed in the young man by his teacher, Shelal Eddin, under whose guidance he studied Arabic and philosophy. In the latter Shamyl found a resource whence he drew the elements of a new religion. That resource was Sufism.\* Some acquaintance with that system is necessary in order to understand the resistance made to Russia in the Caucasus. Without that knowledge you see the display of rude strength and personal bravery, but you remain ignorant of the moral principle which supplies the impulse, and, which is not less important, forms the link that binds together and unites as one man the previously disjointed and scattered forces of the Caucasians.

According to the doctrine of the Sufis, man has four stages to reach in order to rise to celestial blessedness. As your knowledge and sanctity grow, so you pass upwards from one degree of excellence and happiness to another. The first step is set by those who follow the outer law of the faithful (*Sharyat*), and observe its injunctions respecting prayers, fasts, pilgrimages, almsgiving, self-purifications, the love of truth, honour. You reach the second stage, which is a step in the way of perfection (*Tarykal*), when, in contrast to externalities, you diligently and reverently worship God in the depth of your heart. When this adoration becomes so habitual and so deep as to carry you by wrapt meditation and intimate communion with nature into the essence of things, so as to give you extatic intuition of what is heavenly, then you have ascended to the third stage, which bears the name of truth (*Hakykal*). In the fourth and last stage of knowledge (*Maarifal*), this

\* See Tholuck's celebrated work '*Sufismus Persarum*.' Berlin. 1821.

condition has been so sublimed, that man enters into immediate personal union with God. This old mystical philosophy has been revived by Shamyl, under whose hands it has received the following practical application:—The lowest stage is occupied by the common people, who, not sufficiently cultivated to guide themselves, require a governor who may lead them to the outward and ceremonial observance of the law. The second stage is occupied by the better sort of people, the disciples or murids, for whom the outer law is superfluous, since every one who seeks truth is good, because he knows that goodness only leads to truth. A higher class stands on the third step to the heavenly temple, and the murshid alone reaches the fourth. Hence a hierarchy has arisen. The murshid is the Caucasian pope; the chosen ones of the second degree are his naibs (princes or cardinals); then come the bishops of the third class, and finally the people, whose principle is passive obedience, and whose duty is to observe the commands of religion, and defend and promote its interest by the sword.

The ground of this spiritual despotism was laid by Kasi Mullah, who prepared the way for the hero of the Caucasus; but that hero himself, Shamyl, gave it consistency and practical application. In particular, he applied it to two great purposes. He made it the bond of union, and so gained that unity after which others had striven almost in vain, and in which now lies the inexhaustible and unconquerable strength of the Caucasians. He also made it a source of power. Here was a new religion to fight for; a religion neither Christian nor Mohammedan, though partaking of qualities found in both, and which consequently could be enforced against all the populations of the Caucasus that sympathized with Russia no less than against Russia itself. The time in which Kasi Mullah put forth his system was one of imminent danger. Jermolow, one of the best Russian commanders in the Caucasus, had, by mildness towards the quiet, by cruelty against the unruly, and by a wise improvement of circumstances, obtained so much power, that the final conquest of the country seemed to be at no great distance. In 1824, the new Sufism began to spread. The cry, 'Moslem, war against infidels, hate and ruin on the Giaours,' ran like wildfire from aul to aul (village), until, in Daghestan, it fell on the ears of the Russians. When the movement reached the north, Shamyl was living as a priest at Himry. He heard the sound; his heart was prepared; he took up the words and gave himself to the work. Attaching himself to the side of Kasi Mullah, he became one of the most faithful and most eloquent of his followers, accompanying and supporting the prophet in all his propagandist journeyings, when he offered heaven or threatened

hell as the consequence of obedience or disobedience to his one command, namely, to arm against the infidels. The fanaticism spread so fast, and struck so deep, that the Russians felt compelled to oppose its progress. A large army was sent into its birth-place. They carried the apparently inaccessible pass which led to Himry, and besieged Kasi Mullah. A last conflict ensued. All who remained faithful to the prophet took the field with him. Escape they could not, surrender they would not—all fell to the last man. Kasi Mullah was among the fallen; as he expired, his left hand held his fine long beard, the right was raised to heaven, on his countenance was the expression of the greatest peace and joy. He had gained the promised beatitude, and his disciples rejoiced in the testimony of his death. His faithful Shamyl lay at his feet, pierced by two balls. How he escaped death he himself knew not; and his followers ascribed the happy result to miracle. The story is, that Allah breathed new life into his corpse; and that as a council of the faithful sat deliberating on the choice of a new leader, Shamyl appeared in their midst, threw off his cloak, showed his wounds, and was received as the direct gift of heaven, sent to lead the faithful to certain victory. Rivalry was overcome. A second wonderful escape confirmed the impression. That impression was deepened by two remarkable victories. \* The last of these, which the hero won against a Russian force of 12,000 men, Shamyl thus describes in a style of true oriental enthusiasm:—

‘When, thereupon, the Pasha (General Fesi) came with his great army to Tilitiae, and, in spite of our resistance, succeeded in making himself master of half the village, so that we daily expected the last decisive hour—then Allah suddenly broke his arm, and darkened his sight, so that he was unable to profit by his advantage, and was compelled to return hastily the way he had come. No one chased the enemy—they were chased by their own bad consciences; their infidelity filled them with fear, and caused them to take to flight, for they could not stay in the neighbourhood of the faithful. Thus God punishes those who walk not in his ways. Truly, God is with those who do good works. You saw how great soever the number of the unbelievers, they must ever fall before our arms. They sent and demanded submission, saying, Our forces are numberless like the sands of the sea. And I replied to them in God’s name: ‘Our armies are the billows of the ocean, which will sweep the sands away.’ You have seen how my word has been fulfilled. The books of the Russians are falsehood, and their words are lies; we must bring the works of their hands to nought, and destroy them themselves wheresoever we meet with them, whether in the house or in the field, whether in a private quarrel or on the battle-plain, so that their brood may be destroyed from off the earth; for they multiply like vermin, and they are poisonous as serpents.’

In consequence of his achievements, Shamyl became a marked man. The Russian authorities felt it to be of the greatest consequence to get him into their hands, dead or alive. The campaign of 1839 had this for its chief object. On his part, the hero of the Caucasus hoped to strike a decisive blow. With that view, he collected, with incredible efforts, an army of 20,000 men. He failed through perfidy. Of a sudden, he found himself obliged to take refuge in the stronghold of Achulgo. Hither, the Russian General Grabbe turned his steps, now sure of his prey. After a very severe and exhausting march, that brave officer found himself in front of the fortress; and having in vain tried to surprise it, he resolved to commence a regular siege. Achulgo is a remarkable spot. It is an insulated cone-like rock, surrounded by the river Koisu on all sides but one, where it joins the mainland by means of a narrow isthmus, and rises from the water on three natural terraces, the ascent to which is along a path in which two men can barely walk abreast. The environs are picturesque, and, in parts, lovely. The waters at the base of the fort flow softly on through a rich plain, and looked as sweet as they were pellucid, till turned into blood by the murderous slaughter. After due surveys and precautions, Grabbe planted his cannon, and placed his troops on both banks of the stream. On the 11th of June he opened his fire, which did not close till the 23rd of August. Wonderful that a handful of men, on a small rock, could so long hold out against cannon shot, bombs, shells, rockets, and the assailants' bayonets. The besieged, however, were men; and as they knew they could not conquer, they determined, under Shamyl's influence, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Nor was it at a small disadvantage they fought. Small arms alone were their means of answering the thunders of the attack. But while they sheltered themselves behind ledges of the rock, and even in caverns, and while they were compelled to spare their ammunition—so scanty was their stock—they carefully chose their prey, and took an infallible aim, so that every shot brought its worth. Meanwhile, the assailants took their ease, as engaged in an undertaking which could have but one result. When off duty, the soldiers sang, caroused, told tales of love or heroism. Soon, however, these pleasant gatherings were disturbed. The Caucasian rifle cracked, and there was a reveller the less in the camp. 'What's the matter?' exclaimed the captain, as the song stopped of a sudden—'go on.' In bravado the strain was taken up by another; but he sang as if he feared it would be his turn next. As the time went on, and their failure became a settled conviction with the Caucasians, every now and then, a few more daring and more impatient than the rest, taking a sword in one hand and a

pistol in the other, with a dagger between their teeth, dashed into the Russian camp, and took, by anticipation, revenge for a certain death, each one, by the slaughter at least of two enemies. This voluntary martyrdom was, they believed, the readiest way to heaven. The heroism may have been nourished by fanaticism, but it had its origin in maternal patriotism. 'The son whom I in pain brought forth, and whom I carried at my breast, has been chosen of God to be a martyr for the faith and for freedom!' So spake a Caucasian mother on receiving news of her son's death in defence of his country; a mother's love giving place to the love of patriotic heroism!

The first storming of the fortress cost the Russians very many lives. Of 1500 men who set foot on the narrow path, only 150 returned alive. A second and a third attempt put the Russians in possession of the lowest terrace and the next above, with the loss, however, of 2000 men. The capture of the upper terrace was the great difficulty. It was effected through a failure in prudence on the part of some Caucasians. Surprised at the long delay which took place after the third attack, and wondering at a dull noise which they seemed to hear under their feet, and which was caused by the Russian sappers and miners, who were preparing to blow up the fort, those persons ventured out of the inclosure to make observations. A Russian officer spied the opportunity, and threw himself into the opening. Speedily followed by his men, he was as speedily resisted by the garrison. The contest soon became general. Numbers prevailed, and Achulgo fell. But where was Shamyl? His corpse was sought among the slain—it was sought in vain. Soon it was ascertained that a small band of the garrison had taken refuge in a cavern, whence they still carried on the conflict. More deadly than ever did the battle rage. Quarters were neither given nor taken. It was ascertained that the hero was in the cave, and his capture seemed inevitable. The crisis came. A raft was hastily made, and, with the aid of a rope, two or three men were let down into the river. Forthwith Russian cannon fired on the frail bark. The aim of the feint was gained, and while the Russians were diverted to the raft, a man of a sudden threw himself from the rock into the stream, and escaped. It was Shamyl—the only person that survived that sanguinary contest. Three thousand men had been sacrificed for the acquisition of a barren rock, which the Russians had neither the power nor the wish to hold!

A few days afterwards, Shamyl sent to offer submission. The Russian general, taught by experience, refused all negotiation, unless the chieftain surrendered himself in person. Such a step was very far from his thoughts. At this very moment, when he

had lost many of his bravest adherents, and when the loss of Achulgo, felt throughout the land, caused the nearest tribe to submit to Grabbe, Shamyl, in the hour of his greatest depression, took steps which placed him on an elevation of proud superiority in the war, which he has not lost down to the present hour.

By means of his religious alliances, in combination with fraternal alliances, which date back to remote periods, and which have always had great influence, Shamyl, in travelling, and sending his emissaries, from village to village, preaching and proclaiming a Holy War, soon fired the entire province of Daghestan, which, as iron in a furnace, melted and was fused into unity, under the glowing brands of religious and patriotic fanaticism. The new doctrine was the rallying point. The new prophet unfurled his standard. Every hill and every vale rang with cries of 'War! War!' The enemy were everywhere driven back. Shamyl employed the interval in organizing the resistance. For this purpose, he wisely instituted civil and religious arrangements, which raised the Caucasians into a nation, and made them as one whole, moveable at his will. In these social regulations, Shamyl showed that he was not more brave as a soldier than wise and great in civil affairs.

The successes achieved by the Caucasian leader induced the Russian authorities to make special preparations for the campaign of 1841. With a well-devised plan, their generals pressed into the interior, but only to suffer a series of disappointments, or defeats. After a very severe loss before the fort of Sherkei, General Golowin was compelled to retreat. He fell back on the pass of Kubar. This pass had been chosen by the Russians in their advance, on account of its almost unparalleled natural difficulties, and because there least of all did they expect that their foe would think to find them. Shamyl, whose net-work of social organization now made him acquainted with all that passed, awaited the discomfited Russian there with a force of 8000 men. A fearful combat ensued in that gorge. Hand to hand, sword with sword, and bayonet against bayonet, did those raging thousands fight amid blood, slaughter, and death the most murderous, till at length, next day, the Russians were driven back, and they hastened to seek or construct shelter in the lower country. Scarcely had the Russians withdrawn when Shamyl, with 15,000 warriors, descended like an avalanche into the plain, seizing the Russian fortress, or wasting the Russianized district wherever he came. Two generals advanced to meet the invader, calculating from their numbers that they should assuredly inclose and capture him. He passed between them, and pursued his devastating career. Warned by these disasters, the Russians



resolved to confine themselves to the defensive. They also endeavoured to cut off supplies of salt and other necessities from the mountaineers. The effort was fruitless. Shamyl triumphed over all difficulties. Still more, he continued to gain advantages over the enemies of his country. General after general suffered defeat. Very heavy was the blow which Grabbe received, when, in 1842, he attempted to carry the village of Dargo.

At length the Czar, weary of loss and dishonour, changed his servants. The commanders Sass, Grabbe, and Golowin were superseded by Gurko, Neidhardt, and Besobrasow. It was at the same time announced that offensive operations were to be discontinued, and that Daghestan was to be shut in by a military cordon, in order to compel submission. When the spring brought the season for active operations, it also brought another disappointment. The attempt ended in nothing. The Russians, indeed, almost made Shamyl captive by surprise, but as aforetime so now, it was only almost. Continued disaster called forth new efforts from the Russian Court. In the year 1845, the Emperor's Adjutant-general, Prince Woronzow, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in the Caucasus, with extraordinary civil, as well as full military powers. The army was raised to 160,000—a sufficient proof in itself of the magnitude of the enterprise, and a clear confession of the success and prowess of Shamyl. The aim was the capture of Dargo. That village was Shamyl's nest. There was his magazine of arms and powder. There, too, he had built a mosque, and thither repaired pilgrims of the new religion, partly to offer up their prayers in the prophet's home, and partly to convey to the general such information as they had severally obtained regarding the Russians. The army advanced. Little was the opposition they encountered. The natives seemed to flee in fear before them. Only at two passes was any stand made. When, however, they had thus been encouraged to penetrate into the interior, and when at length they were involved in the thick forests, through which they must pass to reach Dargo, then they were attacked on all sides by the most deadly fire. With great loss they forced their way to Dargo. It lay in ashes. Shamyl, with 6000 men, held an eminence in the immediate vicinity, whence he fired at his pleasure into the Russian camp. The hill was attempted several times to no purpose. At last it was carried—but it was bare. Shamyl had gone to seize a Russian convoy, which was bringing provisions to the needy troops. Meanwhile, the Caucasian fanaticism blazed out most fiercely. Fire-arms were thrown aside, and raging men rushed into the Russian lines, with dirk and sabre, taking lives in every direction. Hunger and thirst, too, assailed the defeated and disheartened subjects of the

Czar. Thirteen hundred men and two generals perished. Retreat became imperative. The retreat was degenerating into flight, when relief came in a force of 6000 men, led by General Freitag. Thus reinforced, Woronzow found himself able to restore the line of his operations. And thus ended, in no positive result, this very bold and very bloody campaign. Shamyl found a hundred other places of abode, and enjoyed all the advantage which could ensue from a most favourable moral impression.

The next year (1846) saw the prince in the field again with all the good he could gain from experience, the ripening of his plans, and the gathering of his forces. In three columns, he directed the army against Daghestan, when, unexpectedly, an alarming rumour reached his ears, and spread abroad, to the effect, that Shamyl, at the head of 20,000 men, had descended into Kabardah, the tribes of which, long subject to Russia, had despised his appeals and proclamations. Sixty Tartar villages were destroyed, and twenty Cossack towns lay in ashes, while cities far north, including Stawropol, the seat of the staff of the Russian army, were threatened. Alarm prevailed everywhere. Was Russia then to be invaded? So it seemed. When the amazement caused by this unequalled daring began to subside, the Russian generals mustered their forces and took every possible step to cut off Shamyl in his retrocession. Meanwhile, effects from this successful incursion displayed themselves on the south, the west, the east, the north. Scarcely was there a corner of the whole isthmus but rang favourably with the hero's name. The exploit was lauded in song, related with admiration to children, discussed in the councils of the aged. The local priest had become a national prophet, and the prophet was hailed as a divinely-commissioned deliverer. Returning from his foray, Shamyl eluded the Russians, punished some treacherous tribes, and spread his power and his fame to the Transcaucasian provinces which lie beyond the territories of Russia. The next year, 1847, Prince Woronzow appeared in the field after redoubled exertions to secure success. His operations necessitated the siege of the stronghold Gerghebil. There he was again met by Shamyl. After storming the place three consecutive days, the commander-in-chief broke up his camp, 'convinced,' as he said, 'that the citadel could not be taken without very considerable losses, and that there was only one means for its reduction, namely, its complete destruction by force.'

In the end of this year or the beginning of 1848, Woronzow contested with Shamyl the possession of the fortress of Saltem. In vain did the Russian cannon bombard the mountainous walls. As a last expedient, the prince turned the stream which supplied

the place with water. Reduced to extremities, the garrison cut their way through the Russians, and effected their escape to the mountains which rose beyond their lines.

The great event of the year 1849, was another attack on Achulgo; respecting which only Russian accounts have been made known to the public. How disastrous it was, appears clearly enough even from so suspicious a source. The first assault cost the Russians 25 officers and 397 soldiers; the second, 52 officers, and 823 soldiers. A third assault proved nugatory. Then an attempt was made to come to terms with Shamyl. It was fruitless. Finally, an attack—the fourth—began on the 21st of August, and lasted to the 29th, when, after incredible bravery and frightful loss, the Russians became masters of the place. Its defenders lay dead; Shamyl had escaped. The year 1850 is remarkable by the presence in the Caucasus of the heir apparent, who came in the hope of encouraging the forces and giving to the war a more satisfactory train. The Russian accounts of this year are more scanty than ever, giving reason to conclude that the results of the campaign were anything but satisfactory. They speak only of two inconsiderable fights, one of which took place before the eyes of the Czarowitch. Such an event was trumpeted forth as if it had been an act of most eminent heroism. As a reward to the prince for his thus having actually smelt powder, the commander-in-chief asked from the emperor the cross of Saint George. Our authority significantly adds, 'You may well suppose the honour was not refused.' Yet the visit of the prince was made the occasion of the highest exultation, and set forth as the star of a new day. His progress was one continued festival, and his reception was surrounded with all the *éclat* that Russian authority and Russian treasures could call forth and bestow. Surely it wanted only the contrast of this ludicrous episode, to make the epic glory of Shamyl complete.

The year 1851 opened with a general movement on the part of the mountaineers, which, breathing the most intense bitterness, and conducted by one mind, inflicted loss on the Russians almost everywhere. The reverses called forth renewed efforts. Failure ensued. On the west, in the centre, and at the east of the chain of mountains, Shamyl and his generals were victorious; they repelled attacks, they made advances, they captured forts, they gained territory, defeating some of the first commanders of the Russian army, and establishing the authority of the Caucasian people from sea to sea, on the north, and beyond the mountains to the vicinity of the Russian capital of Tiflis.

Our space compels us to confine our report to these general

results. The extension of them to the present hour would be little else than repetition.

The *Aachener Zeitung* of the 24th of June last, gives us news ~~charge of Mr. Maurice: it does his work in a manner~~ clear, and to persuade his readers that his meaning is truthful and weighty. We cannot, however, congratulate him on the success of his efforts in this direction. If he has something of the earnestness of the reformer, he has little of the directness, distinctness, and simplicity, which have contributed to give such men their place in history. His words are not battles—his thoughts are not light.

We feel it to be due to ourselves, as well as to Mr. Maurice, to make these observations, inasmuch as we have taken some pains in the perusal of this volume, hoping to be able to estimate faithfully the expositions of opinion contained in it, and, after all, have some fear that we have not, in all instances, detected the exact meaning of the writer. We can only say, that should we in any degree misrepresent him, the fault will rest, we think, in great part at least, with the author himself. Certainly we shall not misrepresent him intentionally.

being, and not the perpetual tendency to struggle against the law of our being, it discards and anathematizes. By setting forth the spirit of selfishness as *the* enemy of man, it explains, in perfect coincidence with our experience, wherein this pravity consists; that it is the inclination of every man to set up himself, to become his own law and his own centre, and so to throw all society into discord and disorder. It thus explains the conviction of the devotee and the mystic, that the body must die, and that the soul must die. Self being the plague of man, in some most wonderful sense *he* must die, that he may be delivered from his pravity. And yet, neither body nor soul can be in itself evil. Each is in bondage to some evil power. If there is a God of order mightier than the destroyer, body and soul must be capable of redemption and restoration!"—pp. 46, 47.

The essays in this volume are seventeen in number: the first is on 'Charity.' It is admitted that those who assail the religionists of Christendom as being very zealous about dogmas, but as wanting in charity, have a strong case in their hand. But it is intimated that the zeal of some people *against* dogmas, is hardly more reasonable than that of some other people in their favour. The God preached to us by a silky, genteel, comfort-loving Unitarianism, is not the God revealed to us in the mysteries of this world's providence—in the present condition of humanity. Nor is the vapourish sentimentalism of parties who are prepared to *feel* everything, and to *believe* nothing, the best substitute to put into the place of the ardour of the bigot. Unitarianism is superficial

ART. V.—*Theological Essays*. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A.  
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his language. In some quarters this shadowy manner of presenting ideas proceeds from a wish to appear profound, and is a species of trick and fraud. But nothing of this sort can be laid to the charge of Mr. Maurice. He does his best to make his meaning clear, and to persuade his readers that his meaning is truthful and weighty. We cannot, however, congratulate him on the success of his efforts in this direction. If he has something of the earnestness of the reformer, he has little of the directness, distinctness, and simplicity, which have contributed to give such men their place in history. His words are not battles—his thoughts are not light.

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—it does not descend to the depth of human need. Sentimentalism is a brainless dream—must be so, as divorced from intelligence and truth. There is a need of dogmas, not for mere speculation, but for rest, guidance, and life. So far Mr. Maurice acquits himself reasonably.

The second essay treats of 'Sin.' Here the statements made are not all in strict keeping with each other; and, as a whole, the exposition is much too superficial to be satisfactory. There are many among us, says Mr. Maurice, who repudiate the theological idea of sin. The Deity, say they, craves no sacrifice or service at our hand. He needs it not, requires it not—all the horrors of heathenism come from the thought that he does. What he expects is, that we acquit ourselves justly and mercifully towards our fellow-creatures. Religion begins and ends there. Argument may not suffice to convince such men of the evil of sin, but there are seasons of thought and impression that may so do. Times there are when sin comes to a man as properly his own, as part of his proper self; and when he will need no one to explain to him how it comes to pass that human beings fly so often to priests in search of peace—times in which the spirit of the wisest finds its place before the eyes of the Czarowitch. Such an event was trumpeted forth as if it had been an act of most eminent heroism. As a reward to the prince for his thus having actually smelt powder, the commander-in-chief asked from the emperor the cross of Saint George. Our authority significantly adds, 'You may well suppose the honour was not refused.' Yet the visit of the prince was made the occasion of the highest exultation, and set forth as the star of a new day. His progress was one continued festival, and his reception was surrounded with all the *éclat* that Russian authority and Russian treasures could call forth and bestow. Surely it wanted only the contrast of this ludicrous episode, to make the epic glory of Shamyl complete.

notwithstanding its greatness. The God so preached was a God willing to teach men how to repent, willing to help them to repent, willing to help them in everything; and so the tidings of him came to the heart of humanity as a Gospel. As the result, strange to say, the very classes of men who in the last century had no faith in spirituality, are now themselves great spiritualists! Such is the drift of the Essay on Sin.

From this investigation as to the nature of evil, our author proceeds to a discussion concerning 'the Evil Spirit.' Here the old question comes up—whence is evil? From the *flesh* say some—hence, Manicheisms, Gnosticisms, Monasticisms, and so forth. From the *mind*, say others—hence the lofty battling of the Stoic,

or the self-annihilating dreams of the Mystic. But there is still a third solution—that which traces sin to Satan. Mr. Maurice is fully aware of the repugnance and scorn evinced towards this doctrine; but he professes his belief in it. He does so, however, in connexion with speculations singularly wanting in distinctness and consistency. He does not mean to reject the doctrine of human depravity; but he must go far in that direction if his theory on this subject is not to lack coherence and validity. Indeed, if we mistake not, the doctrine is discarded in the following passage:—

‘That there is pravity or depravity in man, a downward tendency in man, and that this pravity or depravity is felt through his whole nature—this the Gospel does not assert as a principle of theology, but concedes as an undoubted and ascertained fact of experience, which no one who contemplates man or the universe can gainsay. What it does theologically with reference to that experience, is this: as it confesses an Evil Spirit whose assaults are directed against the will in man, it forbids us ever to look upon any disease of our nature as the cause of transgression. The horrible notion, which has haunted moralists, divines, and practical men, that pravity is the law of our being, and not the perpetual tendency to struggle against the law of our being, it discards and anathematizes. By setting forth the spirit of selfishness as *the* enemy of man, it explains, in perfect coincidence with our experience, wherein this pravity consists; that it is the inclination of every man to set up himself, to become his own law and his own centre, and so to throw all society into discord and disorder. It thus explains the conviction of the devotee and the mystic, that the body must die, and that the soul must die. Self being the plague of man, in some most wonderful sense *he* must die, that he may be delivered from his pravity. And yet, neither body nor soul can be in itself evil. Each is in bondage to some evil power. If there is a God of order mightier than the destroyer, body and soul must be capable of redemption and restoration!’—pp. 46, 47.

With this passage take the following:—

‘What is pravity or depravity—affix to it the epithets universal, absolute, or any you please—but an inclination to something which is not right, an inclination to turn away from that which is right, that which is the true and proper state of him who has the inclination? What is it that experiences the inclination? what is it that provokes the inclination? I believe it is a spirit speaking to my spirit, who stirs up the inclination. That old way of stating the case explains the facts, and commends itself to my reason. I cannot find any other which does not conceal some facts, and does not outrage my reason. And of this I am sure, that when I have courage to use this language, as the expression of a truth which concerns me and every man, the whole battle of life becomes infinitely more serious to me, and yet



more hopeful ; because I cannot believe in a spirit which is tempting me into falsehood and evil, without believing that God is a Spirit, and that I am bound to Him, and that he is attracting me to truth and goodness.'—pp. 50, 51.

It is not easy to deal with the confusion and apparent contradiction observable in the first of these passages. But the doctrine here taught clearly is, that it is not 'any disease of our nature' that is 'the cause of transgression.' The law of our being is not 'pravity,' but its opposite. Body and soul are in 'bondage,' but the bondage is not from themselves, but from 'some evil power.' Inclination to evil in human nature comes not from itself, but from the Evil Spirit. Inclination to good comes not from itself, but from the Good Spirit. There are some grave questions which it is very natural to put to Mr. Maurice as taking this ground. If human nature be so conditioned as to be only the recipient of good or evil influences, and not to be the originator of the one or the other, then whence comes the ascendancy of evil in the world? To say that our good or evil comes thus wholly from without, is not that to say that responsibility must be a matter external to us—not resting in any way upon ourselves? Again, is not the existence of sin in the nature of the Evil Spirit himself, a problem as difficult to solve as the existence of a sinful bias in our own nature? Furthermore, is the mystery of our actual sinfulness—a sinfulness which comes so surely and so constantly—at all diminished by our being told that the disease did not originate with us, but is a malady with which another has been permitted to infect us? The fact is, that in this instance, as in many others, Mr. Maurice flatters himself that he has freed us from a difficulty, while he has only removed it a step further back,—or avoided it in one form to meet it in another. Mr. Maurice's censure of some 'modern divines' in the course of this essay, on account of their 'talk' about the antagonism of justice and mercy, is beyond our understanding.

The reasoning of the fourth essay—intituled, 'On the Sense of Righteousness in Men, and their Discovery of a Redeemer'—is in its substance truthful, but one sided, and pushed to excess. There is in man, according to Mr. Maurice, amidst his feeling of the imperfect and the sinful in him, a sense of righteousness. This sense of righteousness, as being sincere, it does not behove him to put away from him, either before man, or before his Maker. Job took this position, and obtained the Divine approval in doing so. It is in the nature of this feeling—this sense of rightness as right, that it should dispose a man to look on wrong everywhere, as on something to which he should not strive to be reconciled, but be concerned to see removed ; and on suffering

everywhere, as on that which is so much real and positive evil, and from which, as such, he should seek to be delivered. It is thus, we are told, that the native, primitive sense of moral right in man, should be used as a schoolmaster to lead him to Christ.

It will, we suppose, be generally admitted, that there is a sufficient sense of righteousness—that is, a sufficient moral intelligence in man—to dispose him, if it be rightly cultivated, to such a course of thoughtfulness. Preachers generally, we believe, have this view of the human conscience, and do their best to make this use of it. But this is not enough for Mr. Maurice. He puts scorn on the appliances—philological, historical, or philosophical—by which we attempt to show that Strauss, and such as he, are wrong; and would have us look simply to the Christ needed by the moral consciousness of man, and then to preach to him the Christ of the Gospels, as the supply of that need. We are aware that since the days of Schleiermacher, German thought has taken very much of this direction. But the method presents an example of what we mean by oncsidedness, and by pushing a principle to excess. In our view, there is in such a mode of looking at questions of this nature, a sad want of that breadth and discrimination which, if we mistake not, has been characteristic of our old English intellect. The thing needed in this case, is not that either of the methods indicated should be pursued exclusively, but that the two should be wisely combined. The Christ which may exist as an idea suggested by man's sense of want is one thing; the Christ to be found as a reality in history is another. Ethical feeling may give us our ethical conception of a Christ; but historical evidence only can give certainty as to the objective reality of that idea. The man is sick, and needs help, and it is of some importance towards his recovery that he should know how to distinguish between the quack and the physician. In a world where this sense of need is so general, the cry, *Lo! here, and lo! there*, will be frequent, and men must have their wits as well as their feelings about them, if they are to guard against being found among the blind following the blind.

If Mr. Maurice merely meant to say that the 'modern divines' who find such small favour in his sight, lay too much stress on the external evidence of Christianity, too little on the internal, that is something easily said, and we wish he had contented himself with making that statement, and with showing his reasons for so doing. But we are weary—utterly weary, of the monotonous recurrence of error in this form in the writings of the men who have undertaken to demolish or amend current opinion on religious matters. Some conception gets an undue prominence, and because it works somewhat harmfully as thus put forth, the

sapient conclusion is, that put it forth in what form or measure you may, nothing but worse will evil of it. It would be well too if the mischief ended there—in this rejection of use because of abuse, but it does not, it goes farther. For the neglected truth which is now to have due honour done to it, becomes, in its turn, a truth in excess, and thus a double injury is realized.

We have seen that the design of the fourth essay is to show how men come to be sensible to their need of a spiritual Deliverer. The design of the fifth and sixth essays on 'The Son of God,' and on 'The Incarnation,' is to lead us to Him who is prepared to achieve this great work on our behalf.

Here parties are introduced who dispose of this designation, 'Son of God,' in a very summary manner. The male divinities in every system of heathenism have all been sons of God. To that rank the gifted, as they have become objects of popular veneration and worship, have all risen. Through the east and west things have taken this course—the great have been everywhere emanations of the divine, or have risen to a place with the divine.

To this it is justly replied—be it so. The sound inference here is—that there is truly help to be obtained by man from the divine, seeing that it is in human nature to look after this manner above the merely human, to that source. Many have been sons of God in a false sense, does that prove that there can be no Son of God in a true sense? Does it not suggest the contrary?

But here the one-sidedness of which we have had occasion to complain returns. Great contempt is cast on all the help supposed to be derived from biblical interpretation. On this question—

'To argue and debate as if it turned upon points of verbal criticism, as if the determination could be influenced by the greater or less skill in reasoning on either side, as if it could be settled by votes, must have the effect of darkening our consciences, of making us doubt inwardly whether the truth signifies anything to us, or whether we can arrive at it. To keep silence on these doubts, if this is the only mode of treating them, is not only a sign of religious reverence, but of common sense.'—p. 78.

It is thus settled, that what the texts of Scripture seem to teach concerning this supposed Deliverer, is a small matter. He is sure to *be* all that human consciousness teaches us he *need* to be. To find Him, we have to look, not so much to an external record, as to our internal wants. If this Deliverer is to do for us all that *needs* to be done, it is necessary that he should be divine as well as human—therefore, he *is* divine as well as human. Furthermore, as having done all this for us, the responses of our soul towards him must become idolatrous if he be not the Only

Begotten Son of God—therefore, he is the Only Begotten Son of God. Our readers will see that there is a measure of truth underlying these representations, but they will regret, we think, to see this truth used in a fashion so exaggerated and so mystical.

In consonance with what has gone before, Mr. Maurice informs us that his faith in the divinity of the Saviour rests on the following grounds :—

‘First, we accept the fact of the Incarnation because we feel that it is impossible to know the Absolute and Invisible God as a man needs to know Him, and craves to know Him, without an Incarnation. Secondly, We receive the fact of an Incarnation, not perceiving how we can recognise a perfect Son of God, and Son of Man, such as man needs and craves for, unless He were tempted in all points like as we are. Thirdly, We receive the fact of an Incarnation, because we ask of God a Redemption, not for a few persons, from certain evil tendencies, but for humanity, from all the plagues with which it is tormented.’—pp. 103, 104.

Now, we suppose that all men who have accepted the doctrine of the Incarnation, have accepted it, *in part*, on these grounds. But few intelligent men, we suspect, would have rested much on this evidence if it had stood *alone*. We certainly have that within us which enables us to see that such a doctrine has its adaptations to our need ; and that there is something in its nature, accordingly, which may be taken as presumptive evidence of its truth. But does it become divines—philosophers, to leap to the conclusion that the thing felt to be desirable in this case, must be real, that the probable must be certain ? May not the very fact that the news would be exceedingly good if true, be allowed to suggest the inquiry,—whether from this cause it may not have been invented, and be untrue ? We know, as we have intimated, that Schleiermacher, Neander, and their followers, have been fond of this course of argument—sending men for their most trustworthy conceptions of the character of Christ, not to the language of Scripture, so much as to that of their own moral consciousness. But surely there is some way of bringing the spiritual nature of man into a wholesome relation to the spiritual claims of the gospel, without inverting the ordinary processes of inquiry, so as utterly to ignore external evidence, or at least to reduce its value to the slightest possible amount. If there be a record and attestation in this case, showing that the doctrine which we feel to be desirable, is a truth ; and that the thing felt to be possible or probable, has become a matter of certainty and history—is it for us to make the slightest account imaginable of the statements which may be contained in that record, and to fall back upon the boast that we can derive far better evidence on this matter from

the spirit within us, than from the letter coming to us from without? Such a course of proceeding, we venture to say, is not reasonable, not seemly, not dutiful—and, what is more, it is a miserable delusion, even in the case of the men who adopt it. They do not really believe as they say they believe. Mr. Maurice himself would never have been a believer in the fact of the Incarnation, had not the evidence in its favour contained in texts of Scripture, been really felt by him as a hundredfold stronger as to the reality of that fact, than anything that may be derived from the cravings of human consciousness in relation to it. We repeat, if the feeling, be that enough has not been made of the moral element in man in relation to the moral claims of the Gospel, then by all means let more be made of it; but let what is done be done after the manner of the skilled workman, and not after the manner so observable in the volume before us.

But Mr. Maurice may be disposed to complain of us at this point as having misunderstood, and, in consequence, misrepresented him. He may be ready to say—‘Have you not read what I have written in the early part of the fifth essay, relating to the ‘Atonement,’ where I have been at some pains to show how far ‘I am from looking to consciousness for a theology or a religion? ‘I have there said, that while it belongs to the human conscience ‘to make us sensible to deep moral necessities, it does not belong ‘to that conscience to give us a satisfactory remedy; that however natural it may be to our consciousness that it should ‘attempt to provide for the exigencies which it discloses, we see ‘in the history of heathenism and of Romanism that the assistance ‘required in this case is a service beyond its power.’

We admit that this is said, and it has our cordial approval. It would, indeed, be strange if a clergyman of the Church of England should be found preaching a religion derived from consciousness so as to supersede the Bible, after the manner of our modern spiritualists, by showing it to be unnecessary. But we do not quite see the consistency of some of the things said in this fifth essay with things which have gone before. For if it belongs not to the moral consciousness within us, but to a revelation coming to us from without, to give us the needed remedy, then what comes of all that is said in disparagement of the record, the texts, the interpretation of texts, and the like? Does it turn out, after all, that for our knowledge of an adequate, and a certain remedy for the moral evils of our condition, we are dependent on the genuineness of certain records, and certain texts, and on the soundness of certain means of interpretation? We had always thought the case to be very much thus; but certainly Mr. Maurice has so written as to seem to have other views concerning

it. The general tendency of his language is everywhere to the effect, that the truth of the Gospel is a question to be determined by individual feeling, much more than by external testimony of any description. Our doctrine is, that the two forms of evidence should be preserved in careful combination; for if the evidence of testimony, if taken alone, may leave a man without piety; the evidence of feeling, if taken alone, may leave him without common sense; and we have no great love for the extremes either of rationalism or mysticism.

But the fifth essay we have seen relates to the doctrine of the Atonement. Mr. Maurice's view of this doctrine is not that of the Romanist or of the Protestant, and still differs widely, as he imagines, from that of the Unitarian. But the exceptions he takes are precisely those which Unitarians have always urged. Sin, according to Mr. Maurice, is not a great evil, requiring inconceivable suffering as the condition of pardon. The suffering and the death of Christ were not endured as being in any sense the penalty of sin. It is repugnant to all our ideas of justice that the innocent should suffer in that form in the place of the guilty. The Divine Being is dishonoured when represented as if made to be propitious by such means. Christ is a sacrifice for sin, but only in the sense of being a perfect exemplification of goodness under severe trial, in obedience to the will of God. All that Christ became he became as an expression at once of his own will, and of the Divine will—of that Divine will which is not the will of a wrathful and avenging divinity, but of the Being whose nature is love.

These, we believe, are the propositions which express Mr. Maurice's doctrine. Its great merit is supposed to be, that it frees us from the old theological dogmas about sin as being an infinite evil, as exposing to infinite punishment, and as not to be expiated without an infinite sacrifice; and that, in place of describing the Deity as a nature constrained to be merciful by groans and blood, it exhibits him as becoming infinitely gracious towards men, from the promptings of his own infinite goodness.

The intelligent reader who will weigh the above propositions carefully, will not fail to see that evangelical divines have to thank themselves for much of this kind of opposition to their doctrine. In their favourite mode of setting forth this profound and mysterious truth, the language and illustration employed have been too much of the commercial—the debtor and creditor description. The so much suffering is often placed, almost arithmetically, over against so much sin, until the pitiless exaction depicted on the one side, has presented a most repugnant contrast to the self-sacrificing goodness on the other. Bad theology,

and bad taste in these forms, have their place too commonly among us, not only in the sermons to which we are expected to listen, but in the hymns we are expected to sing.

Mr. Maurice, however, is without excuse in the course he has taken on this subject. In the first place, he has, to a great extent, misrepresented the doctrine as avowed by evangelical believers. Nothing can be more notorious than the fact, that the men who see in the death of Christ the penalty of sin, do nevertheless see in that death, and in the whole mission of the Saviour, the most affecting expression of the love of the Father to our race. They not only see this love there as truly as any Unitarian, but it is to them a love much more impressive, because manifested, in their view, at much greater cost. One of the most patent truths of revelation, and a truth proclaimed nowhere with so much emphasis as in the evangelical pulpit, is the truth that it was the love of the Father to the world, that prompted him to send his Only Begotten Son into it. It may be that our preachers do frequently express themselves unadvisedly about the exactions of the Divine justice from Christ, as taking the place of the guilty; but no man having the slightest acquaintance with the English pulpit can need to be told, that the exhibitions of the Divine Being, as a sovereign upholding law, are rarely so prominent as are the appeals which present him as a Father, ready to embrace the returning prodigal. It is in the following terms, however, that Mr. Maurice appeals to the evangelical clergy on this point:—

‘What is the treasure which you see your humble dying saints grasping with such intense resolution? Is it not the belief which is expressed in our collect for Passion Week. ‘God, of His tender love towards mankind, sent His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take our flesh upon Him, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility’? Is not this Son of God, this perfect obedience of Christ to His Father’s loving will, the ground of all their confidence, their hope, their humility? Has their confidence, their hope, their humility, anything whatever to do with the theory that has fastened itself to this doctrine of atonement, and, in many minds, has taken the place of it? Do you hear any allusion to it amidst the pauses of that sepulchral cough? Does the feverish hand clasp yours with thankful joy, when you speak of a Divine Justice delighting in infinite punishment? Does the loving, peaceful eye, respond to the idea, that the Son of God has delivered his creatures from their Father’s determination to execute His wrath upon them?’

It seems, then, that there are clergymen who see the Divine Being, as a nature, ‘*delighting* in infinite punishment;’ as filled with the ‘determination to execute wrath upon us,’ and as only

deterred from so doing by the intervention and suffering of another, who is very differently disposed towards us. If there be clergymen who so believe, we can only say, we hope the number is small, and that the race may soon become extinct. But let any man read the sermons of Venn or Bradley, of Hall or Chalmers, in relation to this doctrine, and he will not fail to see that the evangelical view of the atonement, in place of having any necessary relation to such conceptions as Mr. Maurice has repudiated, is directly opposed to them.

Besides which, whether the suffering and death of Christ be viewed in the light of a penalty or not, that suffering and that death are alike facts, and are before the Father as facts regarded by him with approval—with complacency, as the medium through which the lost shall be saved. The issue in consequence is, that, in Mr. Maurice's view, as truly as in the view of the man whom he so gravely censures, the sorrows and sacrifice of the Son ARE the condition on which mercy and grace are exercised by the Father. At the same time, both parties see in the mission of the Son, the highest expression of the love of the Father. Mr. Maurice's theory, accordingly, does not remove, does not in the least degree abate, the moral difficulty said to belong to this theme. \* There is still the suffering, the vicarious suffering, the extraordinary amount of vicarious suffering, as the basis or medium of forgiveness to the race. The just suffers and dies for the unjust. The innocent bears what could not have come from any desert of its own, and what must have come from the desert of the guilty, or from some appointment of the supreme ruler at variance with our most natural sense of justice. If the sufferings of Christ did come from his relation to our race, then they were in their nature vicarious, substitutional—so much suffering accepted for one in the place of another. If his sufferings did not come from that relation, then we must leave it to others to reconcile the existence of them with the existence of rectitude in the divine government.

Of course Mr. Maurice's view of the Atonement affects his view of Justification. In his essay on this subject he argues that Christ, and not Adam, is now the head of humanity. That as such the Father raised him from the dead, and, on the ground of his perfect righteousness, justified him. In this justification of Christ as the head of humanity, we have the justification of humanity. Justification, accordingly, is a fact that has no reference to the distinctions between Christians and heathens, as made by the Romanists; nor to the distinctions between the believing and the unbelieving, as made by Protestants, but simply to man as man. As this doctrine will sound strange to the ears



of many of our readers, especially as coming from a Protestant clergyman, it will be proper to allow Mr. Maurice to speak for himself concerning it:—

‘If we start from the point at which we arrived in the last essay, and believe that the Christ, the King of man’s spirit, having taken the flesh of man, willingly endured the death of which that flesh is heir, and that His Father, by raising Him from the dead, declared that death and the grave and hell could not hold Him, because He was His righteous and well-beloved Son, we have that first and highest idea of Justification which St. Paul unfolds to us. God justifies the man who perfectly trusted in Him; declares Him to have the only righteousness which He had ever claimed,—the only one which it would not have been a sin and a fall for Him to claim—the righteousness of His Father—the righteousness which was His so long as He would have no more of his own, so long as He was content to give up Himself. He was put to death in the flesh, He was justified in the Spirit; this is the Apostle’s language; this is his clear, noble, satisfactory distinction, which is reasserted in various forms throughout the New Testament. But St. Paul takes it for granted that this justification of the Son of God and the Son of Man was his own justification—his own, not because he was Saul of Tarsus, not because he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, but because he was a man. All his zeal as an Apostle of the Gentiles, all his arguments against his own countrymen, have this ground and no other; the one would have worn out from contempt and persecution, the other would have fallen utterly to pieces, if he had not been assured that Christ’s resurrection declared Him to be the Son of Man, the Head of Man, and, therefore, that His justification was the justification of each man.’—pp. 199, 200.

The great value of this doctrine is said to be, that it puts an end to all questioning about who are justified and who are not, and makes another question to be the great one, namely—who are good men and who are not. God, we are told,

‘Has established the great distinctions that there is in every man a spirit which seeks righteousness, and a flesh which stoops to evil; that there is with every man the Christ that would quicken his spirit, and deliver his soul and body out of death; and with every man an evil power, who tempts him to become the slave of his flesh, and so to destroy his soul and body; that men are in Christ, the true Lord of their spirit, claimed as sons of God, and that they, by distrusting Him, and yielding to the devil, become utterly unlike Him, forming themselves in the image of the father whom they have chosen.’

So that all men start upon the same level, as justified in Christ, whether they have heard of Him or not, and differ afterwards from each other purely as they obey Christ, who is working in

them towards one result, or the Devil, who is working in them towards another. A world of mischief, it is said, would have been precluded, if the church had always possessed these views; and delusions and evils of all sorts now rife among us would come to an end, if men could be brought to see the relations between God and themselves in this light. But the discoursing of our author on this subject is, to us, singularly confused. We feel, as we listen to him, in a veritable mist, and utterly at a loss to detect where we are, or whither we are going.

As to the great question being whether we are good men or not, it comes at last very much to that with us all. With all our differences we are pretty much of a mind in saying that heaven is for good people—only for such. And were we all to sit at the feet of Mr. Maurice, and to learn of him in this matter, there is room enough to doubt whether any perceptible change for the better would follow. But manifest it is that Mr. Maurice is not the man entitled to denounce the doctrine of imputation, of moral substitution—the doctrine which allows the guilty to obtain advantage through the cost and merit of the innocent, seeing that his justification of all men, and his securing a gracious help to all men, takes place upon a basis of that nature. Men come into this state of justification, not at all by works of righteousness which they have done, but purely by means of the righteousness of Christ, and they become the subjects of indwelling spiritual power from Christ: not in virtue of anything originating in themselves, but wholly through Christ, and for his sake.

The one point, accordingly, to be determined is—whether this beneficial relation of the innocent to the guilty, is to be understood as having relation to law, and the penalties of law, or as resulting from the promptings of spontaneous goodness, wholly irrespective of such considerations. This is a point that must be determined, partly by the nature of the case, and partly by an authority to which Mr. Maurice is not, we think, in all cases, so deferential as he should be—the authority of Scripture. If Adam stood once as representative and head of the race, so that all men have entered on a deteriorated condition of things induced by him, and not by them;—and if Christ now stand as representative and head of the race, so that all men do now enter on an improved condition of things induced by him, and not by them—can it be that arrangements fraught with such consequences have been made without any reference to moral law, or to the sanctions of such law? Do results of this nature take place in a moral government, without some basis of moral fitness underlying them? And does not moral fitness always suppose the presence

of moral law, and the sort of sanctions which the terms moral law must always imply? We need only ask these questions to suggest what the nature of the case must be.

The government of God is a moral government, taking with it in all its relations to moral agents, the principles and sanctions of moral law. This government embraces the federal relations of Adam and Christ, and is concerned in the evil and the good resulting from those relations. Men have all reaped evil from the sin of Adam; and, according to Mr. Maurice, they have all reaped good from the righteousness of Christ. With these facts admitted, it becomes childish to take exception to the received doctrine of the Atonement, on the ground that it supposes the Father to accept the suffering of the innocent as a reason why punishment should not be inflicted on the guilty. He has already acted upon this principle—acted upon it through Christ, towards the whole race.

It may be said that the objection is not to a substitution in some such form as this, but to a substitution which assumes that sin is an infinite evil, that as such it exposes to infinite punishment, and can be expiated only by infinite suffering. Our answer is, that we leave those who hold such views to defend them as they best may. Such a use of these arithmetical quantities we leave to those divines who imagine that they understand this awful subject sufficiently to warrant them in the use of such expressions. We had thought that this 'equivalent' theory, as it is sometimes called, which regards the suffering due to the least sin as infinite, and which then proceeds to accumulate on the immaculate soul of the Redeemer, as many infinities of suffering as are the numbers of the sins committed by the race—we had thought that if the horrors of this conception had not sufficed to extrude it from all place in the thoughts of intelligent men, the natural impossibilities with which the scheme is beset must have led to that issue. The Scriptures inculcate no such doctrine. It is not possible that the sufferings of our Lord should have been mentally the same with those naturally awaiting the unholy, nor that they should have been in amount the same. It is enough for us to know that Christ, who himself knew no sin, became eminently the Man of Sorrows, that so He might become the Saviour of the lost. This Mr. Maurice believes in respect to his doctrine of Justification, and this is all that we believe in respect to our doctrine of the Atonement.

So long as the earlier chapters of the epistle to the Romans shall remain a part of the New Testament, so long we feel assured there will be men who will hold most devoutly, that the sufferings

and death of Christ were substitutional—having respect to the law by which our nature should be governed, and to the penalty to which we are all exposed as sinners against that law. If the language of Paul does not mean this, then we are utterly at a loss to know what it does mean. The terms employed by him, are throughout the most emphatic that legal and forensic usage could supply. ‘Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law.’ Obedience to the divine will there is, but it is obedience to that will as embodied in law. Self-sacrifice there is, but it is self-sacrifice in obedience to the requirement of law, and that a forensic basis might be laid for remitting penalties incurred by violations of law.

But Mr. Maurice has learned to think, that the tendency of our protestant doctrine of justification by faith, is to fix the mind on the idea of redemption from perdition through the death of Christ; to the neglect of the idea, that Christ became in his sorrow and his sacrifice, a pattern to which our own spirit and life should be conformed. The effect of this, we are told, is, that our elderly ladies become pharisees, and our educated young men become infidels. Go, says our author, from the dying chamber of the Christian confiding in the love of God for salvation—

‘to the house across the street, or, it may be, to the fashionable withdrawing-room below, and there you will find what hold this doctrine has upon your people. There you may hear some religious dowager, with the newspaper, from which she derives her faith and her charity, on the ottoman beside her, denouncing a youth just returned from Cambridge; and as you enter, imploring your help in delivering him from the horrible scepticism into which he has fallen, respecting the faith which is her only consolation in time and eternity. That faith is *not* in the tender love of God, in the obedience of Christ, in His great humility, it is in the theory of the satisfaction He has offered to offended sovereignty, or, as she calls it, justice. I do not speak—I dare not—of the effects of her admonitions upon the young man against whom they are directed. I do not speculate upon the fearful question, how soon *he* may fulfil all her anticipations, may plunge into infidelity, or fly from it to Romanism; or what mercy of God—*melior fortuna parente*—may save him from either calamity. I speak of *her*. You are afraid, my brother clergyman, of disturbing her peace of mind. Is your fear a right and a kind one? Should not you *wish* to shake such a peace of mind as that? Would not an old prophet of Israel have tried to shake it to the very ground? Would he not have burst forth with some woe against careless women, who cover themselves with a covering which is not of God’s spirit,—who make souls sad which God has not made sad, and who hinder the wicked from turning from their evil way by promising them life? Would not Luther have torn

the fine rags of such a profession very readily to pieces? Would he have rested till he had made the comfortable believer ask herself whether she actually believed anything? 141, 142.

Now that there are dowagers of the sort here described may be true enough. There were such we have reason to think, when Paul made complaint of certain professors as holding the truth in unrighteousness. But Paul did not proceed to repudiate evangelical truth, because some shallow and misguided people were inclined to make a bad use of it. We wish Mr. Maurice had possessed a little more of the calm discrimination so conspicuous in the apostle, there would have been little, then, in the perversities of these west-end dowagers to frighten him from his propriety.

We must confess, moreover, that we are wholly at a loss to see, why the received doctrine of justification by faith should be less favourable to sanctity of life, than Mr. Maurice's doctrine of justification without faith. This justification without faith, is said to be symbolized by baptism, which denotes, as in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the passive introduction of the baptised into a new and advantageous spiritual state through the righteousness of Christ. The plea is that this does not give the justified a righteousness to be accounted as their own, but simply puts them into a state in which, by the diligent use of the assistance vouchsafed to them, the justified may become in their own nature holy. But the righteousness of Christ avails—that is, is reckoned or imputed to the justified in the one case, as truly as in the other:—and is Mr. Maurice ignorant of the distinction made by all the professors of evangelical doctrine—made with an iteration which at times amounts to weariness—between justification and sanctification? These professors no more put justification through the righteousness of Christ, into the place of sanctification through the grace of the Holy Spirit, than Mr. Maurice does. We know not, accordingly, where the preachers are to be found who have ceased to preach that our Lord has left us an example that we should tread in his steps—an example in his life and death. On the other hand, we do know that the professors, taken so much to task by Mr. Maurice, are greatly in advance of every other class of churchmen in their practical zeal on the side of good works. Schools, missions, Christian associations for usefulness in every form, are sustained by them at costs which their censors rarely show any disposition to incur.

The fact is, Mr. Maurice feels that he has a right to complain of hard usage from the 'religious newspaper' people to whom he refers; and to us it is very manifest, that he has allowed his mind to become prejudiced against certain evangelical doctrines, in consequence of treatment experienced at the hands of certain

evangelical professors. What this treatment has amounted to, we know but imperfectly. But supposing it to have been very bad, our author, we should have thought, has seen enough of human nature, and enough especially of the history of party feeling in religion, to have prevented his being much surprised by what has befallen him. When religious truth is not embraced to its proper end, it is not unnatural that the moral state in which it leaves men, should sometimes be a worse state than that in which it found them. Mr. Maurice may feel assured, that he has hardly a worse opinion than we have of the irreligious spirits often to be found in what is called the religious world. It is anything but agreeable to be obliged to observe the subtleties, the frauds, the slanders, the cruelties, to which such spirits will often commit themselves. They are good haters,—and the strength of that feeling is too often, in their estimation, the best evidence of their spirituality and enlightenment. This hatred has reference to something accounted the contrary of religion, and it is therefore regarded as religious; and the zeal allied with it has reference to something accounted religious, and therefore the feeling is regarded as religion. Notions, dogmas, commonly supply their watchwords to such people. Echo these, and your praise will be upon their tongues; fail to pronounce their shibboleth, and you have to lay your account with all the possible forms of persecution. On these grounds, we look with a degree of sympathy on any man who diverges from the beaten path, however much we may think him mistaken. For we are obliged to remember, that in the case of not a few who pour their censures upon him, the great recommendation of orthodoxy, as of a thousand things beside, has been, that it does not expose a man to any sort of cost or inconvenience.

But we regret that Mr. Maurice has found it so difficult to distinguish between the censorious and devout among the religious men and women of our time. So strong is the bias that has come over him in this respect, that he is not disposed to admit that Sir James Stephen's Clapham sect have, at present, any real successors in the Church of England. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that the evangelical party in the church have declined in liberality as a party since that time. The faults which our author attributes to that party now, belonged to it, on the whole, in an equal degree, some thirty or forty years since. Nor is there anything, we feel assured, in the new theology of Mr. Maurice, to operate as a safeguard against the recurrence of such evils. These evils come not from the nice shades of religious doctrine, but from causes which lie broad and deep in human nature, and which can be counteracted only by means which shall be equally broad

and powerful. We have said more than once in these pages, that the great need of modern Christianity is, that the doctrine of justification by faith as taught by Luther, and the doctrine of the new birth as preached by Methodism, should be followed by a more thorough development of the ethical purpose of the gospel. What is wanting, is this supplement to the Christianity that has been, not a something that shall supersede it.

Mr. Maurice covets this better ethical intelligence and feeling for mankind very earnestly. It is in the hope of doing something towards calling it forth, that he broaches his theological novelties. But it must be a new time of day with human nature, before speculations so little intelligible as are put forth by him, will be found to evince much potency in this direction. He flatters himself that his strange conception of justification is fraught with high moral influences. His exposition of 'Regeneration,' the subject of his tenth essay, is no less strange, and this also is viewed as adapted to be no less effective. Christ, it is said, is the head of humanity, that all men might come into a justified state through him, and into a regenerated state through him. What sense should be attached to such terms, in the face of the actual condition of mankind, will be a great puzzle to some of our readers. Human nature in Christ, is described as being in its relations all that regenerated humanity should be, and in this view men are regenerated in him, as by his righteousness they are justified in him. That mystic lore of this sort should bewilder men, and dispose them to move towards the open fields of infidelity in search of fresh air, we can understand; but how the moral nature of man is to be powerfully affected by such subtleties, we do not at all comprehend.

Calling to mind the contents of this volume as a whole, we feel obliged to suppose that Mr. Maurice does not really mean on this matter of regeneration, what he seems to mean. His doctrine, we presume, must be, that the spiritual state in which human nature is placed before us in Christ, is the state proper to it, the state to which we should all aspire, and to which the grace of the gospel is designed to bring all who duly avail themselves of it. But the few simple terms that might have sufficed to express this idea, are not employed; and in the place of them we have a very forest of words, rolling cloudlike before us, and tending to put our thoughts on almost every track rather than the right one.

Our limits now require that the little we say further concerning this volume, should be restricted to the Essay on Inspiration, and to that on Future Punishment.

Our spiritualists free themselves from the authority of inspiration, not by denying its existence, but by affirming that it is a

natural phenomenon common to all men, and especially perceptible in men of genius. Mr. Maurice pursues the same course of reasoning, but on a different basis. He does not deny the supernatural to the inspiration of the sacred writers—he affirms it rather, with great emphasis. But then he too asserts that the inspiration experienced by those men, was the inspiration which is experienced, more or less, by all men, especially by good men. In both cases, it will be seen, no real authority is left to the inspiration of the sacred writers, inasmuch as no speciality is left to it. Inspiration, accordingly, cannot be entitled to any special deference now or then, here or there, seeing that it belongs to all time, and is everywhere.

It is only consistent that Mr. Maurice should reason in this manner. If all men are justified in Christ, and if all men are regenerated in Christ, what more natural than that they should all be inspired by him? The headship of Christ is the headship of all good to the race, and of all good in common to the race. The mind of our author seems to be possessed with the idea that the doctrine which attributes a special inspiration from the Holy Spirit to the prophets and apostles in giving us the Scriptures, must ever tend to preclude a due recognition of the teaching of that same Spirit as common to all humble seekers after truth. His protest, he tells us, is ‘against current theories of inspiration, because they fail to assert the actual presence of that Spirit’ from whom all inspiration comes. Nor is he to be deterred from setting up the authority of this internal light as distinct from everything external, by any warning as to the fanatical extravagances that may thus get licence among us. His doctrine, he insists, would tend to cure, rather than to create, such excesses.

‘If any one likes to speak of plenary inspiration, I would not complain. I object to the inspiration which people talk of, for being too empty, not for being too full. These forms of speech are pretty toys for those who have leisure to play with them; and if they are not made so hard as to do mischief, the use of them should never be checked. But they do not belong to business. They are not for those who are struggling with life and death; such persons want, not a plenary inspiration for a verbal inspiration, but a book of life; and they will know that they have one when you have courage to tell them that there is a spirit with them who will guide them into all truth.

‘But if these words are openly proclaimed, what a plentiful crop of ranters and fanatics shall we have! What crowds will run after them! for who, then, will have a right to deny their inspiration? A dreadful prospect! But is it a prospect? Have we not the fanatics and ranters already? Do they not draw disciples after them? You have tried to weaken their influence by telling them that the Bible was the



inspired book; that it is utterly absurd and extravagant for men, in these days, to call themselves inspired; that the same course has been tried in former times, and has always come to nought. There is great apparent justification for this method; it has been used often by very ingenious and sagacious men, with whom it ought to have succeeded, if it was to succeed. But it has not succeeded; it has not cured the immediate evil that it was meant to cure; it has left the seeds which produced that evil always ready for fresh germination. And what is worse, this kind of treatment has destroyed precious seeds, which God had planted in men's hearts, and which they cannot afford to lose. You long to expose the impostor, the mountebank, who is deceiving a number of poor simple souls. But do you desire that the earnest, cordial faith, which has been called forth in them while they are following him, should be taken from them? Do you desire that those fervent hopes, kindled for the first time in men who have been crawling all their days on the earth, and eating dust, should be put out for ever? Do you think of the desolation which they will feel, when they find that he in whom they trusted has failed them utterly, and that what looked the most real of all things, was but a dream? Oh! is there nothing dreadful in the unbelief, the prostration of soul, the wretchlessness of unclean living, which follows such disappointments and discoveries? 'But they must come,' you say, 'how can we help it?' We could have done this. We could have told the deceiver that he was not exaggerating in the least the blessings of which a man is capable, and which God is willing to bestow on him. We could have told him that instead of a mere power of utterance, which it is evident he possesses, and for which he will have to give an account, the spirit who has endued him with that power is near him, claiming him as a servant; near him, and near every one of those too whom he is making his tools. We might say to him, 'If you believe this, there will come into your mind such an awe, such a sense of the fearfulness of trifling with this gift and blessing, there will come such a desire to learn, such a fear of the responsibility of ruling over other men, such a conviction that you can only do it without a crime, when you give up yourself to the spirit of truth, that nothing will seem to you so great a reason for penitence and shame as that you have dared to exalt yourself on the plea of possessing that which, if you had possessed it rightly, would have entirely humbled you.' And if with this we teach the people that the Spirit of God has come down, not on the great prophet only, but for the whole flock of Christ, to keep them from pride and self-conceit, and delusion, and to guide them into all truth, I believe we shall give them the lesson which they need, in order that the chaff in their minds may be separated from the wheat, and may be burned up.'—pp. 342-3.

This is strange writing. Be it so, that the current idea of inspiration has not sufficed to prevent the outbursts of fanaticism—this is not to show that such appearances would not increase manifold were Mr. Maurice's idea on this subject to become pre-

valent. Beside which, this whole argument proceeds on an assumption the contrary of palpable fact. Look over the whole field of the present or the past, and it will be found that no men have insisted so earnestly on the *actuality* of the Holy Spirit's influence in the human soul, as the men who have insisted the most on the *speciality* of the Holy Spirit's inspiration in the written word. Experience has demonstrated that the latter doctrine, so far from being antagonist to the former, is eminently favourable to it—its surest guarantee. It is the men who narrow the sphere of inspiration in the Scriptures, who narrow the idea of divine influence everywhere. For ourselves, we believe in both, and in both as being, *up to a certain point*, of the same nature.  
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The story, how the foundations of Venice were laid by fugitives from the main land of Italy, who, like the Hollanders ages later, sought in the sea a refuge denied to them on land, is well known; but there was an older city nearer the shore, the mother of gorgeous Venice; but its sole remains now are four tenantless, ruined buildings, lying 'like a little company of ships becalmed on a far-away sea.' This is Torcello.

'Thirteen hundred years ago, the grey moorland looked as it does this day, and the purple mountains stood as radiantly in the deep distances of evening; but on the line of the horizon there were strange fires mixed with the light of sunset, and the lament of many human voices mixed with the fretting of the waves on their edges of sand. The flames rose from the ruins of Altinum, the lament from the multitude of its people seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea.'

And here they first settled, and here built the church among whose ruins, and upon their mouldering capitals Mr. Ruskin thinks he can recognise 'the gothic energy and love of life, mingled with the early Christian symbolism struggling daily 'into more vigorous expression.' In these (represented in plate II.) the acanthus, modified, but beautifully modified, from the strict Corinthian type, appears supported by a graceful range of vine-leaves, exquisitely chiselled, 'the stalks cut clear, so that they 'might be grasped by the hand; and casting sharp, dark shadows, 'perpetually changing, across the bell of the capital behind them.' The enthusiasm with which Mr. Ruskin expatiates upon these capitals has been ridiculed, most unjustly we think, whether their intrinsic beauty be considered, or their importance as marking, or nearly so, the period when 'the delicate fancies of gothic leafage were springing into new life;' those delicate fancies, those endless varieties of exquisite ornamentation which, ere long,

ART. VI.—*The Stones of Venice. The Sea Stories.* By JOHN RUSKIN.  
Vol. II.

WE took leave of Mr. Ruskin at the close of his last interesting and suggestive volume, just as his gondola had reached 'the straggling line of low and confused brick buildings,' with 'the four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, that rise over the centre of the line,'—that unpicturesque entrance from the canal of Mestre, to that most picturesque of all cities, whose half-buried, and almost unknown treasures of ancient art, are in the volume before us the theme of his deep and eager admiration; nor are we surprised that in the very first paragraph desire that those fervent hopes, kindled for the first time in men who have been crawling all their days on the earth, and eating dust, should be put out for ever? Do you think of the desolation which they will feel, when they find that he in whom they trusted has failed them utterly, and that what looked the most real of all things, was but a dream? Oh! is there nothing dreadful in the unbelief, the prostration of soul, the wretchlessness of unclean living, which follows such disappointments and discoveries? 'But they must come,' you say, 'how can we help it?' We could have done this. We could have told the deceiver that he was not exaggerating in the least the blessings of which a man is capable, and which God is willing to bestow on him. We could have told him that instead of a mere power of utterance, which it is evident he possesses, and for which he will have to give an account, the spirit who has endued him with that power is near him, claiming him as a servant; near him, and near every one of those too whom he is making his tools. We might say to him, 'If you believe this, there will come into your mind such an awe, such a sense of the fearfulness of trifling with this gift and blessing, there will come such a desire to learn, such a fear of the responsibility of ruling over other men, such a conviction that you can only do it without a crime, when you give up yourself to the spirit of truth, that nothing will seem to you so great a reason for penitence and shame as that you have dared to exalt yourself on the plea of possessing that which, if you had possessed it rightly, would have entirely humbled you.' And if with this we teach the people that the Spirit of God has come down, not on the great prophet only, but for the whole flock of Christ, to keep them from pride and self-conceit, and delusion, and to guide them into all truth, I believe we shall give them the lesson which they need, in order that the chaff in their minds may be separated from the wheat, and may be burned up.'—pp. 342-3.

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know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognise one stone of the great city, for whose sake and by whose ingratitude their grey hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court, and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them for ever.'

It is, therefore, Venice as it was that we are called to contemplate; 'the lost city, more gorgeous a thousand-fold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man.'

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filled every land of western Christendom with new and hitherto unthought-of beauties.

Passing over the chapter on Murano, in which our author follows out his theory of 'incrustation,' about which many hard things have, with but little justice, been said; and his graphic description of its mosaic dome and pavement—the latter, in his mind, 'one of the most precious monuments in Italy; showing 'thus early, and in these rude chequers, which the bared knee of 'the Murano fisher wears in its daily bending, the beginning of 'that mighty spirit of Venetian colour which was to be consummated in Titian;' passing, though reluctantly, over this, we return to Venice, and, in the fourth chapter, enter St. Mark's.

Through the seven-feet wide alley, crowded with passengers, eating-houses, fruit-shops, and wine-shops, painted by our conductor with a minuteness worthy of Teniers; across the bridge, and through the 'Bocca di Piazza' into the shadow of the pillars, we follow him, 'for between these pillars open a great light, and 'as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift 'itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones, and on 'each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged 'symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses had been struck 'back into sudden obedience and lovely order.'

'And well may they fall back, for beyond these troops of ordered arches, there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light, a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold, partly of opal, and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaics, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber, delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves, and lilies, and grapes, and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all turned together into an endless network of buds and plumes, and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse, half yield, to the sunshine, Cleopatra like, 'their bluest veins to kiss;' their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men,

each in its appointed season upon earth, and above them another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers of the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

The exquisite beauty of this piece of 'word painting,' must be felt by every reader; but the exquisite beauty of the reality awakens no responsive feeling in the hearts of those who day by day—'priest and laymen, soldier and civilian, rich and poor'—pass it by. In the square the Venetian listlessly sips his coffee, and the bands of the Austrian regiments play there during vespers, 'the march drowning the miserere,' and the lowest of the population lie in its very porches, 'basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of 'desperation and stony depravity—gamble, fight, snarl, and sleep, 'hour after hour' there. Truly, the finest forms of church architecture are powerless enough, unaided by other and mightier influences.

But there was a time, long, long ago, in the history of Venice, when all this beauty spoke to the hearts of its people, and when the solemn mosaics, with their numberless scripture histories, breathed forth gentle monitions and awful warnings; and when, in the enforced absence of the written word, St. Mark's came to be regarded 'less as a temple to pray in, than as itself a vast illuminated missal,' or rather, a vast pictorial Bible, 'bound with 'alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars 'instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of 'enamel and gold.' The minute description which Mr. Ruskin gives of this marvellous structure,—so often passed over with faintest praise, sometimes even with scorn of its 'ugliness,'—places vividly before us the amount of wealth and labour, and age-long endeavour which were bestowed upon it. Truly, 'the 'lump of sacrifice' glowed brightly here, when, not in the days of her world-wide fame—days when

'she held the gorgeous East in fee,  
And was the safeguard of the West,'

but in her earlier days of earnest toil and struggle to attain her lofty pre-eminence, she yielded, not 'that which cost (her) nothing,' but summoned artists from Byzantium to encrust the domes of her chief temple with glass-mosaic, precious as the jasper and

the opal; and brought porphyry, and serpentine, and verd antique, from afar, to adorn its front, and ungrudgingly set up those priceless shafts of alabaster, each nothing less than one faultless jewel. And the 'lamp of Beauty' gave light there too,—in the 'crowded imagery' of graceful birds, clasping foliage, lily capitals, and the thousand varied adornments of the wall, and pavement, and pillar; but yet more brightly in the rainbow hues of that rich colouring spread throughout it, 'that investiture with the mantle of many colours by which Venice is known above all other cities of Italy, and of Europe—not granted to her in the fever of her festivity, but in the solemnity of her early and earnest religion.'

St. Mark's, so far as can be ascertained, was founded early in the eleventh century and its successive adornments were continued throughout that century and the following, even during a portion of the first part of the thirteenth. Although additions were made by Gothic architects during the fourteenth, and some of the altars and embellishments date as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, still, 'its later portions, with the single exception of the seventeenth century mosaics, have been so dexterously accommodated to the original fabric, that the general effect is still that of a Byzantine building;' and, therefore, as a specimen of this style Mr. Ruskin treats it. But although the first walls were probably reared by Byzantine masons, and artists were summoned from Constantinople to design its mosaics, the Venetians rapidly took up and developed the system with a vigour and freshness of their own; and thus, 'while the burghers and the barons of the north were building their dark streets and grisly castles of oak and sandstone, the merchants of Venice were covering their palaces with porphyry and gold; and at last, when her mighty painters had created for her a colour more priceless than gold or porphyry, even this, the richest of her treasures, she lavished upon walls whose foundations were beaten by the sea; and the strong tide, as it runs beneath the Rialto, is reddened to this day by the reflection of the frescoes of Giorgione.'

The preciousness and scarcity of the materials used in St. Mark's give occasion to Mr. Ruskin to trace up to its source the difference which we find in the Byzantine and Gothic forms of 'ornamentation. Thus in the first, from the thinness of the slabs employed, 'the decoration must be shallow in cutting.' This, in addition to the aversion felt by the iconoclast Greek to figure ornament, will also supply the reason for the adopting of light and arbitrary ornaments—wavy lines, intricate network, shadowy foliage—rather than employing figures, and more especially the human.

‘Consider the enormous difference which this single condition compels, between the sculptural decoration of the incrustated style, and that of the solid stones of the north, \* \* \* in which any form or thought may be wrought out on any scale. Mighty statues with robes of rock, and crowned foreheads burning in the sun, or venomous goblins and stealthy dragons, shrunk into lurking-places of untraceable shade: think of this, and of the play and freedom given to the sculptor’s hand and temper to smite out and in, hither and thither, as he will; and then consider what must be the different spirit of the design on the smooth surface of a film of marble, where every line and shadow must be drawn with the most tender pencilling and cautious reserve of resource. \* \* \* Thus, while in the northern solid architecture we constantly find the effect of its noblest features dependent on ranges of statues, often colossal, and full of abstract interest, in the southern incrustated style we must expect to find the human form, for the most part, subordinate, and diminutive, and involved, among designs of foliage and flowers.’

And then, ‘exactly in proportion to the degree in which the force of sculpture is subdued, will be the importance attached to colour as a means of effect and constituent of beauty;’ and this, as Mr. Ruskin goes on eloquently to prove,—not so much a beauty derived from positive colour, as from those more ‘delicate colour harmonies’ with which ‘the labyrinth of beautiful lines, becoming here something like a leaf, and there something like a flower,’ might be touched, and so, hues the softest, or the brightest, might be mingled at the will of the architect into an exquisite whole. On these rich and delicate colourings the eye of the artist still rests, and must rest with admiration; but to the ancient visitants of St. Mark’s the quaint but gorgeous mosaics which shadowed forth the events of New and Old Testament history, appealed more forcibly.

What an amount of general scriptural knowledge might be obtained from St. Mark’s alone! The large atrium or portice exhibits the history of the Fall, of the lives of the patriarchs up to the period of the covenant by Moses, ‘the order of the series being very nearly the same as in many northern churches, but significantly closing with the fall of the manna, in order to mark to the catechumen the insufficiency of the Mosaic covenant for salvation, and to turn his thoughts to the true bread, of which that manna was the type.’

‘Then, when after baptism he was permitted to enter the church, over its main entrance he saw, on looking back, a mosaic of Christ enthroned, with the Virgin on one side and St. Mark on the other in attitudes of adoration. Christ is represented as holding a book open upon his knee, on which is written, ‘I AM THE DOOR; BY ME IF ANY



MAN ENTER IN HE SHALL BE SAVED.' On the red marble moulding which surrounds the mosaic is written, 'I AM THE GATE OF LIFE; LET THOSE WHO ARE MINE ENTER BY ME.' Above, on the red marble fillet which forms the cornice of the west end of the church, is written, with reference to Christ below: 'WHO HE WAS, AND FROM WHOM HE CAME, AND AT WHAT PRICE HE REDEEMED THEE, AND WHY HE MADE THEE, AND GAVE THEE ALL THINGS, DO THOU CONSIDER.'

The mosaic of the first dome represents the effusion of the Holy spirit, and on the vaults of the four angles which support it, are four angels, each bearing a tablet upon the end of a rod, on each of the three first the word 'Holy' is inscribed, and on that of the fourth, 'Lord.' 'The beginning of the hymn being thus put into the mouths of the four angels, the words of it are continued around the border of the dome, uniting praise to God for the gift of his spirit, with welcome to the redeemed soul received into his church:—

'HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOOTH;  
HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THY GLORY.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST;

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.'

On the vault between the first and second cupolas are represented the death and resurrection of our Lord, with the usual series of intermediate scenes. The second cupola, the chief, is entirely occupied by the Ascension. At the highest point, Christ is represented as rising into the blue heaven borne up by four angels, and throned upon a rainbow, the type of reconciliation. Beneath him are the twelve Apostles, and the two men in white apparel, above whom are inscribed the words, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye thus gazing up into heaven? This Christ the Son of God, as he is taken from you, so shall come.' Beneath the Apostles are personifications of the Christian virtues and the four Evangelists, while, 'symbols of the sweetness and the fulness of the Gospel which, they declared,' the four rivers of Paradise, are represented as flowing beneath their feet. The third cupola over the altar represents our Saviour surrounded by the prophets and patriarchs, 'the witness of the Old Testament to Christ,' while in the minor chapels and cupolas the whole series of New Testament history will be found, even the mystic scenery of the book of Revelation. The reader cannot fail to observe how scriptural history *alone* was placed before the eyes of the worshippers in St. Mark's; nor, as he will also find, had 'marionetry' any place here. The Madonna stands with eyes devoutly raised to heaven in supplication, or kneeling at the feet of her Son. 'It is the cross that is first seen, and every dome and hollow of its

'roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.'

'Christ is risen,' and 'Christ shall come.' Daily, as the white cupolas rose like wreaths of sea-foam in the dawn, while the shadowy campanile and frowning palace were still withdrawn into the night, they rose with the Easter voice of triumph—'Christ is risen;' and daily as they looked down upon the tumult of the people, deepening and eddying in the wide square that opened from their feet to the sea, they uttered above them the sentence of warning—'Christ shall come.'

Such was the church of St. Mark, 'the most magnificent of churches,' as it appeared to Geoffry Villehardouin, when he and his brother Croises, as we have related (No. XXXV, p. 88), standing under its solemn dome, 'with many tears,' supplicated the aid of Venice for the rescue of 'that sweet land over the sea;' and where the blind, brave old Doge, moved by their earnest prayers, 'cast himself with holy tears' before its high altar, pledging himself to that sacred warfare, and placing the sign of redemption high in the front of his ducal bonnet, 'that it might better be seen.' Truly does Mr. Ruskin say, St. Mark's was to the old Venetian people 'at once a type of the redeemed church of God, and a scroll for the written Word of God.'

'And shall we not look with changed temper down the long perspective of St. Mark's Place towards the sevenfold gates and glowing domes of its temple, when we know with what solemn purpose the shafts of it were lifted above the pavement of the populous square? Men met there from all countries of the earth for traffic or for pleasure; but above the crowd swaying for ever to and fro in the restlessness of avarice or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchantman might buy without a price, and one delight beyond all others, in the word and the statutes of God. Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes, or the pride of life, were these marbles hewn into transparent strength, and these arches arrayed in the colours of the Iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them. \* \* \* Never had city a more glorious Bible! Among the nations of the north, a rude and shadowy sculpture filled their temples with confused and hardly legible imagery; but for her, the skill and the treasures of the east had gilded every letter, and illumined every page, till the Book Temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi. In other cities, the meetings of the people were often in places remote from religious association, subject to violence and to change; and on the grass of the dangerous rampart, and in the dust of the troubled street, there were deeds done, and counsels taken, which, if we cannot justify, we may sometimes forgive. But the sins of Venice,

whether in her palace or in her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. The walls on which its testimony was written were separated but by a few inches of marble from those which guarded the secrets of her councils, or confined the victims of her policy. And when in her last hours she threw off all shame, and all restraint, and the great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, be it remembered how much her sin was greater, because it was done in the face of the House of God, burning with the letters of His law. Mountebank and masquer, laughed their laugh, and went their way; and a silence has followed them, not unforecast; for, amidst them all, through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, that white dome of St. Mark's had uttered in the dead ear of Venice, 'Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

In the succeeding chapter on the Byzantine palaces, or more strictly the few remains of Byzantine architecture, which, either 'in ruins, or as fragments disguised by restoration,' can be dimly discovered chiefly by the graceful varieties of their braided and foliated capitals, and the rich colourings of their mosaic ornaments, Mr. Ruskin again urges the indispensable importance of colour in architectural decoration. Colour such as 'the first and fairest Venice' displayed, 'when she rose out of the barrenness of 'the lagoon and the sorrow of her people; a city of graceful 'arcades and gleaming walls, veined with azure, and warm with 'gold, and fretted with white sculpture like frost upon forest 'branches turned to marble.' There is much truth in these remarks.

'The fact is, we none of us enough appreciate the nobleness and sacredness of colour. Nothing is more common than to hear it spoken of as a subordinate beauty—nay, even as the mere source of a sensual pleasure; and we might almost believe that we were daily among men who—

'Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
To them, their verdure from the fields;  
And take the radiance from the clouds,  
With which the sun his setting shrouds.'

But it is not so. Such expressions are used for the most part in thoughtlessness; and if the speakers would only take the pains to imagine what the world and their own existence would become if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, and the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood which is the life of man, and the flush from the cheek, and the darkness from the eye, the radiance from the hair—if they could but see for an instant white human creatures living in a white world—they would soon feel what they owe to colour. The fact is, that of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn.'

The superiority of the eastern races in their employment of

colour must be acknowledged; and we agree with Mr. Ruskin that this may in some measure be attributed to 'the seriousness arising out of the repose of the eastern mind,' as contrasted with the activity of the western. But he inclines to consider it further as a direct gift, typified in the very name 'Shem, or Splendour,' given to that son of Noah, whose descendants 'possess the supremacy over colour, which has always been felt, though but lately 'acknowledged among men,' that race which has ever

—'retained alike the instinct and the power; the instinct which made even their idolatry more glorious than that of others,—bursting forth in fire worship from pyramid, cave, and mountain, taking the stars for the rulers of its fortune, and the sun for the god of its life, \* \* \* that pre-eminence which has been determined from the birth of mankind, and on whose charter Nature herself has set a mysterious seal, granting to the western races descended from that son of Noah whose name was extension, the treasures of the sullen rock, and stubborn ore, and gnarled forest, which were to accompany their destiny across all distances of earth and depth of sea; while she matured the jewel in the sand, and rounded the pearl in the shell, to adorn the diadem of him whose name was Splendour.'

This is an eloquent passage: but does it not assert more than can be satisfactorily proved? That Venice derived her gift of rich colouring from the East is very likely, but the inhabitants of Venice were not a Semitic race, were not even of Eastern origin. What then becomes of the theory of the birthright gift bestowed on the descendants of him whose name was Splendour? Besides, this gift seems to have been possessed, as Mr. Ruskin admits, by the inhabitants of western Christendom in an eminent degree during the middle ages. But then the reason of this is to be found, he tells us, in the fact that 'the more faithful and earnest the religion of the painter, 'the more pure and prevalent is the system of his colour;' nay, that 'the purest and most thoughtful minds are they that love colour most.' Now, neither purity nor thoughtfulness are the characteristics we should before all others assign to the weavers of the Persian carpet or the Cashmere shawl; and yet their eye for colour has been acknowledged at the great industrial gathering of the nations. May we not rather attribute that fine perception of harmonious colouring which the Venetian mosaic worker, in the days of her early splendour, and the illuminator and glass painter of the middle ages, and the eastern nations for untold centuries, have alike displayed, to their simplicity of taste and their childlike feeling?—looking out for the beautiful, untrammelled by rules of art, and finding the beautiful, just as a healthful appetite seeks for suitable food, and finds it almost instinctively. The fine principles which Mr. Ruskin lays down here, are, we

think, unaffected by this admission, for simplicity is eminently the characteristic both of great and of religious minds. And the healthful condition too of the religious mind will cause it to receive intensest delight from every object, for it is a childlike spirit, best pleased to look and wonder, and so beholding everything that God has made with joy and gratitude, it pronounces them 'all very good.' Thus like Fra Angelico, the religious painter will dip his pencil in the brightest colours, while he who, Salvator-like, forgets for what end his glorious art was bestowed upon him, will paint gloomy forests and frowning skies in deep shadows of lurid grey. Very suggestive is this portion of Mr. Ruskin's work, abundant in fine and eloquent teachings; and we almost regret to pass it over, for his next chapter 'on the Nature of Gothic.' This chapter is, however, but preliminary, since he expressly refers to a 'subsequent inquiry how far Venetian architecture reached the universal or perfect type of Gothic, or how far it fell short of it;' of this we may speak when we come to our examination of his concluding volume.

It is almost with a feeling of regret that we have been accustomed to accompany Mr. Ruskin into a Gothic building;—not but that he does justice to the power and energy—the lifegiving energy of its builders; not but that he acknowledges its magnificence, and the endless capabilities of the Gothic style; but, still dazzled, we think, by his 'dream of fair colours,' it is as the conception of comparatively inferior minds, and as the work of ruder hands, that he has hitherto viewed it. This seemed to us corroborated, when, in the six elements into which he has reduced the Gothic characteristics, the first place is given to 'savageness.' Savageness! Who can stand at the west door of Westminster Abbey, and look along the vista of those fair clustered pillars rearing their graceful arches so far above, or mark the rich foliage and truly 'classical' figures—classical in the minutest folds of their sweeping drapery—of the presbytery of Lincoln, or look up to its west front; or to the stately towers of Salisbury, or the graceful spires of Lichfield, and not marvel at the word 'savageness' thus employed.

But northern landscapes are rude and wild; and therefore 'it is true, greatly and deeply true, that the architecture of the north is rude and wild,' although 'it is not true, that for this reason we are to condemn and despise it.' And then follows a bird's eye view of the southern landscape, and the northern—a marvellous piece of 'word painting,' such as perhaps only Mr. Ruskin could give, but at the same time a most ingenious piece of special pleading on behalf of 'the sweet south.' We regret that the length must prevent our transcribing it: still, we

cannot pass it over, without protesting against 'Syria, Greece, Italy, Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into sea-blue,' being represented as altogether 'glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm.' Was this the scene that met Mr. Layard's eye, when, the brief beauty of its spring having faded, he saw the vast Syrian plain covered with monotonous brown month after month, until he longed almost to sickness for the green slopes of England? Or, is this the scene that meets the wearied traveller as he journeys across the rugged Pyrenees, and along the barren sierras of Spain? Nay, has not Scripture itself spoken of 'the waste howling wilderness,' and of 'the dry and parched land,' not in the stern north, but in the sunny south? And then we are told how 'the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch.' But are these *always* seen through those 'clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud, and flaky veils of the mists of the brooks,' through which the writer beholds them? Does not the fresh wind often chase away the mists, and the glorious sunshine bathe green pasture, and poplar valley, and even the dark pine forest, with gold? And then, 'the mighty masses of leaden rock, and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood' of the farther north. Is it from Mr. Ruskin that we are to call the rich purple heather gloomy? or, that 'sweet and solemn harmony of purple with various green,' which he has but a few pages before celebrated as 'the favourite chord of colour with the Venetians'—is it to be but the type of barrenness, when set side by side by Nature's own hand on the moor and the bordering forest?

In the latter part of his splendid picture, where he points out the superior brilliancy of colour, which, in the south, clothes alike animal and flower, all must agree; but when he insists on the superior beauty of form of the various animals there, we can only remark with Sir Roger de Coverley, that 'much may be said on both sides.' If 'the antelope be compared with the elk,' the balance of beauty certainly inclines to the south, and so does it if the bird of paradise be compared with the osprey; but place the noble stag beside the elephant, or the graceful falcon beside the vulture, and the balance will incline, we think, to the north. But where, after all, has the Great Creator's hand passed, and traces of beauty followed not? Where is it, in this round world, that beauty is not the rule, and deformity the exception?—an excep-

tion which, rightly viewed, enhances the very beauty, just as the gem looks out most lustrously from its dark bed, and the flower most lovelily from between the clefts of the rugged rock.

It is but in accordance, therefore, with this theory of light and beauty in the south, and gloom and ruggedness,—though often rising to sublimity, in the north, that Mr. Ruskin follows out his primary view of Gothic architecture. Thus, in his carefully drawn picture of the English cathedral, touched indeed with neutral tint, and which serves as a foil to that glowing description of St. Mark's, on which he has so lavishly and so lovingly bestowed his brightest colours,—we are pointed to 'the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly,' and to the deep orange lichen's 'melancholy gold,' and to 'the bleak towers' far above. Now thus, truly, would the old cathedral appear, as seen on a gloomy wintry day; but with a full flood of sunshine pouring down upon it, and tower, and spire, and pinnacle standing sharply out on the clear blue, would it look so? Never shall we forget the first sight of Canterbury cathedral, as we looked on it, rising in the midst of its picturesque old city, bathed in the rose-hues of sunset, and thrown out by its rich background of deep blue autumn sky. What a gorgeous structure; how dreamlike; there was no need of colouring there, for the glowing sunset had touched it with the richest and loveliest hues, and edged battlement, and pinnacle, and buttress, with gold.

The second characteristic, Mr. Ruskin considers to be 'change-fulness,' expressed in the endless varieties of the Gothic style. 'It is that strange disquietude of the Gothic spirit that is its greatness; that restlessness of the dreaming mind that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine shadows;' while the third characteristic, which he terms, 'naturalism,' he defines as 'the love of natural objects for their own sake, and the effort to represent them frankly, unconstrained by 'artistical laws.' In illustrating this definition, Mr. Ruskin takes a very wide range, in which we meet with some fine remarks on Murillo and his much-lauded 'Beggar-boys,' and much valuable criticism on the respective schools of the Naturalists and the Purists—but as he reserves the full discussion of this subject also to a future time, we must for the present pass it over. Under this third head, however, Mr. Ruskin does full justice to the Gothic, and willingly acknowledges—how indeed should a writer with such fine perception of beauty do otherwise?—the exquisite taste which guided the Gothic sculptor in his choice of ornaments.

' Their power of artistical invention or arrangement was not greater than that of the Romanesque and Byzantine workmen; by these workmen they were taught the principles, and from them received their models of design; but to the ornamental feeling and rich fancy of the Byzantine, the Gothic builder added a love of *fact* which was never found in the south. Both Greek and Roman used conventional foliage in their ornament, passing into something that was not foliage at all, knotting itself into strange cuplike buds or clusters, and growing out of lifeless rods instead of stems. The Gothic sculptor received these types at first, as things that ought to be, but he could not rest in them. \* \* \* There is one direction in which the naturalism of the Gothic workmen is peculiarly manifested—their peculiar fondness for the forms of vegetation. \* \* \* To him the living foliage became an object of intense affection, and he struggled to render all its characters with as much accuracy as was compatible with the laws of design and the nature of his materials; not unfrequently tempted, in his enthusiasm, to transgress the one and disguise the other. There is a peculiar significance in this, indicative both of higher civilization and gentler temperament than had before been manifested in architecture. Rudeness and a love of change, which we have insisted on as the first elements of Gothic, are also elements common to all Gothic schools. But here is a softer element mingled with them, peculiar to the Gothic itself. \* \* \* The nations whose chief support was the chase, whose chief interest was in the battle, whose chief pleasure was in the banquet, would take small care respecting the shapes of leaves and flowers, and no notice of the forest trees that sheltered them, except the signs indicative of the wood which would make the toughest lance, the closest roof, or the clearest fire. The affectionate observation of the grace and outward character of vegetation is a sure sign of a more tranquil and gentle existence, sustained by the gifts, and gladdened by the splendour, of the earth.'

And thus, in the Gothic intensity of love toward tree and flower, so strongly marked in 'every discriminating and delicate touch of the chisel, as it rounds the petal or guides the branch,' we actually behold the promise of a future high and perfect civilization. 'Nor is it only as a sign of greater gentleness and refinement of mind, but as a proof of the best possible direction of this refinement, that the tendency of the Gothic to the expression of vegetative life is to be admired.'

'Most of us do not need fine scenery—the precipice and the mountain peak are not to be seen of all men. But trees, and fields, and flowers, were made for all, and are necessary for all. God has connected the labour which is essential to bodily sustenance with the pleasures which are healthiest for the heart; and while He made the ground stubborn, he made its herbage fragrant and its blossoms fair. The proudest architecture man can build has no higher honour than to bear the image, and recal the memory, of that grass of the field,



which is at once the type and the support of his existence; the goodly building is then most glorious, when it is sculptured into the likeness of the leaves of Paradise; and the great Gothic spirit, as we showed it to be noble in its disquietude, is also noble in its hold of nature. It is indeed like the dove of Noah, in that she found no rest upon the face of the waters, but like her in this also—'Lo! in her mouth was an olive branch plucked off.'

The fourth essential element of the Gothic mind, 'grotesqueness,' Mr. Ruskin passes over for discussion in his concluding volume, when he proposes to examine 'one of the divisions of the Renaissance schools, which was morbidly influenced by it.' The fifth element, 'rigidity,' exemplified in the Gothic ornament standing out 'in prickly independence and frosty fortitude, jutting 'into crockets, and freezing into pinnacles, here starting up into a 'monster, and there germinating into a blossom,' is next traced up to its probable origin, 'the sharp energy' of the northern tribes, 'their strength of will, independence of character, resoluteness of purpose, impatience of undue control,' all visible in the 'vigorous and various masses, and daringly projecting and independent structure, of the northern Gothic ornament.' It is this character that is 'more definitely Gothic than any other,' and, as he finely says,—

'It is gladdening to remember that in its utmost nobleness, the very temper which has been thought most adverse to it, the protestant spirit of self-dependence and inquiry, was expressed in every line. Faith and aspiration there were in every Christian ecclesiastical building, from the first century to the fifteenth; but the moral habits to which England in this age owes the kind of greatness that she has—the habits of philosophical investigation, of accurate thought, of domestic seclusion and independence, of stern self-reliance, and sincere, upright searching into religious truth—were only traceable in the features which were the distinctive creation of the Gothic schools, in the veined foliage, and thorny fretwork, and shadowy niche, and buttressed pier, and fearless height of subtle pinnacle and crested tower, sent, like an 'unperplexed question, up to heaven.'

The last element is 'redundance,' that magnificent enthusiasm which feels as if it never could do enough to reach the fulness of its ideal; 'that unselfishness of sacrifice, which would rather cast 'fruitless labour before the altar, than stand idle in the market.

Mr. Ruskin having thus suggested the various 'moral or imaginative elements which composed the inner spirit of Gothic 'architecture,' proceeds to define its outer form. This portion, as addressing itself more directly to the architect, we shall pass over; but his chapter on the Gothic palaces at Venice, together with his general remarks in the earlier parts of the volume, on domestic and ecclesiastical architecture, contain so much that is valuable, not only in itself, but more especially valuable in connexion with

subjects now of daily discussion among us, that we shall notice them more at length.

The Gothic palaces of Venice, though dilapidated, and in many instances 'turned to base uses,' are yet one of the chief sources of the charm which Venice still possesses for the lover of the picturesque; who, though he may think that the stately white marble palaces of the Renaissance must, of necessity—for so he has been taught—form the chief element, would soon find that were the older and more beautiful Gothic buildings removed, the charm was removed also, for it dwelt chiefly in them. Both attract the eye, and both delight it; but—

'This effect is produced in two different ways. The Renaissance palaces are not more picturesque in themselves than the club-houses of Pall Mall; but they become delightful by the contrast of their severity and refinement with the rich and rude confusion of the sea life beneath them, and of their white and solid masonry with the green waves. Remove from beneath them the orange sails of the fishing-boats, the black gliding of the gondolas, the cumbered decks and rough crews of the barges of traffic, and the fretfulness of the green water along their foundations, and the Renaissance palaces possess no more interest than those of London and Paris. But the Gothic palaces are picturesque in themselves, and wield over us an independent power. Sea and sky and every other accessory might be taken away from them, and still they would be beautiful and strange. They are not less striking in the loneliest streets of Padua and Vincenza than in the most crowded thoroughfares of Venice itself; and if they could be transported to London, they would not altogether lose their power over the feelings.'

And this independent power, arising, we have little doubt, from the plastic, ever-changing, ever-new characteristics of the pointed arch, the clustered shafts, and the varied tracery,—each, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, admitting of millions of changes,—has been the cause of the admiration with which Gothic architecture has always been viewed by the popular eye; correct in this instance, as in many others, because it simply looked out for beauty, and found it. And this never-ceasing variety in the Gothic, is that which, beyond all other styles, fits it for general use. Rich and lovely, as we doubt not, a building like St. Mark's would be, reared on pillars of alabaster and porphyry, and its walls lucent with serpentine, and jasper, and gold-mosaic inlaid with rainbow hues, still, that almost countless wealth of material,—on which, after all, the full effect of the Byzantine style so greatly depends,—would utterly preclude its adoption, save for buildings dedicated to the most important purposes, and save by communities rich as the old republic of Venice. But the Gothic is fitted for every community and for all services, shrinking into a very hermitage,

or stretching out and towering upward to the heights of the lofty cathedral. 'Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground-plan, it can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace, and unexhausted energy: subtle and flexible, like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer.' And thus the Gothic is perfectly applicable to the modern dwelling-house; Mr. Ruskin, with all his admiration of the Byzantine palaces, remarking, that these later buildings are the most delightful residences in Venice; and he eloquently pleads for the introduction of the Gothic form into our domestic architecture, 'not only because it is lovely, but because it is the only form of faithful, strong, enduring, and honourable building, in such materials as come daily to our hands.'

Surely, every one who has marked the beautiful remains of Gothic domestic architecture in our older towns—alas! but few, and rapidly becoming fewer—and contrasted them with the formal rows of modern houses, or rather, as Mr. Ruskin says, one length of house divided into so many dwellings, and all with their set lines of square windows, and formal balconies in front, and that latest ugliness, the row of huge glazed salt-boxes, dignified with the title of 'conservatories' behind—surely every one who has looked along the old street or lane, with its sharply-pointed gabled dwellings, some with quaint ornaments on the ridge, some with fair traceried windows, jutting out into a sunny oriel, some with that sheltering porch that seems to remind us of days when neighbour sat chatting with neighbour there, as the summer's sun went down,—that porch which was duly dressed with holly as Christmas drew near, and with flowering hawthorn on May morning, and with St. John's wort and white lilies on Midsummer eve,—marking our forefathers' pleasant calendar with the poetry of flowers,—surely every one looking on these must feel that the modern dwelling, though dignified with stucco pillars at the doorway and plate-glass in the windows, is a mean and inadequate substitute.

Very beautiful was the domestic architecture of the middle ages; and, be it remembered, it was precisely the same in kind as the ecclesiastical. Among the many good services which Mr. Ruskin has done to the cause of religion, while so eloquently expatiating upon the higher characteristics of art, for few does he more deserve our thanks than for the direct and uncompromising testimony which he bears to the fact, 'that wherever Christian church architecture has been good and lovely, it has been merely the perfect development of the common dwelling-house architecture of the period.' As he truly says—

'We attach, in modern days, a kind of sacredness to the pointed

arch and the groined roof, because, while we look habitually out of square windows, and live under flat ceilings, we meet with the most beautiful forms in the ruins of our abbeys. But when these abbeys were built, the pointed arch was used for every shop door, as well as for that of the cloister, and the feudal baron and freebooter feasted, as the monk sang, under vaulted roofs, not because the vaulting was thought especially appropriate to either the revel or the psalm, but because it was then the form in which a good roof was easiest built. We have destroyed the goodly architecture of our cities, we have substituted one wholly devoid of beauty or meaning, and then we reason respecting the strange effect upon our minds of the fragments which, fortunately, we have left in our churches, as if these churches had always been designed to stand out in strong relief from all the buildings around them. \* \* \* I do not mean that every dwelling-house of the mediæval cities was as richly adorned, and as exquisite in composition as the front of their cathedrals, but that they presented features of the same kind, often in parts, quite as beautiful.

The unquestionable accuracy of this statement will be corroborated, not only by those who have studied the remains of the domestic architecture of the middle ages, but especially by students familiar with illuminated manuscripts. In these, the similarity not only of the dwellings to the churches, but of the very dishes and drinking-vessels to those 'church ornaments,' about the peculiar and mysterious sanctity of which we have heard so much of late, is strikingly apparent. Mr. Ruskin incidentally supplies us, too, with another important instance. In describing the inner adornments of the Byzantine and Gothic palaces, he refers to the 'marble wells, which furnish some of the most superb examples of Venetian sculpture.' The one of the Byzantine period 'is octagonal, and treated like the richest of our Norman fonts,' while the Gothic are, in almost every case, 'treated like colossal capitals of pillars, with foliage at the angles, and the shield of the family on their sides,' being precisely the font of the later period, which has been so carefully engraved, and so reverently dissertated upon by members of the Ecclesiological Society.

For the sakes of those reverend theorizers on church architecture and church ornaments, who ought to have known better, but who seem resolutely to have shut their eyes to these facts—and still more for the sakes of those many worthy people, conformists and non-conformists, with whom the very name of Gothic architecture raises a vision of popish persecution, and the days of queen Mary—all unwitting that her days were those of the Renaissance, and not of its lovelier predecessor—we trust that Mr. Ruskin's unanswerable arguments on this point will obtain the widest currency.

Most mischievous in its influence on the growing taste of our people has been that stupid outcry of 'popish.' Far be it from

us lightly to underrate the real danger from popery; but the yielding up of the all that was beautiful, and lofty, and imaginative in art, during the whole of that period, so wonderful in its progress, and so important in its influences upon us at this very moment,—the middle ages,—is actually surrendering into the hands of our enemies, our most important stronghold. We have not space here to go into that question—the connexion of the highest art with the deepest religious feeling—as we should wish, but we cannot pass over this part of our subject without pointing to the strange anomalous notions into which this horror of popery—in the supposed disguise of Gothic—has led many of our people. ‘What would our non-conforming forefathers say?’ is an inquiry we have often heard. Now, we willingly admit that they had not much partiality for the Gothic, any more than king James, who patronized Inigo Jones’ work of supererogation, the placing a Corinthian portico before the west front of beautiful old St. Paul’s; nor than the whole bench of bishops in his days, and his son’s also, who, with their ‘improvements,’ alike in colleges and cathedrals, did little less mischief than John Dowsing himself. The case really is, that kings, and prelates, and people—as far as they thought about the matter—were all worshippers of ‘the base Renaissance’ style; and Laud himself, would, we have no doubt, have sooner adorned Canterbury cathedral with urns, and flower-wreaths, and Cupid-like genii, than restored the stately saints and solemn angels of the elder day. Now that our puritan forefathers should have participated in the bad taste of their times, is no more surprising than that they should have used the same furniture, and lived in the same houses as their neighbours. But that they had not the same horror of the Gothic which some of their admirers profess now-a-days, is proved by the simple fact, that their chief theologians quietly preached in buildings far more ‘popish,’ after all the ‘purification’ bestowed on them, than any which their descendants in the present day occupy.

We might do well to remember that Owen preached many a sermon beneath the richly groined roof of Christchurch, Oxford; nor have we any testimony that the florid ornamentation of the choir, or the stately massiveness of the Norman nave, exercised an influence in any way unfavourable to preacher or to hearer. The puritan warden of New College passed daily those fine old stained glass windows in the ante-chapel, nor did he consider it necessary to ‘cause them to be broken down,’ albeit saints and virgin-martyrs fill the panes with solemn beauty; so there they stand to this day, contrasting with the extravagantly lauded large west window, with its handsome transparency of the Nativity, and its seven attitudinizing virtues—that object of gaping admiration

to excursion trains, but which every man of taste must feel is far better fitted for a conservatory than a chapel. And in like manner York, Canterbury, every cathedral throughout the land, once echoed the voice of the puritan preacher, and the plain metrical psalm of the puritan congregation; while the Long Parliament, even the Assembly of Divines, presbyterians of the straightest order, listened to Stephen Marshall, or 'precious Master Case,' in Westminster Abbey, their eyes resting on the beautiful tracery of the Confessor's Chapel, and the effigy of the Confessor himself, in the venerable east window beyond. Surely, then, the Gothic could not have been such a very bugbear to our puritan fathers.

But the accessories,—the angels' heads, or the solemn faces that sometimes are permitted in modern chapel architecture to look down upon the worshipper as he enters—is it right, we have been gravely asked, to allow such ornaments to be put up now? Well, there does not seem to us any great difference between permitting such things to remain, or putting them up anew. Now, did these objectors sternly reject *all* ornament whatever, we might know how to meet them. But they do not. In one of our most correctly Gothic chapels, two delicate cherubs' heads were placed just beneath the pulpit desk, and loud was the outcry; and yet the very objectors could contentedly worship beneath a roof made 'classical' by a cornice of unmeaning triglyphs and sacrificial rams'-heads, and had passed again and again those detestable caryatides, that stand—for what purpose nobody can tell—round the ugly vestry of Pancras New Church, without a remark on their gross misappropriation. But then rams'-heads, and bolt upright figures, with a ponderous cornice on their heads, are not 'popish.' Truly, they are not; but they are heathenish, and therefore we should think still worse.

It is, indeed, astonishing to find, as we look more deeply into this subject, what an amount of lurking heathenism, like a slow poison,—‘the pestilent Renaissance,’ as with Mr. Ruskin we heartily call it—has insinuated among us. It was but as the other day that our fathers flocked admiringly to St. Paul's to laud the tiptoe Fames blowing their marble trumpets, and the half-draped Victories, simpering over the dying hero; or worse, the brawny Neptunes, with tridents stretched above the subject waves, in the very temple of Him who alone formed both the sea and the dry land! We have got a little beyond this; thanks to the awakening admiration of the Gothic; but still most of us would look with some feeling of distaste on the recumbent effigy. And yet, why should this be? Is not the outstretched figure the very form in which those we have loved are the last

seen by us? And are not the hands, gently uplifted in prayer, the very attitude in which the Christian would wish to die—the eye closed, the lips moveless, but the clasped hands still pointing upward, as the voiceless touching utterance of—‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?’ But this recumbent effigy is unseemly on tombstones, so we have folds of drapery flung across a kind of chest, and an extinguished torch, sometimes a couple, in the front. The extinguished torch! giving the lie to the glorious announcement, ‘life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel!’ Would the life-enjoying Greek, who shuddered with such sickness of heart at the falling leaf, emblem of his destiny—or the Roman, who in the midst of his costliest banquet, thought mournfully on the mere handful of dust which alone would remain of him—would *they* have placed the extinguished torch on their tombs, had ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life’ sounded from heaven in their ears? Let us look well to this; the dissociation of art from religion came in with that ‘classical’ taste which, for more than three centuries, has been paramount throughout Europe; and may not the feeling which came in with it, too, which, under the guise of contempt for superstition, ignores all direct reference to religion, have its root in something even worse than ‘popery.’ As Mr. Ruskin solemnly remarks, when contrasting the self-dedictory spirit of the middle ages with modern feeling:—

‘Let us look to it, whether that strong reluctance to utter a definite religious profession, which so many of us feel, and which, not very carefully examining into its dim nature, we conclude to be modesty, or fear of hypocrisy, or other such form of amiableness, be not in very deed neither less nor more than infidelity; whether Peter’s, ‘I know not the man,’ be not the sum and substance of all these misgivings and hesitations; and whether the shamefacedness which we attribute to sincerity and reverence, be not such shamefacedness as may, at last, put us among those of whom the Son of Man shall be ashamed.’

It is in the religious feelings of the middle ages—feelings often superstitious, but always sincere, and which have been greatly misunderstood, that we think we may find the reason of the peculiar adaptability of the Gothic for places of worship. The popular mind was serious, and its edifices partook of the same character. The cross was carved above the porch, or surmounted the gable, while scriptural subjects were often painted on the wall, or woven in the tapestry; and above the entrance, some religious legend, supported by bending angels, told that the householder and his family were not ashamed to supplicate the favour of the Most High, and to acknowledge that they dwelt beneath the shadow of His wings. Those remaining over the old Venetian doorways are very fine; and two given by Mr.

Ruskin, in his folio plates, are exquisite in feeling as in execution. In one, a graceful angel looks protectingly down, holding a scroll with both hands, on which is inscribed '*Pax huic domui*;' in the other, a majestic winged figure, but no mere angel, for he bears the globe of dominion in the one hand, while the other is raised in benediction, bends gently over; and well could we imagine how as the wealthy Venetian merchant, surrounded by his goodly family, went in or out of his palace-dwelling, he would glance upward to that calm, majestic figure, and remembering how He had watched over and guided him, pray, in the very words of the patriarch, 'The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.'

Thus, when we come to perceive how much religious symbol was in use in the house, we shall see how natural it was that solemn ranks of saints and prophets should line the porches of the church, and angels stretch their mighty wings across its doorway. 'Churches were larger than most other buildings, because they had to hold more people; they were more adorned than most other buildings, because they were safer from violence, and were the fitting subjects of devotional offering; but they were never built in any separate, mystical, and religious style.' The spiritualizations of Durand—that stronghold of our Anglo-Catholics—were long subsequent to the erection of churches, in whose every detail he finds a subject for his mysticism; and a devout, warm-hearted, imaginative race, brought their gold and their silver, bestowed their hardest labour and their choicest workmanship, their most delicate fancies, their most exquisite adornments, on the rising building, simply that, with the best they possessed, God's house should be beautified. This view may appear strange to those who have read how men, at a later period, were coaxed, and wheedled, and threatened to give toward the repairs of a church, or the erection of a Lady-chapel; how a tantalizing list of indulgences was proffered to each who would aid in stretching the mighty dome over St. Peter's; but all this belonged to a base later period, the period that witnessed the rejection of the Gothic, and of the genuine spirit, too, of the middle ages. During those ages, when, as we lately pointed out, (No. XXXV.) the devoted Croises, for six generations, kept the Moslem power at bay, that same spirit of self-sacrifice that braced on the mail of the soldier of the cross, and sent him far away from country and home, displayed itself throughout Christendom by those who stay behind in the easier service, though as heartfelt, of bringing their costliest and their best to God's altar. Then, the architect drew his noblest plan, and the sculptor lavished his finest chiselling, and the embroidress wrought the gorgeous hangings, and the illumi-



nator, month after month, multiplied his delicate touches on the broad page of snowy vellum, that the open book reverently laid as the tribute of artist skill on the lectern, should fling back to gilded roof and rainbow-hued window, colours as dazzling, and forms as stately and as fair.

We have forgotten all this, and we fancy that men were compelled by hopes of priestly favour, and by fears of purgatory, to do these things, just as we have been accustomed to view the Crusades as a great priestly instrument for keeping Christendom in subjection, instead of being, as we trust we proved it to be,—the agents themselves being witnesses,—from beginning to end a mighty popular movement. It is said that we have forgotten this, for the lesson might be useful to us in the nineteenth century, when in the midst of our luxuries, our very extravagancies of decoration, we forget that He who gave the means for obtaining these luxuries, and the skill, too, that invented them, demands that He should be acknowledged in them all. Truly has Mr. Ruskin said, in that most eloquent work, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*:—

‘It ought always to be said, for it is true, that a better and more honourable offering is made to our Master in ministering to the poor, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so. Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars, or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want. But the question is not between God’s house and His gospel,—it is between God’s house and ours. Have we no tessellated colours on our floors? No frescoed fancies on our roofs? No niched statues in our corridors? No gilded furniture in our chambers? No costly stones in our cabinets? Has even a tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury. But there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial, that our pleasure, as well as our toil, has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him, who gave both the strength and the reward.’

Much censure has been passed upon Mr. Ruskin for this assertion, and upon the noble and stirring argumentation by which he enforces it. What, are we to bring offerings like the blind heathen, or trick out our churches with every meretricious adornment, like the papists, whose ignorant worship he himself so sternly condemns? Surely not in their spirit, because that is a spirit of bondage,—but wherefore not in the spirit of her who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment, and received not

censure, but praise? We cannot help thinking that much of the surprise with which Mr. Ruskin's opinions, on this subject, have been received, has really arisen from utter forgetfulness of that common principle which prompts men to set up memorials, simply in acknowledgment of benefits received.

‘Great men have been among us,—hands that penned,  
And tongues that uttered wisdom;’

and how do we honour them—is it not by the monument? The writer, the speaker, while living, may have wanted bread, and we give him, as the satirist says, a stone. But we all feel that the stone is an acknowledgment, and that to leave him without one, would only be worse still. We feel we should be doing wrong to *ourselves*, as well as to his memory, were this wanting, and that the abstract sense of justice demands the open recognition of the benefits he has conferred on us. And is public spirit niggardly in that recognition—a mere slab of freestone, a structure of plain brick, however conspicuous, is that deemed sufficient? No, we rear it of flawless marble, or mould it in costly bronze. And how gladly, but yesterday, did our poorest men come with their pence, even as the rich men came with their gold,—an offering toward the costly memorial of him, who had made bread cheap for them and their children! That memorial too, be it remembered, was no school-house, or almshouse, but a monument utterly useless, save as a monument, but raised expressly in token of gratitude, all men felt its strict propriety.

Now is there aught strange in this principle being stretched out farther, and the place where God is worshipped, adorned with our choicest and our best? In what way this may be most wisely done, whether by richness of material alone, or how far artistic decoration may allowably be added, is a wide and an important subject, depending upon many conditions, and especially involving the consideration of the influence of religion and religious feeling upon art. As Mr. Ruskin has promised to go more fully into this subject in his third volume, we postpone our remarks upon it,—meanwhile expressing the delight we have felt in the inspection and perusal of this interesting, and suggestive, and truly religious volume—a veritable ‘Book of Beauty,’ both in thought and illustration. No man among us has brought to art-criticism so much of the rare genius which this department of criticism demands as Mr. Ruskin.

ART. VII.—*Classic and Historic Portraits.* By JAMES BRUCE. 2 vols.  
London: Hurst & Blackett. 1853.

‘IN spite of learned reprehension,’ says the author of these entertaining volumes, ‘those works in which the narrative of great public affairs is mixed up with the more minute private and personal details and descriptions, which pedants and philosophers consider to be below what they call ‘the dignity of history,’ are, I believe, read with more pleasure than more pretending volumes, in which this disagreeable ‘dignity of history’ is stiffly and proudly sustained.’

Mr. Bruce is perfectly correct in his remark. People do like to know all that they can about the personal appearance and habits of any celebrated man or woman in whom they take an interest. They instinctively feel, as it were, that they have a firmer hold of any historical personage, and can understand better all that he did or could do, when they have authentic information about his face, figure, stature, voice, dress, gait, and ordinary manner of behaviour. Nor are they far wrong. When, for example, one is told that Thomas Aquinas was such a big silent fellow that he used to be called ‘the large mute ox of Sicily,’ one certainly does see the old schoolman with a degree of corporeal distinctness which assists wonderfully in giving a human interest to his metaphysics. So, again, when we know that Cromwell had a ‘salmon-coloured’ face, our ideas of the whole history of his period will be more correct than if we went on, as many have done, fancying him a swart man. Again, much as was written about Coleridge before Mr. Carlyle published his well-known description of him in his *Life of Sterling*, we believe that every reader of that book will confess that he has known the sage a great deal better since Mr. Carlyle reproduced, and, by clever typographical aid, conveyed to the eye, his recollection of the kind of humming snuffle with which the sage spoke. ‘Sum-m-ject’ and ‘om-m-ject’—who knows how much of the Coleridgian philosophy might have been now wanting, had its founder’s utterance of these and similar words been less nasal and prolonged?

Pedants and philosophers, as Mr. Bruce says, are apt to have a horror of such gossip, and do not willingly condescend to it themselves. But in literature, recently, the tide has been going against them, and the ‘dignity of history’ has been obliged to bend its knees a little. Observing how all the world runs after such books as Plutarch’s *Lives*, or Boswell’s *Memoir of Johnson*, and seeing, for example, how much more vivid a glimpse we obtain of Cortez and his doings in Mexico from the old Chronicle

of Bernal Diaz, than from the lucid and elegant pages of Robertson, both the writers of history and their critics have been more deferential of late than they used to be to the popular taste for anecdote, physiognomical delineation, and personal gossip. This change may, in part, be attributed to the powerful example of such writers as Sir Walter Scott, who, feeling that their strength lay in their own inborn relish for the picturesque and the concrete, naturally and without reference to any theory, allowed this relish to determine the character of their works. But theory itself is now on the same side, and the popular taste for the anecdotic in history is considered to be capable of sound scientific defence. It is made a question now whether Herodotus was not a man of greater historical genius than Thucydides; people are not afraid of going to Suetonius for facts to illustrate the nobler narratives of Tacitus; the ponderous tomes of Alison, where the 'dignity of history' is still kept up, do not find such favour with judicious critics as the lighter essays of Macaulay and others; and it is regarded as the indispensable duty of every one who professes to write a history of any period, that he shall dive down below the surface, consult the contemporary chronicles, and variegate his text, even to its typographic injury, with rough bits of old spelling and racy morsels of old gossip selected from thence. In biography, of course, there is a still more peremptory demand for interesting anecdotes and personalities. It is considered an essential part of the modern biographic art that, in the story of any man's life, the biographer shall contrive to inweave not only any interesting letters, or other similar emanations from the man's own pen that may survive, but also as much information as he can possibly scrape together respecting the man's eyes, nose, and mouth, his legs and feet, the colour of his coat, the dishes he liked for dinner, the hour of his getting up in the morning, his favourite authors and pet quotations, the condition of his aunts and other relatives, and the temper and economic talent of his wife.

The rigorousness of biography in this respect may, in fact, well strike terror into those who are notable enough to become the subjects of it. There are limits, as all know, to what it is pleasant or expedient to commemorate in connexion even with those respecting whom the world is most laudably curious. It is not every man worthy to have his biography written that has a circle of uncles and aunts all historically presentable, or that could afford to lay open, for the inspection of future centuries, every cupboard in his household. And so, generalizing the matter, it is, perhaps, only a per-centage of the facts of the past that Time and the historians ought to roll down to us. What the facts

are that should be included in this per-centage, different men will define differently. Only those which are, in themselves, noble and heroic, say some; only those which are interesting from the cosmopolitical point of view, say others; only those which we are intelligent enough to see tolerantly and in their true proportion, say a third class of persons. In the main, perhaps, all these various definitions amount to the same thing; though the last is the largest in its sweep, and points to a time when, the soul of the world being clearer and deeper—its intellectual digestion, so to speak, stronger—it may safely charge itself with the recollection of much that it now more wisely forgets. Meanwhile one can certainly see directions in which the passion for gossip may carry biographers and others too far. It is questionable, for instance, whether too much literary attention is not now given to *Causes Célèbres*, *Lives of Celebrated Criminals*, and other carrion of that kind; and whether, all due allowance being made for the necessity of estimating the Aphrodisaic influence in history, there is not more of private prurience than of genuine historic zeal in the persevering readings which some bestow on the Byzantine sources of Gibbon's foot-notes and the scandalous French memoirs of later times. So also there is surely a limit to what is desirable in the way of biographic investigation into the conduct of a man's aunts and uncles, the way in which a man may have spent his evenings in his youth, and the contents of his cupboards after he has come to be master of a household. It is difficult, however, to fix the limit—to say, for example, what should be told of Goethe or Burns; what cast aside as unnecessary to be told of them, even if authentic. Some saltless souls, indeed, there have been, even among men of intellectual note, who have proscribed biography altogether, and have carried their theoretical contempt for it, in their own case, so far as to refuse all information about their earlier years even to their intimate friends, and to persist to their dying day in not allowing their portraits to be taken. The notion of these enemies of the concrete is, that what emanates from a man in the way of new intellectual meaning alone is of consequence; and that when this mingles with the rush of mind from those antecedent souls of other centuries, of so few of whom we have any individual knowledge, we have all of the man that we need care to have, and may leave his husk to rot where it fell. This notion is not confined to persons whose tastes are for the abstract. A modified form of it, applicable especially to literary biography, seems to have been entertained even by so true a son of the concrete as the poet Wordsworth. If we remember aright, it is Wordsworth who objects to the intrusion of a biographic spirit into literary criticism; maintaining that a poem, or other work of art, ought to be judged

by its own merits, as a kind of existence that has floated quite loose from its author, and not by any reference to what may be independently known of the author's character or principles as a man. Thus, to a fair estimate of *Endymion*, it would be necessary, according to Wordsworth, to confine the regards to the poem itself, forgetting all that may have been learnt of the social position and the private habits of Keats.

On the whole, however, we would, for our part, do nothing to discourage the passion for biographical gossip, the excesses of which will probably correct themselves. We demur even to Wordsworth's modified protest against this passion as affecting the tone of modern criticism of works of pure imagination. Admitting that poems and other works of art may be regarded as existences that have floated loose from the minds that originated them, and may be tried and pronounced excellent or the reverse according to certain fixed canons of judgment applicable to such compositions generally, we yet hold that, in a certain deep sense, every poem or work of art, however imaginative, is then best viewed when it is viewed as a revelation of the special humanity of its author; and that, as, on the one hand, a critic will appreciate such a work all the more profoundly and intimately from knowing its author personally beforehand, so, on the other hand, and in other cases, that species of criticism is the most thorough which aims, as it were, at doing nothing more with a work than educe from it, and cunningly chase out of it, the lineaments, one by one, of its unknown author. In short, so fully do we sympathize with that popular taste for the personal and the anecdotic in history and biography, which it is Mr. Bruce's object in the present work to defend and to cater for, that we have often wished to see in our libraries some large work, supplementary to our ordinary biographical dictionaries, in which, the alphabetical arrangement of the names being retained, and the ordinary summaries of the biographical facts being either inserted or omitted, all the recoverable details should be collected respecting the physiognomies and personal habits of all the men and women that have made themselves eminent, whether in war, politics, social life, art, literature, or science. To show what we mean we will attempt what might perhaps pass for two articles in this ideal Dictionary of historic physiognomies. We select two personages, the materials respecting whom chance to lie nearest to our hands, not pretending, however, to give respecting them all, or nearly all, that might be given, had we time for the necessary researches.

‘CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. Poet. Born, London, A.D. 1328; [here may be inserted, if thought desirable, the main facts of his life] died A.D. 1400. In his mature age, a portly well-shaped man, with fair complexion, hair and beard of the hue of ripe wheat [authority for this last

particular mislaid, but believed, on recollection, to be sufficient], with a meditative humorous expression, and a habit of looking down. Described by himself in the *Canterbury Tales*, thus:—

‘Our host to jape, he began,  
And then at erst he lookèd upon me,  
And saidè thus: ‘What man art thou?’ quoth he,  
‘Thou lookest as thou wouldest find an hare,  
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.  
Approché near and look up merrily.  
Now, ware you, sirs, and let this man have place:  
He in the waist is shapen as well as I:  
This were a puppet in an arm to embrace  
For any woman small and fair of face:  
He seemeth elvish by his countenance,  
For unto no wight doth he dalliance.’

All Chaucer’s writings accord with this portrait, and suggest a genial and healthy man, not unlike Scott, with the same keen relish of the open air, and of the natural beauties of the fields, and the same sense of humour, but with a slyer and deeper reflective turn—‘elvish in his countenance,’ and his eyes generally to the ground, as if ‘to find a hare.’

‘MAHOMET, or MOHAMMED, IBN ABDALLAH: the Arabian Prophet, and Founder of the Creed of Islam: born, Mecca, A.D. 571 [here insert, if thought desirable, the main facts of his life]; died A.D. 632. The following details are taken from the work of the Arabian historian Almfeda (1273-1331), *De vitâ et rebus gestis Mohammedis* (published, Oxford, 1723, in Arabic and Latin); or from notes appended to that work by its Oxford editors, and embodying whatever scraps of information they could collect from other sources. The Prophet, according to these accounts, was a very handsome man of middle stature, with a broad chest, a thick neck, large hands and feet, a large head, long black hair, a thick beard, flashing black eyes, with a kind of redness or fire in them, and a complexion more ruddy than was common among the Arabs. At his death, he had but a few white hairs on his head, or in his beard. The extremities of his forehead projected far over the temples (*Extremum frontis latus supra tempora prominens exprorectum*—i. e., as the phrenologists would say, ‘Wonder and Ideality very large.’) His eyebrows were long and thin, and between them, in the middle of his forehead, was conspicuously seen a vein, the swelling of which was a sign of anger. Between his shoulders was a mole as large as a pigeon’s egg, which his followers regarded as the sign of his prophethood. Other particulars, even more minute, are added—such as *villosa admodum brachia et spatula*, and a thin *ductus pilorum a jugulo usque ad umbilicum*. He had a powerful memory; did not speak much, and was often silent for a long time together; was extremely affable, and so studiously polite as to listen even to the most tedious speaker, and never to rise from his seat till his visitor himself moved to depart. He often visited his friends and inquired how matters were going on with them. When

talking in an easy way, he had a habit of sitting with folded hands, striking his left thumb with his right. He became immediately angry if he heard any one tampering with the truth. He milked his own ewes, mended his own shoes and garments, and was very abstemious in his living, eating whatever was put before him. He had a passion, however, for ointments and perfumes, and was wont to say that there were two things that particularly exhilarated him—women and perfumes. When he looked at a woman, says one of his followers, he would rub his brow and smooth his hair, as if not unwilling to please her; and on one such occasion he was seen to arrange his hair, looking at his reflection in the water. He was extremely liberal to all about him, and scrupulously just in his dealings. He liked a laugh, and sometimes joked himself. The following is told by the prophet's favourite wife, Ayesha. 'Once as the prophet was mending his shoe, the perspiration broke out on his face, so that I could not see the peculiar light that used to radiate from it. 'By Allah,' said I, 'if Abu Kaber were to see you now, he would learn whether that poem of his about you is more applicable to you than to any one else.' Then said he, 'What poem is it that Abu Kaber has written about me?' 'He says,' replied I, 'nothing less than this—'When I beheld the Prophet I was all joy: his countenance shines as the cloud shines, and he goes with glory.' Hearing this, the prophet, wiping away the perspiration, and showing a merrier face than usual, said—'O, Ayesha, thou hast given me a great reward.'

Such a work as we have indicated might, of course, be illustrated with portraits and with facsimiles of autographs.

Though no such work exists in English, or, as far as we are aware, in any other language, there have recently been published, both in English and French, and also, we have no doubt, in German, many volumes, conceived somewhat in the spirit of such a work, and furnishing materials that would be incorporated in it. Mr Bruce's volumes deserve notice among attempts of this kind. The example we have made from his preface shows sufficiently that he has the right notion of the thing in his head; and there is much in the contents of the volumes themselves that is curious, valuable, and interesting. The characters that enter into his series of 'Classic and Historic Portraits,' are fifty-eight in all,—Sappho, Æsop, Pythagoras, Aspasia, Milo, Agesilaus, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Helen of Troy, Alexander the Great, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Scipio Africanus, Sylla, Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Germanicus, Caligula, Lollia Paulina, Cæsonia, Bondicca, Agrippina, Poppæa, Otho, Commodus, Caracalla, Helio-gabalus, Zenobia, Julian the Apostate, Eudocia, Theodora, Charlemagne, Abelard, Heloise, Elizabeth of Hungary, Dante, Robert Bruce, Ignaz de Castro, Agnes Sorol, Jane Shore, Lucrezia Borgia, Anne Bullen, Diana of Poitiers, Catharine de' Medici,



Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Cervantes, Sir Kenelm Digby, John Sobieski, Anne of Austria, Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame de Montpensier, the Duchess of Orleans, Madame de Maintenon, Catharine of Russia, and Madame de Staël. These fifty-eight personages, thirty-one of whom are women, are sketched in a lively way with the help of such records as Mr. Bruce had been able to consult, and the sketches are varied by somewhat droll remarks and disquisitions on all subjects, literary, artistic, and ecclesiastical, introduced *à propos*. Mr. Bruce is evidently an original after his fashion, and raps out the oddest propositions on the gravest matters with a kind of rough energy which is very amusing. Thus, speaking of the comedies of Roswida, a nun of the tenth century, he says—

‘The Christian theatre was then, as it had always been since its origin with St. Gregory of Nyssa, and continued to be till about the end of the sixteenth century, the faithful ally of the pulpit and the church. Little did the cheerful and good-humoured nun dream that the time would come when a set of sour, surly fellows, calling themselves what she would not have called herself—godly, would rise up and make a divorce between religion and everything that is agreeable, and declare that such innocent and instructive recreations as had produced roars of salutary laughter amongst her spiritual sisters, were the inventions and contrivances of Satan; who, according to the Puritans, is the author of everything that is pleasant, graceful, or elegant, or that tends, in any measure, to make the burden of this weary life bearable \* \* \* The question has been raised, were the comedies of Roswida intended for performance, and actually performed, or only designed for perusal? From the specimen of their character, and the nature of the fun which pervaded them, as given by M. Chasles, I cannot doubt that they were actually performed. Mr. Hallam (*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, lib. i. c. 14) speaks with contempt of the nun’s comedies; but Hallam speaks contemptuously of *Bayle’s Dictionary*, and had (*sic*) a perfect passion for everything that is dry and unreadable, and an utter destitution of all imagination, taste, or feeling.’

How the Puritans and Mr. Hallam will survive such an attack, we do not know; but the passage is quite in Mr. Bruce’s way. Here is another passage, in the same strain, in which our good Dr. Merle D’Aubigné is the sufferer, and Luther is painted in what Mr. Bruce thinks his true colours.

‘The biographers of illustrious persons have generally shown a disposition, while intending to exalt the character of their heroes and heroines, to paint them like themselves, and often to lower them to their own standard. This D’Aubigné, trying to exalt Luther, makes him like a modern evangelical preacher; and by leaving out one-half, and that certainly not the worse half of his character, has succeeded

in depriving it of what helped to make the great German Reformer the natural, impulsive, likeable man that he was; presenting to us a person little better than D'Aubigné himself, instead of the true man, Luther—the player at skittles, the advocate of the theatre, the drinker of ale, whose favourite lines expressed his favourite tastes—which were for wine, beauty, and music:—

‘Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang,  
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.’

Mr. Bruce's fault, it will be seen, is not excess of reverence, nor excess of delicacy. There are a good many such passages as the above in his book; and in his descriptions of ladies there is more of the ‘salutary roar of laughter’ vein than is usually considered compatible with modern elegance. The brisk animal spirits of the author, however, make him pleasant even where his opinions and his taste are questionable; and besides this, there are passages in his book interesting from the quaintness of their matter, and sometimes from their learning. For example:—

*Large and small foreheads in women.*—‘The admiration of such (large) foreheads in women is a depravity of modern times, and is yet, and ever will be, confined to a few sectarians in taste. The ancients—erring, perhaps, on the other side, but the safe and gentle side—sighed for narrow and low foreheads. I cannot recollect, in any ancient writer, a passage in praise of a large forehead in a woman. Horace calls Lycoris ‘illustrious,’ for her slender forehead—

‘Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida  
Cyri torret amor.’

‘Winkelman, who has noticed this passage in his work on ‘Ancient Art,’ tells us that the Greek women, where the real beauty was wanting, gave the appearance of loveliness to their foreheads by fastening a band below their hair; and that the beautiful women of Circassia produce the same effect by an ingenious manner of combing down their locks. Petronius, in his exquisite picture of Circé, in which he has assembled so many points of high beauty—the naturally curled hair flowing down on her shoulders, and the eyebrows almost joined, does not forget to describe the forehead as ‘very small.’ . . . The oldest seeming commendation of a large forehead in women that I have happened to meet with occurs in the Canzone of Dante—*Io miro i crespi e gli biondi capegli*, where he gives a detailed and very fine description of his mistress, and praises, as appears, her ‘ample forehead’—*la spaziosa fronte*. But in justice to Beatrice, may not her lover's *spaziosa* be the Latin *speciosa*, ‘beautiful?’ Chaucer, however, following soon after Dante, is unequivocal in praising the broad forehead of the prioress:—

‘Sickerly sho had a fair forehead,  
It was almost a span broad I trow.’

The celebrated verses, which enumerate the thirty points of woman's

beauty, all of which are said to have been assembled together in Helen of Troy, are of unknown authorship. They have been translated into most languages, and are found in French, Latin, Italian, and Spanish—the French being believed to be the original; but they have never been regarded as older than the commencement of the sixteenth century. In these lines, it is laid down that the perfect woman must have three parts broad—the breast, the forehead, and the space between the eyes.’ It is somewhat remarkable, that out of these three the ancients desired two—the two latter—to be narrow. But there are great offences against sound taste in this enumeration of the thirty points; and if Helen had been such as this writer supposes her to have been, Paris would never have stolen her away.

‘Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.’

The ‘points of female beauty,’ thirty, forty, or whatever may chance to be the number, are very favourite ‘points’ with Mr. Bruce, and are discussed with considerable repetition, and a somewhat prosaic gusto in the course of his volumes. He is particularly well read on the subject of hair, and discourses on black hair and golden hair very learnedly. He collects a number of particulars respecting the golden hair so much in favour among the ancients, and during the middle ages. This ‘golden hair,’ it seems, was seen to perfection in Lucrezia Borgia.

‘Leigh Hunt, in one of his essays on female beauty, assures us, on the evidence of his own eyes, that the hair of Lucrezia was of that colour which is justly and properly called golden. Mr. Hunt was in possession of an interesting and affecting relic of mortality—a solitary hair of this famous woman’s head. ‘It was given us,’ he says, ‘by a lamented friend (Lord Byron), who obtained it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. On the envelope he put the happy motto, ‘And beauty draws us with a single hair.’ If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn; it is golden, and nothing else; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucrezia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it, cries out and pronounces it the real thing. We must confess, after all, we prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, we think, a finer shade for the skin, a richer warmth, a darker lustre. But Lucrezia’s hair must have been still divine. Mr. Landor, whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on this occasion with the following verses:—

‘Borgia, thou once wert almost too august  
And high for adoration; now thou’rt dust.  
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,  
Calm hair meandering with pellucid gold.’

The sentiment,’ continues Mr. Hunt, ‘implied in the last line, will be

echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next to it, or longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, 'I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.'

Mr. Bruce is somewhat dubious as to the naturalness of the golden tint of Lucrezia's hair, the favour in which the tint was held having led the ancients, as well as Lucrezia's contemporaries, to all kinds of artificial means for producing it. Mr. Bruce, however, would have no fault to find with Lucrezia, even if she did dye her hair, being, as he takes care to inform us, a friend to the moderate use of cosmetics.

We have quoted enough to show that there is plenty of entertaining matter in Mr. Bruce's volumes. Regarding them, however, as a series of classic and historic portraits, offered as articles for our ideal dictionary of ancient and modern physiognomies, we are less satisfied with them. In the first place, the fifty-eight personages selected are by no means all of such a rank, in our opinion, as to deserve the honour of being first admitted into such a portrait-gallery. 'It would be a fatal error in a work of this kind,' says Mr. Bruce in his preface, 'if the writer were to give his readers minute personal sketches of any persons but those whose names are famous enough to be familiar to all but the entirely illiterate.' This is true, nor can we say that Mr. Bruce has selected persons whose names are *not* familiar. But it would have given a more substantial worth to his book, if he had deliberately singled out, as nearly as possible, those personages whom the world, in looking back, would pronounce as among the greatest and noblest that have lived in it. Correct descriptions of the personal appearance and habits of fifty-eight such personages would have been invaluable. But Mr. Bruce's fifty-eight are not such. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Dante, and Cervantes—to these and some others included in Mr. Bruce's series no one can object; Sappho, Cleopatra, and Mary Queen of Scots, may also have their claims; but what man, not either a professed student of morbid anatomy, or a professed *philetairist*, if we may coin such a word (and it would be well if it were understood, that neither of these is the same thing as a student of history), cares to have the everlasting old particulars served up to him afresh, respecting such brutes as Caligula and Heliogabalus, or such fascinating specimens of the frail sisterhood, as Poppæa Sabina, and Diana of Poitiers? Not being absolute bears, and being quite willing to appreciate the

influence of the 'gallant' in history, we would excuse the *philetairic* taste so far as to admit a Ninon de l'Enclos as a type of her class; but why illustrate that class with portraits of so many second-rate members of it? The truth is, either Mr. Bruce, to make his work entertaining, has allowed the taste for the morbid, on the one hand, and for the gallant on the other, to influence too largely his choice of subjects for delineation; or to make his task easier, he has selected those subjects, respecting whom, from the past prevalence of the same tastes, the materials are most accessible. Suetonius alone might have furnished him with anecdotes enough respecting a considerable portion of his 'classic' personages; and we suspect he has not had much further to go, than to Brantôme and the French memoirs of the last century, for very minute descriptions of the charms of some of his modern 'historic' beauties. It might have cost Mr. Bruce a good deal more research to have included such men as Cyrus, Pericles, Epaminondas, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Hannibal, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Hadrian among his 'classic'; and Attila, Mahomet, Alfred, Pope Gregory VII., Peter the Hermit, Columbus, Chaucer, Luther, Calvin, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, and Goethe among his 'historic' portraits—but, had these been included, and a corresponding number of the others been omitted to make room for them, the work would have been nearer our ideal of what such a work might be.

After all, however, it is hardly fair to blame a work for its not containing what the author never meant it to contain; and Mr. Bruce did not take his pen in hand to supply articles for our ideal dictionary of ancient and modern physiognomies. We must take the book as it is, and be thankful if it is well done. Now, with all its merits, we think it might have been done better. For one thing, it is by no means free from inaccuracies. In the sketch of Aspasia, for example, we are told that 'of her lover, the accomplished Pericles, we have only the vague tradition that he was of prepossessing appearance', and that he was considered to bear 'a striking resemblance to the tyrant Pisisistratus.' If this is all that Mr. Bruce can tell us of Pericles personally, there must be an extraordinary gap in his scholarship. There are few men of the ancient world, respecting whose personal appearance and habits we have more information than respecting those of the prince of Grecian statesmen, the 'thundering Jove' as he used to be called, of the Athenian assemblies. To go no further than Plutarch, we find in that author, besides many other particulars respecting Pericles, a very curious account of the shape of his head. Pericles, says Plutarch, was faultless in the form of his body, 'only his head was somewhat long and disproportioned;

for which reason it is that almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet.' The shape of Pericles's head, he goes on to tell us, was a perpetual subject of joke among the Athenians, who nick-named him *Schinokephalus*, or 'onion-head,' in allusion to it. The 'onion-head' of Pericles seems, in fact, to have been to the comic poets of the time very much what the Duke of Wellington's nose was to *Punch* and our own caricaturists. Of five passages quoted by Plutarch, the following is one.

'Puzzled with nice affairs of state and town,  
His great head, being overset, hangs down.'

There is another—

'Only from that long over-growing pate  
There doth arise much trouble to the state.'

Busts of Pericles still exist, from which we may judge of the 'onion-head' for ourselves. There is a very beautiful and characteristic bust in the British Museum—one of the gems of that collection. In looking at it, one is particularly struck with the extreme smallness and fineness of the features of the face as compared with the side of the cranium. This is covered with the helmet, so that the onion-shape, which took the fancy of the Athenians, cannot well be made out. One observes, however, as remarkable in the head, the extraordinary depth backward, from the forehead to the nape of the neck, where the helmet confines the back hair; and this is probably connected with the peculiarity which the Athenians caricatured. All this may seem very trivial; but if we *are* to have personal details about eminent historical personages, by all means let us, in the very first place, be informed as minutely as possible respecting any oddities in the shape of their crania. It is not only about Pericles's *head*, however, that we have such minute information; all the ways and environment of the man may be distinctly imagined by any one who will go through the necessary inquiries for himself, or read the result of the inquiries of such a historian as Mr. Grote. About so important a man, Mr. Bruce's ignorance is hardly excusable.

Passing to the actual portraits with which Mr. Bruce has presented us, we find them, in most cases, both less full and less precise than they might have been. What Mr. Bruce should have done, in order to carry out his idea, as explained in his preface, was, carefully to have accumulated, in the first place, all the ascertainable particulars respecting the personal appearance and habits of the men and women he had selected for delineation—for this purpose, not only consulting histories, memoirs, dramatic poems of the time, and the like, but also examining busts, portraits, medals, &c.; and, in the next place, to have set down all

the information thus collected in a few paragraphs, systematically arranged, and expressed with the utmost regard for brevity and pictorial exactness. Instead of this, he has, in most instances, gone no further than the nearest memoir for his particulars, the scantiness of which he then hides by droll remarks of his own, and little digressions from the immediate subject of his sketch to others whose names occur to him. The chief part of his sketch of Socrates, for example, consists of a quotation from Rabelais, excellent enough in itself, but somewhat disappointing when offered as a substitute for the collection of interesting and familiar details about the philosopher which Mr. Bruce might have accumulated for himself by simply turning over the pages of Plato in search of them. In justice to Mr. Bruce, however, we will quote the essential portions of the two portraits which we consider the best in his book,—those of Julius Cæsar among the ‘classic,’ and Charlemagne among the ‘historic’ personages.

*Julius Cæsar.*—‘We have, fortunately, a complete enough portrait of Julius Cæsar, and we know a good deal, though not nearly so much as it would be desirable that we knew of his habits and mode of life. He was a tall, slender, well-made man, with a long, pale face; his brow was high but not broad;’ [not true, if we may judge from a fine bust of Cæsar in the British Museum, the peculiarity of which, next to the anxious and care-worn expression of the lean countenance, is the great breadth of the skull over the ears and behind the temples;] ‘he had dark sparkling eyes; and his mouth was rather large. ‘A slight puffing of the under lip,’ says Merivale, ‘which may be traced in some of his best busts, must undoubtedly have detracted from the admirable contour of his countenance.’ Yet, he was still reckoned handsome, and in his moments of vanity he delighted to trace his descent through his ancestor, Iulus, to the love of the goddess of beauty for the mortal Anchises; while the name of his ancestress, Venus, was actually stamped on some of his coins. His features, it is said, had something of the feminine grace which afterwards appeared in his nephew, Octavius. Velleius Paterculus, who, however, is accused of flattering the emperors, tells us that Julius was the most eminent in beauty of all the citizens. His coins and busts represent him in his declining years, when his brow was furrowed with deep and painful thought, and when the alternate military severity and licentious indulgence of his early life had brought on premature decay. In youth he had in a great measure deserved the praise of Velleius. It was then that he affected that carelessness in dress, in reference to which Sylla was constantly urging the aristocracy—none of whom, with the exception of himself, was capable of measuring the grandeur of Cæsar’s soul, or the vastness of his ambition—to beware of ‘the ill-girt boy’ (*puerum male præcinctum*). \* \* \* Michelet, in his history of Rome, has a fine picture of Cæsar. ‘I should like,’ he says, ‘to have seen this white and pale figure, faded before its time by the debauches of

Rome, this delicate epileptic man, marching under the rains of Gaul, at the head of his legions, swimming over rivers, or riding on horseback between the litters in which his secretaries were carried. \* \* \* In manhood, and in his later years, the once 'ill-girt boy' paid attention to the neatness of his attire. He shaved carefully—there is no bust or coin of Cæsar with a beard—he was fond of gems and jewels, and liked a becoming magnificence in his houses. Cæsar, though his health was generally good, was subject to starting in his sleep, to fainting, and to the falling sickness, having twice been seized with epilepsy in public. This latter malady is generally found in connexion with feebleness of mind, or rather tends to induce mental weakness. Merivale, in noticing the case of Cæsar, mentions that Napoleon had attacks of epilepsy. Cæsar's intellect certainly is among the very highest that ever shone upon the world. The story that Mahomet, a man of the most vigorous mind, was subject to falling sickness, is unknown to genuine history, being a fable invented by his Christian opponents.' [A somewhat hasty expression this. Mahomet's epilepsy is better attested than Mr. Bruce supposes. His latest biographer, Washington Irving, quoting from a learned German life of the prophet by Dr. Gustav Weil, says, 'Mahomet would sometimes be seized with a violent trembling, followed by a kind of swoon, or rather convulsion, during which perspiration would stream from his forehead in the coldest weather; he would lie with his eyes closed, foaming at the mouth, and bellowing like a young camel. He had such attacks in Mecca before the Koran was revealed to him.'] 'Cæsar's baldness subjected him to much ridicule. His soldiers, when they accompanied him in his Gallic triumph, with the licence accorded to them on such occasions, did not fail to jeer him on this score. He tried as far as he could to conceal this defect by bringing forward his hair. \* \* \* The historians who have most severely censured Cæsar's want of chastity have allowed that he was temperate in eating and drinking. Cæsar's eloquence was of the very highest and most effective order. Cicero confessed that he did not know any orator to whom Cæsar ought to give place. He spoke, we are told, with a shrill voice, and used much gesture, but with great gracefulness. His language was just what might be expected of him—the image of his mind. It was, according to Cicero, 'elegant, and splendid, and magnificent, and generous.'

*Charlemagne.*—'The person and habits of the Emperor Charlemagne have been described with all the minuteness desirable, by his secretary and friend, Eginhart. He was large and strong in body, of great but not gigantic stature, measuring seven times the length of his foot. ('M. Gaillard,' says Gibbon, 'fixes the stature of Charlemagne at five feet nine inches of French, about six feet one inch and a fourth of English measure.')

\* \* The head of Charlemagne was round and high, his eyes were very large and sparkling, his nose a little exceeded the middle size, his hair was beautifully white, (*canitie pulchrâ*, says Eginhart), his countenance cheerful. There was much dignity in his demeanour, whether sitting or standing. Although his neck was



thick, and rather short, and his belly rather protuberant, those defects were concealed by the proportion of his other parts. His walk was firm, and his whole bearing manly. His voice was clear, but more slender than accorded well with the appearance of his body. \* \* The health of Charlemagne, Eginhart tells us, was good, except that for four years before his death, he was frequently seized with fevers. Latterly he was lame of one leg. In his illness he acted more in accordance with his own notions of what was good for him than by the advice of his physician, whom he hated because he forbade him the roasted meats to which he had been accustomed, and in which he delighted, and directed him to use boiled meat. He exercised himself continually in riding and hunting, according to the habit of his nation. He loved natural hot-baths, frequently exercising himself in swimming, in which he excelled. \* \* In his dress, the Emperor followed the native Frank fashion, wearing a linen shirt and trousers, a jacket with a silk border, and trunk hose. Besides these, he had bands on his legs. In winter, he fortified his breast and shoulders with a corselet made of otter-skins. He wore a Venetian cloak, and was always girt with a sword, the belt of which, and the girdle on which it hung, were either of silver or gold. He had also a sword adorned with jewels, which he wore on the occurrence of solemnities, or when ambassadors from distant nations were present. He, however, rejected all foreign garments, however beautiful, nor ever suffered them to be put upon him ; except that, when he was at Rome, at the request of Pope Adrian, and again at the request of Leo, his successor, he appeared in a long robe, and cloak, and shoes, after the Roman fashion. \* \* In his eating and drinking he was temperate, but particularly in his drinking, for he abominated drunkenness in any man, and more particularly in himself and those about him. He could not, however, Eginhart goes on to say, abstain so well from eating, and used to complain that fastings were hurtful to his body. \* \* During supper, he either had a play performed before him, or listened to a reader. The reading in which he delighted most was the history of ancient kings. It is mentioned, also, that he took great pleasure in the treatise of St. Augustine, '*De Civitate Dei*.' In summer, after his noon's repast, (*cibus meridianus*) he used to take some apples, and drink a little, and then, putting off his robes, as at night, he would retire to rest for two or three hours. \* \* The Emperor was accustomed to break his rest at night by waking several times and occasionally rising. Then, when he was girt, he not only admitted his friends, but if the count of the palace reported to him any lawsuit which could not be settled without his authority, he presently ordered the litigants to be brought in, and examined the case and gave judgment as if he were sitting in court. Besides this, he would at these times dispatch any other business, and give orders to his servants. \* \* Charlemagne, says his secretary, was copious in discourse, and could express very clearly whatever he wished to say. Not contented with his own language, he bestowed pains in the acquiring of foreign tongues ; and he learned Latin so well

that he was accustomed to pray in that language as well as in his native tongue. The Greek, however, we are told, he could understand better than pronounce it. He cultivated the liberal arts most studiously, and loaded with honours those who taught them. His teacher in grammar was Peter of Pisa; in his other studies he listened to Albinus, called Alcuinus, the Saxon, a deacon from Britain. Under him he devoted much time to the acquiring of rhetoric, and dialectics, and astronomy. He attempted also to write, and for this purpose he carried about with him in his bed, under his pillow, tablets and little books, so that when he had leisure he might accustom his hand in forming the letters. But this labour, says Eginhart, compassionately, 'unseasonable and late begun,' succeeded but indifferently. The affectionate secretary enlarges on the Emperor's works of piety and almsgiving, mentioning that he corrected the reading and singing in the churches, though he himself neither read nor sung in public, but in a low voice, and in common with the rest of the congregation.'

There is certainly no lack of particulars here, collected though they be almost exclusively from two books—those about Julius Caesar from Suetonius, and those about Charlemagne from Eginhart. There is a want of the true portrait-painter's skill, however, in the arrangement and management of the particulars. The two portraits,—that of the tall, pale, lean, black-eyed, epileptic Roman; and that of the large, portly, white-haired, ruddy-visaged, weak-voiced, emperor of the Franks—do not stand forth with that distinctness and force of mutual contrast which, with greater strength of stroke on the part of the describer, might have been attained in less space. Indeed, we believe the portraits would have been better if Mr. Bruce, instead of attempting descriptions in his own words, had given us literal translations, in proper order, of the passages in Suetonius and Eginhart on which his descriptions are founded. Literality, closeness, pictorial precision, is in such cases all in all. It is astonishing how few particulars, if accurately noted, will serve to convey a distinct impression of a man's personal appearance and habits. Take, for example, the following brief description of Milton in his old age, given by the novelist Richardson from the report of a friend of his:

'An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people, of distinguished parts, as well as quality.'

Hundreds of such personal sketches of remarkable men are to

be found scattered through books, ready to be collected by whoever will take the trouble; there always having been men who, possessing the instinctive knack of observing such particulars respecting the faces, &c., of those with whom they came in contact, had also the wit to set them down for the information of others. Suetonius and Plutarch among the ancients are capital in this way; and among later books, the *Diaries of Pepys*, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, can never be praised enough. In the best modern historical works, as we have already said, portrait-painting is carried almost to the perfection of an art. With what ease and skill does Goethe in his Autobiography reproduce for us the living figures of the Mercks and Herders, and other remarkable individuals who influenced his culture in early life; and how painstaking is Mr. Carlyle with the countenances of his Mirabeaus, Robespierres, and other celebrities; as if it were a sin (which it is) for a historian to permit his reader to fancy a swarthy man doing an action which the destinies had appointed to be performed by a man with barley-sugar-coloured hair. Some men, however, have no eye for these concrete details. There are persons one meets with in society who, if they are telling you something of a Mr. A or a Mr. B, whom you have never seen, cannot, for the life of them, tell you whether he had a high forehead or a low forehead, whether he wore a brown coat with cloth buttons, or a blue coat with brass buttons, whether he was sitting or standing at the time, whether it was in a field of oats on a Saturday evening, or in his pew at church next Sunday morning that he said or did what they are reporting of him. Provoking in private society, these persons would be intolerable in history; and they ought to be prevented from writing it by Act of Parliament.

Viewed otherwise than as the results of a mere natural taste for the picturesque and the anecdotic, all those attempts at the detailed description of the physiognomies and personal habits of remarkable men with which ancient and modern books abound, may be regarded as contributions to, and strainings after, a possible *science*—the science of the external indications, or visible signs, of mind and character. It is *not* an indifferent thing whether a man has black hair or barley-sugar-coloured hair, a brown coat or a blue coat; whether he speaks fast or slowly, in a deep or in a shrill voice; whether, when he is at ease in his chair, he leans his head on his elbow, or sits twirling his thumbs; or whether he dines entirely on vegetables, or likes roast meat. There are correspondences and connexions which relate everything in and about man to everything else in and about him; so that by having hair of this or that colour, by twirling his thumbs or by sitting still, a man is, as it were, differenced from all others

not only by that particular, but by an infinite host of correspondences with that particular extending to the very depths of his being. This is the law, and its applications are innumerable. Man and woman, for example, were they precisely alike in all other respects, whether of nature or of training, are yet decisively differenced from each other by this one fact,—that those corporeal proportions which are in man as three to two, are in woman as two to three. It matters not that we know not what the *ensemble* of the differences are which this one difference denotes; that is to say, it may matter in social practice, but it does not matter in scientific theory. And so, with men as compared with men, and women as compared with women—every particular, physiological or personal, has correspondences with, and may be taken as symbolical of, the whole being. There have been, as all know, a hundred rude attempts to construct sciences of character out of this principle. It is more than two thousand years since Euripides made Medea, in her wrath, cry out:—

Ω Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μεν, ὅς κιβδηλὸς ἦ,  
Τεκμηρί' ἀνθρώποισιν ὅπασας σαφή,  
'Ανδρῶν δ', ὅτ' ἄρα χρητὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,  
'Οὐδεὶς χαράκτῃ ἐμπεφυκε σώματι;

O Jove, of gold that is adulterate,  
Signs manifest to men why hast bestowed;  
And yet of men whence to discern the bad  
Is there no mark birth-stamped upon the body?

There were contemporaries of Euripides who would have informed him that Medea's complaint was unfounded, and that, if she had taken pains to look a little more closely at Jason before running away with him, she would have found a very distinct *χαρακτήρ* marked upon his *σώμα*. The Greeks, in their various literature, had express treatises on the physiognomic art.

Aristotle himself is believed to have written a treatise of this kind, still extant; and there is a German edition of the collected remains of Greek writers on Physiognomy. In modern times curiosity has prompted all sorts of efforts in the same direction, and now we have some half-dozen mongrel sciences of the signs of character circulating in drawing-rooms, amusing the ladies, and serving as a means of chit-chat to ignorant young men, and a means of money-making to quacks. First, and most respectable of all, both in its origin and its following, is the so-called science of phrenology, more properly craniology, which professes to diagnose character from the shape of the skull. Then we have the nose-science, in which noses are classified into aquiline, Grecian, snub, or celestial, and various other kinds; and a man's character is thus *diagnosed* in a very literal sense. Napoleon is

claimed as a believer in this science; he used to say, 'Give me a man with plenty of nose.' Then we have the science of palmistry, the most recent development of which is the Thumb-science, according to which thumbs are classified, and their wearers with them. The grand distinction of thumbs, we believe, is into the Platonic thumb, in which the nail curves upwards, indicating an affection for the Platonic method of thought, and the Aristotelian thumb, which is flat, and indicates an Aristotelian or descendent turn of mind. Then there is the jaw-science, the tenets of which, however, are not numerous, being chiefly confined to the very sound maxim, that a strong jaw is preferable to a weak one. In short, not to mention graphiology, or the science of handwriting, there is probably not a single part or member of the body that has not been made the seat of a science. Any fool who will start up to-morrow and profess a science for telling character from the shape of the knee, will find followers and patients.

All these mongrel sciences, however, err only, where they do err, in being too hasty and empirical applications of the undeniable scientific truth, that everything in and about a man has a correspondence with and is significant of, everything else in and about him. That there is a possible science of physiognomy, in the largest sense of that word, as referring not only to the face and head, but to every part of the body, no one can deny. Had we intellect enough we could infer a man completely from a piece of his skin, or from the sound of his voice. An archangel could construct a man completely, and know all that he was capable of, from a paring of his nail—the quality and size of the paring indicating something about the nature of the tissue with which it was connected, this again indicating something else, and so on, till the whole body was thoroughly imagined, which body could not stand associated with any other than such and such mental manifestations. Such a science of physiognomy as man, in his comparative ignorance, can ever hope to realize, must fall far short of this; and must be built up of observations of an empirical kind, referring not to one part of the body, but to as many parts as possible, those parts being, of course, selected for particular observation which there is reason to think are more emphatically significant. In the treatise on *Physiognomics*, attributed to Aristotle, so far as we have looked into it, this method is pursued; and we dare say it contains empirical observations of some value as to relations of heads, chests, beards, complexions, and the like, among the Greeks, to mind and character. The good Lavater, the chief apostle of physiognomic science in modern times, also seems to have set to work the right way, regarding all the parts and all the attitudes of the body as possessing significance, though

necessarily the face and head were most to be attended to; and yet, with all Lavater's practice, such science as he attained seems to have amounted to nothing more than an empirical knack, and to have perished with him. His work on physiognomy is remarkably destitute of precise results.

We have said that, though everything about a man must necessarily be considered as significant of the whole man, yet there are certain things about him which are more emphatically significant, and from which it is *practically* easier to predicate something respecting his character than from others. All our personal descriptions of men recognise this fact. There are certain items that enter into every description of this kind that is considered a good one; and a description of this kind is considered a success or a failure according as the items are well or ill selected. Supposing that, with a view to the preparation of our ideal dictionary of ancient and modern physiognomies, we were to draw up a schedule of those 'points' about a man regarding which we should desire information, either for the mere satisfaction of biographic curiosity, or for ulterior treatment as material for a science of the corporeal signs of character, it cannot be doubted that we should be right in including in such a schedule the following particulars:—size, stature, and form; complexion, including what is called temperament; size and form of the head; features of the face, especially the eyes, nose, mouth, jaw, and beard; voice and pronunciation; characteristic attitude or gesture; and degree and kind of liability to disease. Here, if corporeal particulars only were to be included, the schedule might stop. For biographical purposes, however, it ought to be extended, by the addition, for example, of the following particulars:—dress, household habits, and diurnal routine of occupation; temper and degree of sociability; background of most characteristic circumstance (the meaning of which phrase we will presently explain); favourite sayings, anecdotes, quotations, and authors. We will go over these particulars shortly one by one, altering, however, a little, the order in which they have just been enumerated. It would be useless, for example, to look for a gentleman's characteristic attitude or gesture before we had put on his dress.

1. *It is desirable that, in personal delineations of eminent men, we should have as accurate information as possible regarding their size, stature, and corporeal figure.*—The imagination, in reading history or biography, ought, first of all, distinctly to know whether it is dealing with a big or with a little man; and omission of information on this point is a biographic fault of the first magnitude. We would even, if possible, have all eminent men weighed by public authority. A table of the comparative weights of re-

markable historic personages, ranging from the twenty stone, or thereby, of your William the Conquerors, or other heroes of vast corpulence, down through your average Shakspeares and Goethes, to your small Nelsons, and still smaller Wilberforces and Thierses, would be a document over which science might pore and 'draw inferences.' Unfortunately, however, we cannot send the man who stands with the weighing-machine in Tottenham Court-road back into antiquity, to weigh its Socrateses and its Cæsars. All that we can do is to throw out the suggestion for the future, and take such approximate information as we can get as to the men of the past. Historians *have* attended to the *statures* and *figures* of eminent men. If an eminent man has been very tall or very short, very fat or very lean, they generally let us know; and when they are silent on these particulars, we are to presume that the individual in question was of average height, and average stoutness. It would be a curious thing—and we recommend the task to some idle statistician—to make out, in parallel columns, two lists, one of tall men, and the other of short men, so as to see on which side the intellectual preponderance lies. We have a good number of men, of both classes, in our memory, but we confess we cannot make the tongue of the balance turn either the one way or the other. Viewing the matter in another light, however, we may mention that we never knew a little man that did not, in his heart, wish to be bigger, and that we never knew but one tall man whose tallness was an agony to him, and he was at least six feet three. For our own part, we confess the arrangement we should like would be to have the soul of a Shakspeare in the body of one of the Horse-guards. It is not tallness or shortness alone, however, that comes under the present category. Handsomeness and deformity, strength or weakness, are particulars which likewise fall under it. Statisticians sought to give us lists of eminent men distinguished for muscular strength (not a small number either); of eminent hunchbacks; of eminent lame men (also numerous, though the man who placed Shakspeare among them was a blockhead); and of eminent men with weak chests. Size of chest as the sign of the state of the respiratory or steam-producing apparatus, is a particular worthy of express attention; and the more cautious of the phrenologists do, accordingly, take it into account. People say that largeness of chest indicates the energy necessary for leaders of active social movements, and especially for popular orators, and point to Cleon, Mahomet, Mirabeau, Danton, O'Connell, and Dr. Chalmers, as examples.

2. *It is desirable, in personal delineations of eminent men, that we should have as accurate information as possible regarding their complexions and temperaments.*—Once the imagination has

fairly shaped out the mass and form of a man it is dealing with, it likes to know the colour of the man. Now, just as the first question respecting a lady is whether she is fair or dark, fair-haired or dark-haired; so, and with the same particularity demanded in the answer to such a question, ought biographers to tell whether their man was fair or swarthy, pale or ruddy, sandy-fair or ruddy-fair, olive-swarthy or ruddy-swarthy. The usual phrenological classification of temperaments into sanguine, bilious, nervous, and lymphatic, may be of use here by way of language; though the classification is superficial enough. The colour of the eyes and of the hair may be also included, for evident reasons of correspondence, under the head of complexion; care being taken, of course, if the hair is grey, to accompany the statement of the fact with the necessary information, as to age and original colour. After all, and in defect of more close terms of description, a very serviceable classification of eminent personages would be into black-complexioned and fair-complexioned. What could be made out of a historic return of names, tabulated according to this classification, we do not know. Ovid has a very curious and dogmatic distich on this subject, as regards ladies; and there is an old Scottish rhyme which says—

‘Lang and lazy, little and loud,  
Fair and foolish, black and proud.’

Here, however, for the sake of the alliteration, the rhymester has evidently talked nonsense. Among ‘fair’ men, in the wider sense of the term, there instantly occur to us Chaucer, Cromwell, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, and Christopher North; and any memory will supply others. Of ‘black,’ or swarthy men, on the other hand, we have quite as good a list even among worthies of our own Teutonic race. Burns was noted for the swarthiness of his complexion. A distinction, however, must be made between the kind of swarthiness not uncommon among ourselves and our fellow-northerns of the Gothic family of nations, and the normal dark complexion of such southern races as the Italians and the Spaniards. Passion, fiery and lucid energy, seems to be the quality in the southern character, denoted by the normal type of the southern physiognomy; whereas, the normal fair complexion and fair or brown hair of the Gothic races are by association more suggestive of humour, sentimentalism, and (as in Shakspeare’s *Hamlet*, whom Goethe proves to have been fair-haired) intellectual inquisitiveness. Bashfulness seems also a Gothic quality; at least we never have seen a really bashful Italian, Spaniard, or Frenchman. Now, our impression is, that swarthiness in a man of the Teutonic race indicates, as it were, a shading into the southern order of character. The eye, however, is here a main point. The



southern black eye is something very different from the darkest eye seen among Germans, Englishmen, or Scandinavians, among whom a so-called 'dark' eye is often only a deep greenish-grey; and whenever we have this tint, let the complexion be as swarthy as may be, there will still be, along with a dash of the swift southern fire, something of the Gothic dreaminess and the Gothic tendency to discursive speculation. After all, however, we must not be too certain of our generalizations on this point of complexion and colour of hair. Cromwell, one of the most 'sanguine' of men, if we speak in the language of the temperaments, for he had a salmon-coloured face, and lightish hair, was as subject to melancholies as many a bilious hypochondriac; and probably a bashful, black-eyed, and southern-visaged man is not such a *rara avis* as we have supposed.

3. *It is desirable that, in personal delineations of eminent men, we should have as accurate information as possible regarding the size and form of their heads.*—No professed craniologist would go farther in this respect than we would. If any part of a man's body is more emphatically symbolical of the whole man than another, it must be the nervous mass of his brain; and, while a man is alive, his brain can be studied only from the outside. True, from the outside examination of the skull all that we can know (and this only approximately, for the skull may be thick or thin, and its surface not at all points equidistant from the surface of the brain) is the absolute size of the brain, and the relative dimensions of its parts. As this leaves out entirely the considerations of *density*, and of what may be called *quality*, regarding which craniologists vaguely try to be a little more certain by calling in temperament to their aid, and as, moreover, there are two kinds of matter in all brains, a grey and a white, whose respective functions are not settled, and whose proportions cannot be externally ascertained, the most eminent anatomists and physiologists of the present day, with all their respect for the tentative generalizations of Gall, Broussais, and others, are agreed that the claims of external craniology as a practical science of cerebral manifestation, want the necessary basis. More unanimous and more vehement is the rejection which the learned give to the actual science of the thirty-five 'bumps' into which craniology itself has degenerated in too hasty hands. Various grave evils have resulted from the sudden popularity of this pleasing pseudo-science. Among other things, it has vitiated sculpture, portrait-painting, and the art of the hair-dresser. By the rage for big foreheads, introduced by phrenology, the sense of obligation to exactness and all natural ideas of physiognomic beauty have been spoilt. Busts and portraits are now phrenologically doctored;

ideal paintings and statues are phrenologically adapted; and *coiffeurs* arrange hair, not with a view to make people look as nice as possible, but with a view to give a false idea of their cranial developments. After all, however, external craniology is a science, and an interesting part of the larger and yet only possible science of general physiognomy. What space it deserves to occupy in such a science remains to be determined. Among the most sensible labours in this field of which we have heard, are those of a practical craniologist, Mr. Stratton, who, having invented an improved callipers, or machine for measuring heads, has for many years been applying it, and has now accumulated, it is said, exact measurements of a great many thousand heads, chiefly in the north of Scotland. From such a mass of data, we have no doubt that one *could* 'draw inferences.' It would be well if biographers could attain anything of Mr. Stratton's precision in their craniological descriptions, giving us, for example, at least the cubic capacity, and the circumference in linear inches, of the heads of their subjects. At present we have only vague information that such and such a one had a large head or a small head, a high head or a low head, and the like; and as the eye is very fallacious on these points, even this information is not always to be depended on. With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working-man who died in University College Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was, that he was said by his neighbours to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom); and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that *his* hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. Leigh Hunt's hat going over them too. Raffaele had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the church-historian; so, also, if we recollect aright what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of

Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound lighter than her husband's. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mahomet; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches, a largish head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size. About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from the Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modelled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work, entitled *First Impressions of England and its People*, describes the head, from personal inspection, as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare, that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head. In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers, and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down, if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudential, and weighty men, with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental activity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of *size*, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the *form* of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of

Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting ; and in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign ; although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears, that if to the two dimensions of *length* or *depth* and *height*, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of *breadth*, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness ; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation ; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall have as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant ; not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much farther. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgments. We have seen ‘ foreheads villainous low’ on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramuses. Probably Mr. Stratton's data, when examined and systematized, may yield more reliable results. One caution, however, is necessary in accepting such results when offered by professed adherents of the existing phrenology. What we want from phrenologists is their measurements of the heads that we refer to them, not their judgments of the men to whom the heads belonged. These judgments are independently formed from our knowledge of the history and performances of the men ; and if, for example, the phrenologists do not like Dr. Chalmers's head so well as they used to do, since they have learned that his brain weighed only fifty-three ounces, or if they find the mask of Dante, as we believe some of them do, rather deficient in ideality, we do not want them to reargue the point with us, and try to convince us that Dr. Chalmers was, after all, not properly a great man, or that the main element in Dante's genius was not imagination. How far a phrenological system, once constructed, may serve to give us hints about men of whom we know nothing independently, is another matter.

4. *It is desirable that, in personal delineations of eminent men, we should have as accurate information as possible regarding their faces.*—The proportion of face to cranium is one important particular. Cromwell had a face a foot long, but it is not likely that his head was correspondingly large. Pericles had a large head, but his features are small and delicate—by no means an unfrequent case. We could say much, also, about eyes, noses, mouths, and jaws ; but forbear for the present. We could also

enlarge on beards. It is a question for statistics to answer, what kind of intellectual eminence nature harbingers with abundant hair, and what kind it insinuates by beardlessness and scanty whiskers. We know at least that many men of genius have had little or no beard. Not to dwell on this, however, and in order only to indicate the biographic importance of attention to this particular, we will ask whether it is possible that the course of the Hungarian war could be rightly conceived by any one who should imagine Kossuth without the glorious ruff of bluish gossamer which surrounds his chin, ready to flout away like smoke at the touch of the razor.

5. *Voice and pronunciation.*—Our allusion to Coleridge at the beginning of the article will explain the importance of attending to this. Other examples might be given in abundance. How much better do we fancy Burke when we know that he always spoke with a strong and rather ungainly Irish brogue; or Chalmers, when we know that he spoke with the broadest Fifeshire accent, pronounced 'parish' as if it were written '*paarish*,' and the words 'issue of which,' as if they were spelt '*issly of whuch*.' So, also, in the case even of those who were not orators. Even Boswell's pictures of Johnson gain in accuracy when we know that he pronounced the letter *u* as they do in some parts of the North of England, saying, as he squeezed the lemon into the bowl, 'Who's for *poonch*?' Nor can any one imagine Sir Walter Scott properly who does not know that he spoke with a *burr*, like that of the Northumbrians. The question of bass or shrill voices is in the same predicament as that of beards; and not much can be said on it. We think we have noticed, however, that shrill voices are often found in irreverent and combative men, and in men with a tendency to scepticism. Shelley had a shrill voice.

6. *Degree and kind of liability to disease.*—On this nothing need be said. The mere mention of dyspepsia is sufficient to indicate what might be entered under this head, which would also include, of course, statistics as to longevity.

7, 8, & 9. *Dress; Household habits and daily routine of occupation; Temper and degree of sociability.*—Many paragraphs might be occupied with detailed illustrations of the kind of particulars that would fall under these heads; but we leave the reader to analyze the heads for himself.

10. *Favourite sayings, anecdotes, quotations, and authors.*—This is a very large topic, and might be illustrated at great length. Nothing serves to give us a better glimpse into a man's opinions and character than to be told of some saying which he is in the habit of continually using; some anecdote, which he is in the habit of frequently telling; some quotation, which he is fond of

repeating ; or some author, for whom he has a particular regard. We know nothing which serves to give us a more intimate knowledge of the state of Cæsar's mind during the latter period of his life, than the information we obtain from Cicero, that, at this time, one of his most constant phrases among his friends was—'I have lived long enough for myself.' It was a characteristic saying of poor Theodore Hook, Mrs. S. C. Hall tells us—'Wrong never comes right.' The late Dr. Chalmers had a few pet quotations, all very characteristic of him. The most favourite of all was from Shakspeare :—

'I see young Harry with his beaver up,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly girded,' &c.

Another of his favourite passages was that from Cowper, contrasting Voltaire with the pious cottager, spinning at her own door. Another, also we believe from Cowper, was this:—

'An honest man, close buttoned to the chin;  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.'

Another was the passage from Milton, describing Demosthenes—him whose

'resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will the fierce democracy,  
Shook the arsenal, and flurried over Greece,  
From Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne.'

11 & 12. *Attitude, gesture, and background of characteristic circumstance.*—All mimics know the importance of catching a man's attitude or gesture, when bent on taking him off. They are really able to *think* more like him from the moment that they have caught his physical trick. A familiar illustration of this is the fact, that a person not very expert in French can always speak that language more fluently if he begins to grimace and shrug his shoulders. To seize a person's characteristic attitude and gesture is, as all know, a main point with portrait-painters. In *their* practice, too, we see attention paid to what we have called 'the background of characteristic circumstance,' and which, considered rightly, is but an extension of the particular of attitude or gesture. In some portraits we see the figure represented against a curtain, with tables and books around ; in others, we have a bit of landscape for the background ; in others, a sea-scene ; and so on. Now, just as it is a part of the painter's art to select out of the actual circumstances of his subjects' life, or even ideally to combine and devise those which shall form an appropriate background to the figure, so a similar duty devolves on the biographer. The biographer must take care that, however multifarious are his details respecting his

subject, still there shall remain on the mind of his reader some one vision or picture, which shall survive in the imagination as emphatically *the* picture, representing the man, as it were, in his sublimated and generalized relations to all nature. A Wordsworth must remain in the mind, not as sitting in a room, or even as walking along a highway, but as half-way up a mountain at night, looking down from its starry height upon the flitting lights of the valleys below. And so with others. How fine the Chinese picture of the dying Confucius, moving about, leaning on his staff, and muttering—

‘The mountain is crumbling,  
The strong beam is yielding,  
The sage is withering like a plant.’

Precisely so, and no otherwise, ought Confucius to have been delivered over to the imagination of the world. Success in such idealizations, however, is the highest attainment of biographic art: it involves poetical genius; and is not to be expected from such persons as might very well become contributors to our ideal Dictionary of Classical and Historic Portraits.

ART. VIII.—*The Principles of Church Government in their Application to Wesleyan Methodism.* By GEORGE STEWARD. 8vo. Pp. XL. 360. Hamilton.

MANY of our readers will be aware, that the author of the volume at the head of this article has been a minister of much reputation among the Wesleyan Methodists for a quarter of a century past. At the last meeting of the Conference, Mr. Steward resigned his connexion with that body. The volume before us shows his reasons for the step then taken.

The volume consists of an Introduction; and of a treatise on ‘the Principles of Church Government, and their application to Wesleyan Methodism.’ The treatise is divided into three parts. The Introduction consists of general observations on the nature and grounds of the controversy which has so much affected the condition and prospects of Methodism. The first part of the treatise is on ‘the Idea of Government applied to Church Questions’; the second is on ‘Scripture Views of the Ministry’; and the third is on ‘Methodism.’ There are also about forty pages of Appendix.

The book, bearing in mind the circumstances under which it makes its appearance, is singularly calm and impartial in its

tone, from beginning to end. The mind of the writer is distinguished by its native strength and its culture, and is in a high degree reflective. It is manifest that the decision to which Mr. Steward has come, has not been reached without a costly struggle; and the degree in which he has subordinated feeling to principle and to conscientiousness, entitles him to a high place in the sympathy and esteem of all honourable men.

Towards the end of the volume, Mr. Steward has spoken of the constitution of Methodism, as naturally disposing its ministers, in any controversy arising between ministers and people, to side strongly with their order, and he adds to this observation the following note:—

‘An impressive confirmation of this remark, and one far more telling than a volume of disquisition, has been publicly offered in the fact, that while Methodism has been shorn of nearly *one hundred thousand* of its members in the passing struggle, so few of its ministers, perhaps hardly a dozen, have openly espoused the popular cause. The ministers who began it are certainly not to be reckoned in the number,—they moved the people, not the people them. Reasons for such a phenomenon, which probably stands alone in the history of church contests, may be offered in abundance, but the fact itself is, for the purpose it is adduced for, its own exponent. It demonstrates that the spirit of the Wesleyan pastorate is anti-popular—almost a third of the people gone—hardly a handful of the ministers!’—p. 280.

Truly these *are* significant facts. The evidence touching these points at issue has been the same in the two cases,—in the one case it has told on about every *third* mind that has looked on it, in the other upon little more than one in every *two hundred*! How is this to be explained? The solution of the mystery will appear, we think, if we do as Mr. Steward has done—look fairly at the case of the ministers on the one side, and at the case of the people on the other.

We need not recur now to any description of the state of morals and religion in this country when Whitfield and Wesley began their labours as preachers. The effect of Whitfield's zeal survives mainly in the more spiritual condition of the Church of England, and of certain nonconformist bodies in existence from before his time. But the effects of Wesley's labours were to consolidate in the separate form familiar to us. This result in itself, and in its entire complexion, presents one of the most remarkable events in history. The predisposing causes in this case, will be found in part in the character of John Wesley, and in part in the circumstances incident to the course to which he was committed.

In the first place, John Wesley was a clergyman of the Church



of England, and would never consent to be regarded in any other light. In the next place, he did not form his converts into churches, never contemplated so doing, always protested against it: In his language, to the last, they were 'societies,' not churches. In consonance with this idea, the service-hours of Wesleyan Methodists were not to be church hours; and the people, though enrolled as members of the Methodist societies, were to go to the clergy of their respective parishes for the baptism of their children, and for the Lord's Supper. Toward the close of his life, and after long remonstrance, it was ceded, that the people might be excused from looking to their parochial clergy for such services, when the clergyman was notoriously vicious, or preached Arian doctrine. As will be supposed, the Methodist ministers of those times were not ordained ministers, still less were they to be accounted pastors. They were known under the modest designation of 'helpers,' or 'travelling preachers.' The administration of the sacraments was not, in consequence, as a rule, any part of their duty.

These facts are almost passed over in Mr. Steward's volume, but they have had their place, and justly, at the foundation of the succession of disputes which has grown up in the history of Methodism. For it is to be observed, that this anomalous condition of the methodist people, during the whole lifetime of John Wesley, was but too favourable to the growth of the anomalous power which that extraordinary man exercised over them—over the preachers themselves, no less than over those who became converts by their preaching. To have formed those societies into churches, and to have given them pastors, would have been to necessitate the introduction of church relations and church laws, and the granting of new powers both to the people and to the preachers. In the state into which he had brought the people, they were still accounted by him as members of the Church of England; and the looseness of church authority in that quarter, left them entirely open to his influence and will. While as regards the preachers, by precluding them not only from pastoral relations, but even from ordination, and continuing them in the humble connexion of 'helpers,' it became possible that his authority over them should be no less stringent than over the people. In the language of Mr. Steward,

'He was sovereign in his own kingdom, without any one to share in his rule—an autocrat in the strongest sense in which the name can be honourably applied to a servant of Christ. He had power unrestricted, save by his own will and wisdom, over his helpers and people alike, and admitted, removed, commanded, admonished, and employed them all as he pleased; they were the clay, he their potter.'—p. 258.

He was himself a devotee to authority, and, like all such men, the obedience he could render to those above him he exacted from those below him. His mind never penetrated the noble principles we intend by the words—English Freedom—Religious Liberty. It was not to such notes that his soul ever vibrated. Hence, an indispensable element in the man who would be a Methodist was, as he often said, that he should know how to *obey*. Not only the authority to make laws, but the authority to determine the mode in which they should be administered, was reserved strictly to himself; and the duty of all other men was in effect to do his bidding.

But John Wesley could not live for ever. And in what hands might the power he had exercised be then lodged? That was a grave question. Wesley felt its weight, deferred it so long as he could, and met it at last with trembling. It has been common to speak of the founder of Wesleyan Methodism as possessing the genius of a statesman applied to religion. But the conception is a mistake. Wesley possessed scarcely a ray of genius of that sort. His views were not far-reaching or speculative; they always had relation to the immediate and the practical. He knew how to meet the near exigency by some expedient equally near, and having found the fitting expedient he adhered to it. In the year 1789, fifty years after the origin of Methodism, and only two years before his death, John Wesley gives the following account of the growth of the system over which he presided, and also his own judgment and purpose concerning it up to that time:—

‘Count Zinzendorf loved to keep all things close; I love to do all things openly. I will therefore tell you all I know of the matter, taking it from the very beginning.

‘In November, 1738, two or three persons who desired to flee from the wrath to come, and then a few more, came to me in London, and desired me to advise and pray with them. I said, ‘If you will meet me on Thursday night, I will help you as well as I can.’ More and more then desired to meet with them, till they were increased to many hundreds. The case was afterwards the same in Bristol, Kingswood, Newcastle, and many other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It may be observed, the desire was on their part, not on mine. My desire was to live and die in retirement. But I did not see that I could refuse them my help, and be guiltless before God.

‘Here commenced my power; namely, a power to appoint when, and where, and how they should meet; and to remove those whose lives showed that they ‘had not a desire to flee from the wrath to come.’ And this power remained the same, whether the people meeting together were twelve hundred or twelve thousand.

‘In a few days some of them said, ‘Sir, we will not sit under you for nothing; we will subscribe quarterly.’ I said, ‘I will have no-

thing, for I want nothing. My fellowship supplies me with all I want.' One replied, 'Nay, but you want one hundred and fifteen pounds to pay for the lease of the foundry, and likewise a large sum of money to put it in repair.' At this consideration I suffered them to subscribe. And when the society met, I asked, 'Who will take the trouble of receiving this money, and paying it where it is needful?' One said, 'I will do it, and keep the account for you! So here was the first steward. Afterwards, I desired one or two more to help me, as stewards, and, in process of time, a great number.

'Let it be remarked, it was I myself, not the people, who chose these stewards, and appointed to each the distinct work wherein he was to help me as long as I desired. And herein I began to exercise another sort of power—viz., that of appointing and removing stewards.

'After some time, a young man, named Thomas Manfield, came and desired to help me as a son in the gospel. Soon after came a second, Thomas Richards; and then a third, Thomas Westall. These severally desired to serve me as sons, and to labour when and where I should direct. Observe: these likewise desired me, not I them. But I durst not refuse their assistance. And here commenced my power, to appoint each of these when, and where, and how to labour; that is, while he chose to continue with me. For each had a power to go away when he pleased; as I had also to go away from them, or any of them, if I saw sufficient cause. The case continued the same when the number of preachers increased. I had just the same power still to appoint when, and where, and how each should help me; and to tell any (if I saw cause) 'I do not desire your help any longer.' On these terms and no other we joined at first; on these we continue joined. But they do me no favour in being directed by me. It is true, 'my reward is with the Lord;' but at present I have nothing from it but trouble and care; and often a burden I scarce know how to bear.

'In 1744, I wrote to several clergymen, and to all who then served me as sons in the gospel, desiring them to meet me in London, and to give me their advice concerning the best method of carrying on the work of God. And when their number increased, so that it was not convenient to invite them all, for several years I wrote to those with whom I desired to confer, and they only met me at London, or elsewhere; till at length I gave a general permission, which I afterwards had cause to retract.

'Observe, I myself sent for these of my own free choice; and I sent for them to *advise*, not *govern* me. Neither did I at any time divest myself of any part of the power above described, which the providence of God had cast upon me, without any design or choice of mine.

'What is that power? It is the power of *admitting* into, and *excluding* from, the societies under my care; of *choosing* and *removing* stewards; of *receiving* or *not receiving* helpers; of appointing them

*where and how to help me*, and of desiring any of them to confer with me *when I see good*. And as it was merely in obedience to the providence of God, and for the good of the people, that I first accepted this power, which I never sought ; so it is on the same consideration, not for profit, honour, or pleasure, that I use it this day.

“But several gentlemen are offended at your having so much power.’ I did not seek any part of it ; but when it was come unawares, not daring to bury that talent, I used it to the best of my judgment. Yet I never was fond of it. I always did, and do now bear it as my burden ; the burden which God lays upon me, and therefore I dare not lay it down.

‘But if you can tell me any one, or any five men, to whom I may transfer this burden, who can and will do just what I do now, I will heartily thank both them and you.

‘But some of our helpers say, ‘This is shackling free-born Englishmen ;’ and demand a free conference, that is, a meeting of all the preachers, wherein all things shall be determined by most votes. I answer ; it is possible, after my death, something of this kind may take place, but not while I live. To me the preachers have engaged themselves to submit, to serve me as sons in the gospel ; but they are not thus engaged to any man or number of men beside. To me the people in general will submit ; but they will not thus submit to any other.

‘It is nonsense, then, to call my using this power, ‘shackling free-born Englishmen.’ None needs to submit to it unless he will ; so that there is no shackling in the case. Every preacher and every member may leave me when he pleases. But while he chooses to stay, it is on the same terms that he joined me at first.

“But this is making yourself a pope.’ This carries no form of truth. The pope affirms that every Christian must do all he bids, and believe all he says, under pain of damnation. I never affirmed anything that bears any—the most distant—resemblance to that. All I affirm is, the preachers who choose to labour with me, choose to serve me as sons in the gospel. And the people who choose to be under my care, choose to be so on the same terms they were at first.

‘Therefore, all talk of this kind is highly injurious to me, who bear the burden merely for your sake ; and it is exceedingly mischievous to the people, tending to confound their understanding, and to fill their hearts with evil surmisings and unkind tempers towards me ; to whom they really owe more, for taking this load upon me, for exercising this very power, for shackling myself in this manner, than for all my preaching put together ; because preaching twice or thrice a day is no burden to me at all ; but the care of all the preachers and all the people is a burden indeed !’—pp. 62—66.

This memorable paper furnishes evidence enough of the thoroughly autocratic spirit of the writer, but we look to it in vain for the wisdom of the statesman. In the adoption of such

expedients in such circumstances, there was much practical good sense. But those circumstances were in their nature transitional, and it belongs to the sagacity of the statesman to look to the future no less than to the present. This John Wesley knew not how to do. The best thing to be done, in his view, was to vest the authority which had hitherto been exclusively his own, in the hands of a hundred of the preachers, who should exist as a Conference, and act in his stead, after his decease. This was done, accordingly, a little before his death, by the Declaration Deed; and to the shortsightedness of that act, Methodism owes all the feuds and convulsions so conspicuous in its history. By rendering the Conference as autocratic as he had himself been, and utterly ignoring the rights of the people, John Wesley laid the foundation of a system of clerical usurpation, such as Christianity has never known beyond the pale of Romanism, and made abundant provision for those outbursts of popular disaffection which have only become stronger by the lapse of time.

The first seven years after the decease of John Wesley were, as might have been expected, years of agitation in the history of Wesleyanism. Some insisted that the known will of John Wesley as regarded the relations of the 'Societies' to the Church of England, should be held sacred, urging that there should be no service during church hours, that the preachers should remain still simply preachers, that they should not become pastors, nor be ordained, nor presume to administer the Sacraments. But the trustees of chapels, and the more wealthy, who took this view, were outvoted by the people, who carried it in favour of the fuller function of the ministry, and were disposed to take a more independent position in regard to the Established Church. Not a few, indeed, among the people, went much further than this, and claimed to be recognised as a ruling power conjointly with the ministry, in the election of church officers, and in church administration generally. But the preachers, while not unwilling to profit by the popular feeling so far as to raise themselves to the full recognition and exercise of their own authority, manifested the most resolute determination to surrender nothing to the people in return. The result was, a secession of the many thousands who formed themselves into a separate organization, still existing under the name of New Connexion Methodists.

In many things the Wesleyan Methodism of to-day differs much from Methodism as left by John Wesley. But the change has been in one way. Care has been taken, that if the structure of the Conference be altered, and if the position of ministers and people in reference to the Church of England be altered, the gain shall be a gain to the preachers, and not to the people. On the

one point of ministerial prerogative, according to Mr. Steward, Methodist law changes not.

‘Hence, what are called the ‘concessions of 1797,’ as to a ministerial rule, cannot be considered in the light of a compact mutually formed on the basis of supposed popular, as well as ministerial rights, and going to an accepted reduction by the ministry of its sway. It was no *compromise*, so to speak, to which the ministry might have been a party, without violating conscience ; because the line of demarcation between the prerogatives of the ministry and the liberties of the people might have been supposed not previously strongly drawn. These ‘concessions,’ as they were termed, implied no such doctrine ; they compromised no principle previously held, or subsequently maintained.\* They merely amounted to a less absolute *manner* of exercising the prerogative than had heretofore obtained ; or, if some limitation were put upon the action of an individual pastor, such limitation was not imposed on the ground of popular right to demand it, but on the admission of liability to error in an individual pastor, and a consequent liability to produce irritation and offence in the people, where no great principle of church polity was involved. Local mischief might thus be occasioned, which it was most desirable to prevent. Now, that it *was on this ground only* that the ‘concessions,’ as they were termed, were based, and not on any popular rights of concurrent jurisdiction, is evident from the fact, that this new form of pastoral administration *was simply local and initiative*—church courts having been created (supposed, and supposed truly, to be substitutes for Mr. Wesley’s supervision), in which the joint pastorate is exclusively represented, and, therefore, the prerogatives of the pastorate safely lodged in its own keeping ; in addition to which, Conference reserved to itself the last judicial appeal, in all cases whatsoever.

‘On the theory of absolute ministerial sovereignty originally inherent in an individual, and lodged, therefore, in a combined pastorate, by DIVINE RIGHT, all this is perfectly consistent.† *The acts of an individual minister are locally controlled, but this is only given on the understanding that the pastorate, as a whole, is indefeasibly supreme. It claims the right to overhaul every case of local administration, and to secure that it be finally dealt with in exact conformity with the prerogatives*

\* ‘The very rules of 1795 and 1797, on which you attempt to put a hitherto unknown construction, direct you ; and as you are by them empowered to accuse the offender before a district meeting, and finally before the Conference, you must perceive that those very rules to which you have appealed, do not in the least infringe upon the original power of the Conference, as the body to which, as vested with the common government of the whole connexion, the appeal must be made.’—*Watson’s Affectionate Address.*

† ‘The power to discharge the scriptural duties of our office being then inherent in every minister among us charged with pastoral duties, the Conference, in maintaining this power, has assumed no authority but what scripturally belongs to each of its members.’—*Watson’s Affectionate Address.*

See also the *Minutes of Conference* before quoted. *Declaratory Resolutions*, No. 1 ; and also the *Resolutions of the Conference on the Report of the Memorial Committee.*—*Minutes of 1852.*

of the *pastorate*. On any other theory it would be absurd to interpret what are called 'the concessions.' As, for example, the right of a circuit-court to declare an individual unfit for membership, thus barring the minister's right of admission, *while it denies the right of the laity to make their consent in general, a pre-requisite to a ministration*. It is consistently limited to a *particular case*, in which a minister's knowledge may be supposed defective, and, therefore, his act may be wrong—but still it is carefully guarded, lest the integrity of his office—that is, his general power of admission, should be impaired.

'Again, take the case of an accused member; here a minister may not proceed to any act of discipline without a form of trial, in which a judgment is asked on the indictment from the lay members of the court. But this can be overruled, on the appeal of a pastor to a court of pastors, or even without it, should they think it right to institute an inquiry. *What seems to be granted on the face of it as a recognition of popular rights, is effectually ignored by being recalled whenever the pastorate chooses to exercise its prerogative—a procedure which would be nothing short of a mockery on any other supposition than that the pastorate is plenary in power, from first to last. No lay element is compounded with any ulterior proceedings—a fact palpably unfair, if popular claims to joint jurisdiction with the pastorate were part and parcel of the Methodist economy.*'—pp. 262—264.

Hence, our author observes that, keeping this theory in mind, it is clear enough on what grounds laymen were passed over when the Conference was legalized; and why all attempts since made to introduce them there have been resisted. Various reasons may be assigned for this policy; but the great reason is, that, to admit a lay infusion, would be to surrender the exclusiveness of ministerial claims. This is distinctly avowed in the minutes of 1850. The things to be done in conference, it is alleged, were not only assigned to ministers, to the exclusion of the laity, by the law of the land, but by the law of Christ also. Mr. Steward points our attention still further towards the root of this business:—

'We pass on to notice another article of the 'concessions,' as a further illustration of the principle on which the Conference is based. This article provides that, in the event of any new act of legislation by the Conference, it shall not be enforced in any circuit that may demur to it, in the year immediately subsequent to such act. From the *ex post facto* nature of this proceeding it is at once obvious, how remotely it stands from anything like a recognition of popular rights in the business of legislation. Here popular suffrage is no *antecedent* to proposed legislation; it merely comes in as a *consequent*: a thing is first done by prerogative, then submitted to the judgment of the people; thus reversing the order which constitutional proceeding lays down. Such a course would be palpably absurd on any theory

besides the ministerial one. It would be an insult to the people thus to *seem* to solicit their concurrence after a given act had been made law; *and especially as it is coupled with no intimation that Conference holds itself bound to rescind any enactment should it prove unacceptable, or even to modify it, unless it see fit.* The whole rests simply on PREROGATIVE; but as prerogative does not insure infallibility in those who hold it, either as to the wisdom of any given measure in itself, or its acceptableness to the people, it is accompanied by a vague form of provision, that should a case ever arise in which a legislative act should be either doubtful or repugnant, space may be given for consideration and revision. In an extreme case, of course, a measure would not be finally pressed; in which event, prerogative receives a check—but *it remains prerogative still*; and in the general course which it takes, is, in point of fact, perfectly unfettered. Were the Conference founded merely on the poll-deed, or on any human compact whatever, rendering it in point of constitution mutable, there would be no practical difficulty in the way of adapting its correspondence with its people to the growth of opinion, or any new exigencies that church-working might present. For instance, what insuperable obstacle would there be to the constitution of a second legislative chamber? or, if that were inexpedient, to the alteration of district synods? or, if it were thought better, to the plan of overture, either advancing upwards from the circuits to the Conference; or downwards, from the Conference to the circuits? At any rate, whatever plan might be judged best, a balance might be readily struck between popular claims and Conference supremacy, so that they might work together, just as the several states of our English commonwealth. *There would be no compromise of principle implied in such a scheme at all.* Conference would be just as open to such required emendations as any other form of government, and without becoming democratic, too. *But the whole of these suggestions, or any other like them, are inadmissible within the range of a ministerial theocracy.* The ordinance on which rule is founded, if interpreted in accordance with all before stated, shuts out popular intervention altogether. So long as the Scriptural validity of a ministry is acknowledged by a people, that acknowledgment carries with it the range of prerogative intact; they cannot choose what they will accept, or what reject or modify—they *take the whole or none.* Nor is there any midway for them between rebellion and loyal submission! —pp. 266—268.

The following passage exposes the fallacy which represents the lay authority as recognised in the district meeting:—

‘We may revert to the administration of discipline to show how perfectly it tallies, in all respects, with the doctrine of prerogative. The District Meeting has before been referred to as a convenient form of delegated administration by the Conference to the members of its own body. Not only would it be impossible to work Methodism as a



system without this apparatus, but the principle of pastoral supremacy, when it takes a collective form, could not be maintained without it—the District Meeting being just as unmixed as the Conference itself. To bring in the laity here for any judicial purposes would be simply to nullify the purpose of its existence; or, by moving forward popular interference another step, it would but compel Conference firmly to act on the principle of sovereignty with increased advantage. We must be brought back to sovereignty ultimately, though we may choose intermediately to keep it out of sight; and with this necessity before us, it is worse than useless to diverge from it at any stage whatever. For what is the office of the District Meeting? It is really the appointed guardian both of the people and of its own individual members. It is charged with the care of both, to deal with them according to the ordinances of the governing power. It claims, therefore, either to check or uphold an individual minister in the exercise of his power, and to do the same as it respects the action of the people. Whatever they do jointly in a circuit is equally subject to supervision and revision in a District Court, which must see to it that both keep rule, while of this fact the District Court is the sole judge.

‘It is perfectly obvious, from this statement, that no lay intermixture can find its way beyond the Circuit into the District Court, consistently with the nature of this trust. There, verdicts and sentences are alike overhauled, and judgment both on the one and the other pronounced by the Pastorate alone. Let it be further observed, that not only is extension in this direction impossible, but that the local privilege also rests upon this arrangement. The local pastor could not have been subject to an infringement of his prerogative by being made subject to the circuit verdict system, but on the ground that it was perfectly safe in the keeping of the elective Pastorate. Nor could concessions be made to the people, on the supposition that an individual pastor might act tyrannically, but that the question whether he had done so, or not, was to be finally settled by the joint Pastorate.

‘The Circuit procedure, therefore, involves no recognition of RIGHTS as inherent in the people, but of PRIVILEGES bestowed, for which they are accountable to the courts above; and which are, therefore, only valid while the conditions are kept on which they were bestowed. Hence, the Circuit and the District Courts are counterparts to each other—they are inseparable; and Connexionalism, as it is termed, is not so dependent on this relation between them as is the principle on which Methodism itself is founded. The Pastorate is upheld in its prerogatives by it; and from that upholding, all the benefits, as well as rights of government are equally insured.’—pp. 268—270.

These extracts, if read with the attention to which they are entitled, will be found to present a clear and just view of the position into which the ‘helpers’ and ‘travelling preachers’ of John Wesley passed immediately after his decease. The one

hundred ministers—the legal hundred, as it is called—entered by the Deed of Declaration into the place of John Wesley in two important respects; first, as the possessors of his entire spiritual authority; and secondly, as holders of all the Wesleyan property then existing, or thereafter to exist, in the shape of chapels, ministers' houses, and the like. These properties were held, as all such properties are still held, in trusteeship by laymen, but in trusteeship for the Conference of Ministers, not for 'the people called Methodists;' and by the aid of popular feeling, in the early years of its existence, the Conference soon became possessed of a spiritual authority even greater than that exercised by Wesley himself, inasmuch as they proceeded to do what he would not have had them do, in becoming pastors, administrators of church ordinances, non-conformist ministers—in a word, dissenters from the Established Church. The position they now fill is simply this; that to them it belongs of *right to rule*, while to the people it pertains as *duty to obey*. In regard to property, moreover, their position simply is, that it belongs to the *people to give*, to the *ministry to hold*. In the fact that such *is* the position of the Methodist ministry, many of our readers will see quite enough to explain how it comes to pass that the most urgent arguments in favour of popular rights fall so powerless on this 'collective pastorate.'

But how comes it to pass that 'the people called Methodists' have been so long content to be thus dealt with? Veneration for the name of John Wesley; remembrance of the large and happy results of his labours; and the persuasion—though in great part a mistaken one—that Methodism is now what he would have had it be, all have contributed powerfully to silence complaint and to perpetual acquiescence. Furthermore, under the despotism of the Conference, as under all despotisms, it has been felt to be necessary to attemper the exercises of power, and to cede much in the form of personal liberty on the ground of expediency, if not on the ground of right. Having raised the ministry into the place of the church, and ignored the people in relation to all matters of legislation and government, the rulers in the domain of Methodism have been careful to compensate for the dangerous tendencies of these proceedings, by providing large space for action in forms not inconsistent with them. To find the conservative power of Methodism, we must not look, as some are disposed to do, to the constitution of the Conference. If Methodism be strong, it is not by means of that constitution, but from causes that are in a sense independent of it, and in spirit antagonist to it.

The organizations of Methodism have been constructed from the beginning on the maxim, that religious action is necessary to

religious health. It places all the minds that come within its influence under notice and culture, and it has its work to be done by all who are capable of doing it. In lay-preaching, in class-leading, in prayer-meetings, in school instruction, and such like employments, it provides against the evils of indolence, and supplies a fitting outlet for every form of religious life. With a despotism above, such as no other protestant community would submit to, it has a '*fraternity and equality*' state of things lower down, such as no other religious body presents. Among this people the poorest may find a *home*, and those who will *care* for them; and the richest, if they would be held in reputation, must be workers together with the poorest. So thoroughly do those who have lived for a time within the atmosphere of Methodism inhale its spirit, that in the case of disagreement they are rarely capable of finding genial association elsewhere. It is a soil of its own order, and the products which thrive in it not unfrequently perish if any attempt be made to transplant them. The ministry is the one ruling power, but their rule is of such a nature as to invite and claim co-operation everywhere, from the highest to the lowest.

Nor should we forget that the preaching of the Methodist ministry has possessed, for the most part, a remarkable adaptation to its purpose. In general, the Methodist preacher is not concerned to begin at the beginning, by endeavouring to show that the Bible is true, or that the doctrines which seem to be contained in it are really its teaching. This is rather supposed to be settled, and the aim of the preacher is, to affect the hopes and fears of his auditory on this basis. With a large class of minds he succeeds, by this means, in awakening spiritual life, and life being thus called into action, is placed carefully under the sort of nurturing which it requires. In this preaching there has been a directness, a simplicity, and a power, which have done a great work. It is true, there is a large class of minds now-a-days, even among the humblest classes, to which preaching of this sort would not be adapted; but this is only one among the many new circumstances to which Methodism must adjust itself anew, if it is still to be a power among us. It should be remembered also, that this ministry springs from the people. Any man of character and competency may look towards admission into it. By its itinerant usage, the often slender stock of capital possessed by the preacher, has proved more equal to the demand made upon it than would have been possible in other circumstances; and with all its disadvantages, this rotatory scheme has secured something of the freshness natural to change, in place of the weariness which comes from exhaustion. By this plan, moreover, the strong diffuse their in-

fluence widely, in common with the weak; and the isolated pastor, whose claims are almost restricted to his own church, cannot often look forward to a season of superannuation with a confidence like his for whom provision is made as one of a collective pastorate.

Such are some of the causes which have contributed to make Wesleyan Methodism potent, notwithstanding the great sacerdotal usurpation which is enthroned in the midst of it. But it would be to expect too much from human nature, to suppose that a power so signally exposed to temptation as the Methodist Conference, will be found to have worked on through many years in harmlessness. As inheriting John Wesley's spiritual authority, and as holding all Wesleyan property, it is raised to such a state of independence, as might well produce dizziness with brains not always of the weakest. The banding of men together thus, purely on the ground of *office*, and wholly irrespective of the people, could hardly fail to give precedence in the case of every man so placed, to the thought of the order of which he is a member, over that of the people to whom he is a minister. Let strife come, and you may expect every such man to take his place by the side of his order, in the face of circumstances and evidence that would be very differently regarded, were he only in the condition of a bystander. The very conscience of a man is in danger, in such circumstances, of becoming *professional*—the conscience of his order, every question being looked at firstly and mainly from its relation to that one point.

What is done by banding ministers together in this manner, in distinction from laymen, in all matters of church rule, is greatly strengthened by the unsettled relations between ministers and congregations. We have admitted that there are some advantages attending this rotatory scheme, but its drawbacks are weighty. Its effect on the Methodist minister is very much the same with what is produced in the Romanist priesthood by the practice of celibacy. It naturally disposes a man to give to a clergy what should be given to the church. He knows that the relation between himself and any particular congregation will be transient, while the relation between himself and the Conference will be permanent. What his position may be, in consequence, in the view of the influential persons in the congregation, is a small matter; but what it may be in the view of the ruling men in the Conference, is a great matter. The minister must be conscious, in his way, that this is the tendency of the system; and the people must be conscious, in their way, that such is its tendency. Both, accordingly, come to partake of habits of thinking and feeling which are their own, in place of being one. The minister, it is known, will look to the Conference more than to them; and the

people, as the natural result, learn to look to each other, more than to the minister. But Mr. Stewart should be heard on this point, as one speaking from a considerable range of observation and experience.

‘The minister is a stranger and a pilgrim wherever found; and feeling this to be his lot, he naturally adjusts his mind and manners to his position. As the servant of a system, and especially of a corporate brotherhood, he cannot look upon a single flock anywhere, as he does who views them as his own; he is equally related to the whole; and the repetition of this doctrine coming to him so often in the form of a fact (not always very agreeable), tends to rear the cosmopolitic principle to perfection. Thus itinerancy tends to a twofold issue—to cast the people more upon themselves than upon the ministry, for the subsidiary offices which the church relation creates, and to proportion their regard to the minister, simply by their judgment of his office and personal qualifications. In place of the love and veneration inspired by friendship, or by tried worth and long services, a surface courtesy or complacency naturally obtains, which, like a ripple on the water, is only kept in motion by the periodic arrival of successors.’—p. 281.

It is in the nature of a system which assigns such a position to its ministry, that the whole matter of government should partake of an air of mystery and concealment, and as such be open to suspicion. And the only effect of the measures taken to discourage, in fact to preclude, any combined expression of opinion on such topics, must be, in the case of intelligent men, to strengthen the misgiving and discontent thus forced upon them. We marvel as we call to mind that there are men in this land, not tied and bound by an ultramontane Romanism, who can submit for an hour to such rule as is expressed in the following mandate:—‘*Let no man, or number of men, in our connexion, on any account or occasion, circulate letters, call meetings, do, or attempt to do, anything new, until it has FIRST BEEN APPOINTED BY THE CONFERENCE.*’

It would be something gained, if a system which exposes ministers to so much distrust, on the one hand, and which fills them with so much fear of their people on the other, gave anything like a real unity to the ministry itself. But this it does not, as the following resolution shows:—‘That as the *preachers* are eminently ‘one body, nothing should be done by any individual which would be prejudicial to the whole, or any part thereof. *Therefore no preacher shall publish ANYTHING but what is GIVEN TO THE CONFERENCE, and printed at OUR OWN PRESS. The Book Committee to determine what is proper to be printed.*’ What must be the relations of parties where such a law can be deemed necessary? To what a pass must things have come, when a man could

look his fellow men in the face, while proposing to lay such a yoke upon them? We feel, however, that it will be safest to allow Mr. Steward to speak on this aspect of the Methodist polity.

‘But the pressure of restrictive policy is not confined to the people subject to an absolute sway, it is at least equally stringent, and more galling in its exactions from its own members—this is its inevitable reaction. It must create an espionage the most destructive of brotherly confidence, and blighting to some of the noblest traits of the moral man. It does more than render men timid and suspicious; it tends to warp the conscience, and to tempt men into compliances with schemes to favour their interests, instead of following out their convictions. They are assorted, not on the principle of their mental, or ministerial claims, or Christian character, but on that of conformity or nonconformity with a party orthodoxy, and their fitness or unfitness to advance its sway—and the mark of election or reprobation thus affixed, is made commandingly visible to themselves and others. Status is regulated by these influences, and what is more than this, the comfort and usefulness of many. It casts a spell over the whole body of ministers, and originates a new and perfectly distinct class of cares, interests, and sympathies from that created by the ordinance of the ministry, or even the ministerial compact of Methodism itself.

‘Hence, the rise of laws of brotherly intercommunion, not improperly viewed as inquisitorial, being *in principle* the same with those of despotic times, and persecuting churches; and as carrying penalties the highest that voluntary churches can exact, are as repugnant to the spirit of a brotherhood as to that of New Testament precept. Can the jurisdiction of man over man in any case go beyond his acts, referable to some law, human or divine, publicly proved, and declared to be violations of it, without the next step carrying us into the courts of the Inquisition, or the poetic Hades, where Rhadamanthus is represented as compelling culprits by torments to confession?’—pp. 288, 290.

It will be seen by some of our readers, that this passage refers to the proceedings of the memorable Conference of 1849. The Conference of 1835, under pretence of explaining a custom which empowered a District Meeting or the Conference to put certain reasonable and harmless questions to a minister, contrived to graft on that custom a right of questioning of the most inquisitorial kind, insisting that the party questioned should answer so as to convict himself, and construing silence in such case as proof of guilt. What was generally thought of the proceedings which took place on the basis of this law in 1849, may be inferred from the following sample of the comments upon this matter and some others, which appeared at the time. Referring to the efforts of the Methodist reformers, one journalist says:

‘The Conference, however, not only promptly resolved to punish with degradation and expulsion all who thus dared to criticise their

conduct—not only formally proclaimed that the mere fact of discussing the proceedings and principles of the ruling hierarchy was a crime worthy of the highest penalty they could inflict, (and what Pope could have done more ?) but resorted to a mode *exactly analogous to that of the Inquisition for discovering the offenders*. The leaders drew up a declaration, denying all connexion with the authorship of the obnoxious papers, and *demanding the signature to this paper of all the Wesleyan preachers*. Happily, a sufficient number refused to submit to this monstrous and indecent tyranny, to baffle the object of its promoters. They then took another course even more extreme : they summoned a number of suspected individuals, and asked them the direct question, ‘Are you the author of the Fly Sheets ?’ And *on their refusal to answer such unwarrantable and inquisitorial demand, formally expelled them for contumacy*. A short time after, the leader of the Conference went a step further. A preacher of the name of Walton was publicly reprimanded and degraded, for supposed connexions with the writings of the reforming party,—the chief testimony against him being that of a brother minister, who, having been incautiously left alone in his study, had looked over some manuscripts surreptitiously, and seen some of the obnoxious sentiments among them ! To have omitted to visit such dishonourable prying on the part of one of their body with severe censure was bad enough ; to have received and acted on such scandalous testimony was worse still : but the Conference went yet further,—they passed a formal vote, to the effect that *in their opinion, this mean violator of private confidence ‘had acted an honourable part.’* Nay, more, Mr. Walton having refused to give up the name of the friend to whom he had intrusted the obnoxious manuscript, the chief man of the Conference, the Pope of the Methodists, ‘reminded him that his prior obligation was to Christ and to his Church, and to his brethren in the ministry ; and that no subsequent pledge could release him from this prior obligation.’ Now here we see FOUR features that used to be considered distinctive characteristics of Romanism,—peremptory prohibition of all criticism on ecclesiastical proceedings ; *inquisitorial operations to exact information* from recusants or suspected men ; the canonization of meanness and dishonesty, when employed in the service of the Church or of the priestly caste ; and the scouting of the obligations of truth and fidelity, when the interests of ‘the Order’ could be served by breaking through them.’—*Economist*.

‘Whether such proceedings be right or wrong, they are at best perfectly unique in this country. No other British tribunal possesses or claims the authority to put ‘a brotherly question’ to a suspected person, and require ‘a frank and brotherly answer.’ The rule of all our courts, ecclesiastical and civil, is charity, which ‘hopeth all things,’ and which assumes every man innocent until he is proved to be guilty. These gentlemen are punished on mere suspicion, and for refusing to criminate themselves. We never heard the like in this country, at least in modern and peaceable times. Talk of the Star Chamber ! A

man might hold his tongue before that court, stand his trial, and escape if the evidence failed to support the charge. Of the party themselves, the 'Fly Sheets,' or the usual practice of the Conference, we know next to nothing. We take these proceedings on the statement of the Conference, and we pronounce them at once *a gross outrage on our old English principles of fair play.*—*Times.*

It is urged, that all this might be true in regard to the merely worldly relations of men, but that Christians are bound to each other by ties of a more intimate kind, warranting a different course of proceeding. The plea is not admissible. The Scriptures, no less than the law in man's heart, are opposed to all such principles of action. It belongs to church courts, as truly as to other courts, to take cognizance of FACTS only, and to judge where there is EVIDENCE, not where there is nothing beyond rumour or suspicion. To lose sight of these principles would be to open the way to the most atrocious forms of wrong-doing. The appeal made in support of the odious maxim on which these proceedings rest, to the conduct of Peter in putting Ananias and Sapphira to the question, may be taken as a sample of the sort of reasoning which has been supposed to be available on this point. It is sufficient to observe, that Peter put those parties to the question, not because he *wanted* evidence, but because he *had* it.

The point, our readers must bear in mind, is not, whether there may not be cases in which one man, one Christian man, may put such questions to another, as that other should feel himself bound in honour to answer. This is admitted on all hands. But the case is—whether a man may be put to the question in a judicial court, in order that the confession there extorted from him may be used as evidence against him; or that upon his refusal to give the answers required from him, his silence may be construed as the proof of guilt. That men should consent to be so examined, is said to be a fundamental article of Methodist discipline; the men refusing to submit to it say, that in old time it was not so, and that whether the article be old or new, it is an article flagrantly at issue with scriptural teaching and with natural right. On these grounds men have refused to give the answers required from them, their silence has been interpreted as contumacy, and the penalty inflicted has been that which would have been inflicted had they been proved guilty!

Now to this hour, we know next to nothing of the notorious 'Fly-sheet' papers, and next to nothing of the expelled ministers. But admitting the case of these supposed offenders to have been as bad as the worst representation would make it, our answer is—the worse the better. If the censures be so bad, and at the



same time so baseless, they must not only admit of the easier refutation, but be the more likely to neutralise themselves by their very excess.

Two courses of proceeding were open to the injured parties; the one course that was taken, or the course of saying, 'Deeply as we feel the wrong done to us by these anonymous accusations, and just as would be the punishment of the guilty parties, it is far from us to wish that those principles of natural and scriptural rule, on a due regard to which the large interests of all churches, and of society itself depends, should be suspended for our benefit. We say, therefore, let these men go, and so long as there shall be the absence of evidence, let there be the absence of judgment.' Had Dr. Bunting, in behalf of the aggrieved parties, taken this ground, need we say that the stream of public opinion which went so strongly against the Conference and in favour of the accused, would have gone against the accused and in favour of the Conference? In that case, too, the public opinion would have been a right opinion.

But we must not dwell further on the proceedings of 1849. The whole issue of this huge controversy turns on one point: 'We, the Wesleyan ministers, have received from the venerable Wesley, and, through the enrolment of his Declaration Deed, from the law of the land, a sacred trust; this trust assigns the function of government in Wesleyan Methodism to us as ministers, acting through Conference; and we hold that what has been thus done as a matter of history and law, is in accordance with Scripture. Our consciences, accordingly, bind us to the course we take. Disloyalty to Methodism as thus constituted, would be in us disloyalty to John Wesley, to the law of the land, and to the authority of Christ.' In these terms, we think we show fairly the ground taken by the Wesleyan minister. We regret much that we cannot now deal with this view of the case at all adequately, but a page or two we must assign to it.

In the first place, is it a fact that the Wesleyan ministry have been so mindful of the will of John Wesley in all matters, as they appear disposed to be in this one matter of ministerial prerogative in the matter of church government? John Wesley was a great field preacher; he felt it to be of the essence of his mission that he should so be. Do the great expounders of Methodist law now-a-days emulate his zeal in that form of apostolic labour? John Wesley would not have religious services during church hours. Is the practice of modern Methodism according to his judgment on that point? John Wesley would not allow his 70,000 Methodists to be accounted or called a church, but regarded them as so many 'societies.' Have the ministry been

content to follow his example in this particular? John Wesley would not have his helpers administer church ordinances, but counselled his 70,000, as a rule, to go for them to the church of England. Is modern Methodism tremblingly alive to the will of the dead on this point also? John Wesley's Conference was restricted to one hundred ministers. Is the Conference now so restricted? It is clear that there *are* matters concerning which the will of John Wesley can be looked at discriminately, modified, abated, disregarded altogether, even by the Methodist ministry.\*

In regard to the 'law of the land,' every one knows that what the law has done it can undo. The Conference has only to express its wish to be relieved from some of its cares, by devolving a greater measure of responsibility on 'the people called Methodists,' and the legislature will not be slow to render them the necessary assistance.

'But we hold the power vested in us,' say the ministers, 'to be scriptural—and we cannot in our conscience be parties to doing that which would be in our judgment *unscriptural*.' Here then we come upon narrower ground. The great difficulty after all, it seems, is not about what John Wesley did, or did not wish, nor about the language of a legal document. The one question is—do the scriptures invest ministers with that sole power of rule in the church with which Wesleyan ministers are invested? It is a gain to find the case reduced to these simple and intelligible limits.

But who is to be the judge of the teaching of scripture on this

\* In answer to the question, 'How should an assistant be qualified for his work?' John Wesley observes, 'By walking closely with God, and having his work greatly at heart: by *understanding and loving the Church of England, and resolving not to separate from it*; let this be well observed. I fear when Methodists leave the Church, God will leave them.' It is again asked, 'Are we not unawares by little and little, sliding into a separation from the Church?' 'O use every means to prevent this! 1. Exhort all our people to keep close to the Church and sacrament. 2. Warn them against all *niceness* in hearing—a prevailing evil. 3. Warn them also against *despising the prayers of the Church*. 4. Against calling our society the Church. 5. Against calling our preachers ministers, our houses meeting-houses—call them plain *preaching-houses* or *chapels*. 6. Do not license them as *Dissenters*; do not license yourself till you are constrained; and then not as a Dissenter but as a Methodist.' It is further asked, 'But are we not Dissenters?' And the answer is given—'No. Although we call sinners to repentance in all places of God's dominion; and although we frequently use extemporary prayer, and unite together in a religious society; yet we are not Dissenters in the only sense which our law acknowledges,—namely, those who renounce the service of the Church. We do not; we dare not separate from it. We are not *seceders*, nor do we bear any resemblance to them.'

In a sermon preached only about a year and ten months before his death, speaking of the proper functions of his preachers, he says, 'We received them *wholly and solely to preach*, not to administer sacraments. And those who imagine these offices to be inseparably joined, are totally ignorant of the constitution of the whole Jewish as well as Christian Church.'—*The Jubilee of the Methodist New Connexion*.—pp. 58, 59.

point? The ministers insist that their judgment—their *conscientious* judgment in respect to it, should be held sacred. But to the impartial men of this class we feel constrained to put a question or two. Did it never occur to you, as a matter of very doubtful propriety, that you should be allowed to be the judges—the *sole* judges, after this manner, in *your own cause*? Did it never occur to you, as a fact of deep significance—suggesting at least the *possibility* of error—that on this point the judgment of all Protestant Christendom is against you? Have you duly weighed that one circumstance—that there is not a community beyond the pale of Romanism, that does not formally and practically repudiate your doctrine in this matter? But beyond this—if *your* conscience is to be everything in this case, what is to be done with the *hundred thousand Wesleyan consciences which are all on the other side*? If in this connexion these consciences should all be accounted as *nothing*, then in what connexion should they be accounted as *anything*? Look at the matter steadily, and it must, we think, be clear, that the only *consistent* course for the Wesleyan Conference is, that it should assume to be infallible, and deal with offences as infallible authorities have been wont to deal with them. Are ministers, really, the *only* men who are to be heard on the plea of conscience, against conforming to that which they believe to be unscriptural? Is a conscientiousness of action in religion a something very proper to a priesthood—not at all proper to a people?

The question especially elaborated in the generally admirable treatise before us, is—how may government best pursue its wise middle course between the stringency of Absolutism on the one hand, and the licence of Democracy on the other? It is shown, that the power of government in the church, even in the time of the apostles, was a co-ordinate power, devolving itself naturally both on official persons and on the people; and the writer pleads, on the ground of reason and primitive usage, for such a polity, as the one thing which may save Wesleyanism from the troubles of the present, and from things even more troublous as lying out in the probabilities of the future.

We know it is said—‘We are a voluntary society, men are ‘with us from their own choice, and those who do not like us ‘may leave us.’ But such talk is as little consonant with reason as with good manners. It is true, John Wesley expressed himself in this way, as we have seen, about the dissatisfied in his time. The fact, however, merely shows that a man shrewd in some things may evince a sad lack of shrewdness in others. Their majesties of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Naples, and his highness of Tuscany, say, practically, to their respective subjects,

that those who do not like their sway may leave it. But the good or bad in the government of these gentlefolk is good or bad notwithstanding. Our Stuart princes spoke to this effect to our forefathers. But our Hampdens and Cromwells, our Russells and Sidneys, did not take such talk as a settlement of the question at issue. They were bold enough to think that princes were made for peoples, not peoples for princes; and that ministers are made for churches, not churches for ministers. If there was to be a notice to quit, they claimed to be the party to issue it, not to be the party to receive it. The result we have in all the freeborn things 'distinguishing us from Russia and Austria, Tuscany and Naples. Even where the majority may be content with servitude, as majorities too commonly are, minorities have rights—not, it may be, the right to *rule*, but always the right to *check* and abate the *power* of those who do rule. The John Wesley argument, therefore, 'those who do not like us may leave us,' is as senseless and unjust as it is impertinent. All Wesleyan property must come from the Wesleyan people. On this ground, as well as on the conscientious ground, the hundred thousand have their stake and right in Methodism, to at least an equal extent with the 'legal hundred.'

We bear no ill-will to Wesleyan Methodism. On the contrary, we think it has adaptations for usefulness among large classes, which no other system possesses. And we could wish for the sake of those classes, as well as for its own sake, that it might prosper. Nor do we account Methodist ministers as more blameworthy than the same number of men would be elsewhere, if taken from the same circumstances, put through the same training, and placed in the same position. All similar organizations betray, upon occasion, similar infirmities; and we must confess, that we get more distrustful every day of such centralized forms of power. In the cause of the Methodist Reformers we are bound to recognise a just cause. Of their measures we know little; but in their principles we see the principles to which we are compelled to wish God-speed. If it should be given them to unite with their zeal for a reformed polity, much of the old methodist zeal for bringing the souls of the people under true religious influences, what they have done is little compared with what they may yet do. But the religious spirit is necessary to religious progress. Men who would labour with effect in such circumstances, must see to it—that their passion to pull down, is coupled with the passion to build up. Had the rulers of Methodism taken the initiative in favour of the rights of the people, some ten or twenty years since, they could have given the system another impetus, the wholesome effect of which might

have extended to another century. Even now, their wisdom lies in that direction. To do right, would be to put clamour in the wrong—and there is no other way of doing it. Charles I. would cede nothing to his parliament, that he might not seem to be ceding to rebels—and we know the result.\*

Some of our readers will be aware that the disposition of the Methodist Reformers to verge somewhat towards Congregationalism in their schemes of polity, has taught those who adhere to Methodism as it now exists, to look with no friendly eye to Independency, and to say and write strange things about it. By no party have expressions more unwarranted and offensive been used to misrepresent our system, than by certain writers of this class. Mr. Jackson, president of the conference in 1849, is not a writer of this description, but it is in the following terms that even Mr. Jackson can express himself as to the supposed feebleness of Independency, and the cause of it.

*‘What has Independency ever done for the scattered peasantry of either this or any other nation? It has ranked under its banner many ministers equally eminent for scholarship and piety; it has erected*

\* We owe some such exposition as we have now given of this controversy, both to our readers and to candid men among the Methodists themselves. But there are very zealous Methodists who will be sure not to take our faithful dealing in good part. An instance of the extreme sensitiveness of this class of persons to criticism of any sort occurred not long since in the case of the Editor of this journal:—

In October, 1852, the Congregational Union for England and Wales met in Bradford, in Yorkshire. The evening of one of the days of meeting was separated to a popular exposition of the principles of congregationalism, and I consented to take part in the proceedings of that evening. It so happened that on that day news reached Bradford, through the London papers, that the Earl of Derby, then prime minister, had ceded to the houses of convocation, just about to meet, liberty to discuss questions and to transact business. The news elicited much talk among the large body of ministers and delegates there assembled, and I was requested to say something on the question in the evening. In describing, before a large public meeting, the popular basis of our polity, and its happy influence, I did venture to refer, in passing, to the very different state of things elsewhere, as seen in the manner in which Churchmen were state-bound on the one hand, and Methodists were conference-bound on the other, and a word was said to encourage the parties present to sustain and diffuse principles which were securing them against the restraints and inquietudes so conspicuous on the right and left of them. The reference to Methodism did not, I think, extend to the use of more than twenty words. But my offence was great—the writing and talking about it have been great, and the columns of the *Watchman* newspaper, it seems, have been thrown open to any ill-conditioned scribe who has felt inclined to discharge his bile at me through that channel. The aggravation of my offence, I am told, is, that at that time many Congregationalists were receiving hospitalities from the hands of Bradford Methodists. My reply is, I knew nothing of that fact, and if I had, I should not perhaps have thought it a sufficient reason for suppressing so brief an allusion, which was not made in any unfriendly spirit, and which had a natural relativeness to the object of the meeting. But as our Methodist brethren appear to have found out that intercourse with other bodies of Christians is dangerous to their principles, all such interchanges of hospitality are, we suppose, at an end.—

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large chapels and collected large congregations, in populous districts and towns; and their influence in their several localities has been and is now a public blessing, in which every good man is bound to rejoice. Independency took its rise in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, more than a century before the Wesleys were born; but where are its trophies among the thinly scattered population of our agricultural villages? In less than half the time during which the principles of independency have been in operation, Wesleyan Methodism, with its connexional form, and its Conference, has erected thousands of chapels in these villages, and raised up in connexion with them thousands of societies and congregations. \* \* \* *In the extension of the work of God, independency is comparatively powerless*, because it is single-handed. The strength of Wesleyan methodism lies mainly in its connexional unity.—(*The Wesleyan Conference Vindicated.* p. 61).

It would hardly be supposed from this account of things that the Independent ministers of England and Wales are very nearly, if not quite as numerous as are the Wesleyan ministers. What is more, each of these independent ministers, with very rare exceptions, has an independent church and congregation entrusted to his care. Each of these churches also, is, as a rule, the centre of organizations, all of which are designed to be tributary to the upholding and to 'the extension of the work of God,' some having respect to district visiting, others to weekly meetings for social prayer and mutual instruction, and others to the training of the young in Sunday-schools. Be it remembered too, in behalf of these feeble do-nothing independents, that they do somehow or other give proof that they are not altogether indifferent to the 'connexional principle,' nor wholly incapable of acting upon it. It is as availing themselves of the common sense use of this principle, that we see them build colleges, and sustain and govern such establishments when instituted. It is as the effect of the 'connexional unity' found possible even among independents, that we see them raise large sums year by year, which go from the several congregations to a common treasury, for the purpose of extending the work of God in our villages at home, among the heathen abroad, and among the people of our own blood and nation in the colonies. Preaching the Gospel to our peasantry, good work as that may be, is not the only way, nor at all times the most effective way, of giving extension to the great Christian interest in these nations. But even this work is by no means so much neglected on the part of independents as some men seem to suppose. Every church is free to act in this manner upon its adjacent district, and not a few of them do so act. Every county has its Association of Ministers and Churches formed mainly for this object, to say nothing of what is done in this way through the congregational

union, as a general agency, and which is of course comparatively limited, as being something over and above what is done by the counties separately, and by the congregations separately. The Congregational Union of Lancashire, for example, on the principle that the strong should help the weak, has been long accustomed to raise from 1500*l.* to 2000*l.* a year, to support the preaching of the Gospel in villages and thinly populated districts, and the monies so raised are distributed through an organization, and with an oversight, second to nothing of its kind elsewhere.

Moreover, if the quantity of village preaching originated by the independents be less than that originated by methodists, we have reason to think the quality is better—certainly we have known the former to succeed in many a village where the latter has failed. At present the hold of methodism even on our peasantry is by no means what it once was, while among our artizan populations its influence is declining every day, and is likely so to do.

But however this may be, such is the position of English Independency, after having fronted the storms of more than two centuries—centuries marked by the most signal revolutions the world has ever seen. Will the position of Wesleyan Methodism be as potent for good when its second centenary shall arrive? Present appearances are far from promising that it will. It is something for a religious community to have been the first in modern times to proclaim the great principle of religious liberty, and to have survived long enough to see that principle, once the reproach of a sect, become the glory of a nation.

Some of our readers may not admire this foolish boasting of ours; but let them remember the occasion, and perhaps they will forgive us this wrong. Mr. Jackson's talk is the common talk of his brethren about us. What Independency wants, is not a coercive, centralized power, forcing it into a unity of form without a unity of spirit, but more of the impulsive feeling of true religion prompting it to avail itself to the full of its high and proper liberty. We have no wish for the connexional principle in such a form as to bring a oneness in polity, into the place of a oneness of heart. We have seen too much of the power of the former to destroy the latter.\*

\* 'Independency, perhaps the most popular organization of religious life at present in existence, defies and encounters the Church at every point. Whatever the Church attempts, independency, conscious of its strength, meets with a counter-attempt. It multiplies schools, founds colleges, establishes lectureships, circulates tracts, institutes a society for the publication of old puritan writings, and centralizes its energies on a national union. If any of its cherished principles are encroached upon, either by the government or the hierarchy, the assault is at once resisted by a vast and simultaneous manifestation of public opinion from the press, the pulpit, and the platform, and by the systematic exertions of a powerful influence upon all the springs of parliamentary action. Among the religious phe-

Independency, both in its earlier and later history in this country, has filled a much larger space in the public eye than its comparative numbers would suffice to explain. This is to be traced in part to the fact, that its strength has always been found, not so much with the lowest class, as with the intelligent and active middle class in English society. It was so at the beginning. It is so still. It is this fact, together with the free principle which lies at the base of the polity of the Independents, that explains how it comes to pass that the machinery of an Independent church is so simple and limited, compared with that of a Methodist society. The truth is, there is a self-reliant element encouraged in the one system, which is cautiously discountenanced in the other. Where a society consists for the most part of the poor and untaught, brought in as from the wastes of the community, the discipline can hardly be too intimate and continuous, if the life awakened in such connexions is to be preserved. But the case is different with settled churches, whose members, for the greater part, are comparatively intelligent men, capable of self-guidance, or of forming such fellowships as may be most genial, and in their own judgment the most advantageous. To such men, the constant drill of Methodism would be intolerable. Such a species of rule is, in fact, better adapted to a mission church than to a settled church.

Still, people who are not Methodists sometimes say, that the great defect of Independency consists in the want of better means of fellowship, and the want of a more aggressive spirit.

Far be it from us to speak disparagingly of any of the means which may conduce to give the fullest and most healthy development to the Christian life. But self-deception is an evil to which we are all liable. In an age characterized by the prevalence of the active and the outward in religion, as in everything beside, it is only natural that there should be a reactionary tendency in favour of the contemplative and unseen. But this reaction may become excessive. It may come to be but a disguised form of the selfish. An agreeable interchange of ideas and feelings may have its uses, but a subtle self-love may prompt us to overvalue such gratifications, and to view religion as consisting very much in them. By all means let Christians be thoughtful, devout, assistant to each other, but we have never seen much good come of that vapourish sort of religion which is fostered about tea-tables and in coteries. Of all the forms of the religious life, that of the 'brethren' as they are called, is, to us, the most unmanly, sickly, and pitiable.

nomona of the time, not the least remarkable, is the strength and organization of independency.'—*The Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, by John James Tayler, B.A. pp. 313, 314. The second edition of a deeply interesting work.



Save us, say we, from an ever-collapsing selfishness under the name of godliness! Spiritual life, like animal life, must find its health mainly in action, its growth mainly by such means.

But our Independency is wanting in the aggressive spirit. The charge is not without some foundation. Strange to say, however, one of the main causes of this drawback is found in a circumstance to which Mr. Jackson assigns a place in his very slender catalogue of our good works—viz., in our tendency to build unreasonably 'large chapels' in our 'large towns.'

That our practice in this respect has originated in good intention, no one will doubt. Here is a preacher of rare ability, multitudes are willing to put themselves within the sound of his voice, let everything be done to enable the multitude so to do—and, as the result, the great chapel, seating its 1600 or 2000, makes its appearance. When one chapel has risen on this scale, it is felt, perhaps, that the chapel of some other people must rival it, or, at least, not fall much below it. So the craving for large chapels propagates itself, and ecclesiastical status comes to be very much determined by dimensions in the shape of ecclesiastical architecture.

Now, what is the effect of this? If the large chapel *be full*, great anxiety is felt that it should *continue* full—that there should be no signs of things going down. If the large chapel *be not full*, then there is a feverish solicitude that it *should* be full. Until this is realized, the place wears the appearance of failure, and the sight of it is not pleasant either to minister or people. It is easy to see that, in these circumstances, there will be little disposition to grow zealous about chapel extension. Where one man fancies he has nothing to spare, and another feels that he is in want, there is little chance of assistance. We have large towns and cities in which no evil of this sort is existing, but we know of others where, mainly from this cause, the number of Independents is not greater now than it was thirty years since, though the populations have doubled in that interval. The good men who are mixed up with this state of things, must know that the case is substantially as we have stated it; and so little pleasant to themselves has been the working of this policy, that, could they begin anew, we have little doubt they would take a different course.

We have sometimes thought that, had we the power, we should like to do one of two things in this matter—either to compel every such large congregation to support several pastors, and so institute a congregational presbytery, that should give itself considerably to the labours of the evangelist, working out from a common centre;—or else that we should find it possible some fine morning to place all these very large buildings in a vice, and so to

contract them by pressure, that the largest among them should not give space for more than a thousand people. So long as our one-pastor system is continued, no place should be on a larger scale, if pastoral oversight is to be anything more than a name. Three-fourths of our places would be large enough, if not adapted to receive more than from five to seven hundred.

The effect of this state of things would be, that no popular minister would need be apprehensive as to having a sufficient congregation. The congregations would naturally be more numerous, and with less disparity between them, there would be less of inquietude and rivalry. With the increase of congregations there would, of course, be an increased strength in the ministerial staff. In this way strength would have place where it ought to be found—at the great centres of our population; and the strength augmenting at the centres could not fail to make itself felt in a thousand ways at the extremities. Much might be said about the demand made by such places on the physical strength of the preacher; about their tendency to destroy all natural speaking, by necessitating, in the case of most men, an unnatural straining of the voice; and also about the chances which such places supply of feud and scandal, when the one man, for whom the structure has been raised, has to give his place to another. But these are light evils compared with those we have enumerated. *So long as our system shall be a one-pastor system, so long every great chapel must be, in its working and history, a great evil.*

As to those who may be ready to fasten on these admissions, and to proclaim them against us as vices of Independency, it shall be sufficient to say, that English Independency is what it is, notwithstanding these drawbacks; that the evils complained of exist only partially, even in our large towns; and that they are evils which have not come from anything inherent in congregationalism, but from the errors and practical oversight of congregationalists. It is admitted, however, that, speaking generally, English Independency, while possessing a considerable measure of the aggressive spirit, is not so aggressive as it should be, bearing in mind the extent of the means of usefulness which Providence has placed at its disposal.

- ART. IX.—(1.) *Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South.* By DAVID URQUHART. Trübner & Co. 1853.
- (2.) *Russia: its Crimes and Plots.* By a Russian. Allen. 1853.
- (3.) *The Czar and the Sultan; or, Nicholas and Abdul Medjid.* By ADRIAN GILSON. Vizetelly. 1853.
- (4.) *Turkey Past and Present.* By FRANCISQUE BOURET, late Representative. Translated by J. HUTTON. Clarke, Beaton, & Co. 1853.
- (5.) *The Greek and the Turk.* By E. E. CROWE. Bentley. 1853.
- (6.) *Revelations of Russia.* Colburn. 1844.
- (7.) *Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia.* By J. H. SCHNITZLER. Bentley. \*1847.
- (8.) *Russian Turkey.* By G. P. D. Saunders & Stanford. 1853.
- (9.) *The Times Newspaper*, 14th and 15th October, 1853.
- (10.) *The Portfolio: a Collection of State Papers.* Ridgway. 1835, 1837.
- (11.) *Le Portfolio.* Paris: Truchy et Le Doyen. 1836, 1837.

In our last number, we addressed ourselves at some length to the Russo-Turkey question,\* in the hope—we regret to say, the vain hope—that this vexed subject would be satisfactorily settled before the winter commenced. But although, to use the grotesque, yet expressive language of the late Viscount Castlereagh, that question has been ‘dangling about the councils of the nation’ for now full nine months; yet on this first day of November, the prospects of a satisfactory settlement are nearly as remote as they were at the end of February or the beginning of March in the present year. The country, which was at first anxious, has now become agitated and uneasy. Commercial, monetary, and financial operations have been greatly deranged—enterprises of ‘great pith and moment,’ have suffered—and vent has been given to the public discontent at several numerous-attended public meetings, convened, nevertheless, at a time when the reading and influential men appearing at halls and platforms, are generally absent from the mart and the Exchange, and those other places of public resort, where those deeply interested in the public weal most do congregate. The anxiety on the question far from diminishing, increases with each new delay; and, at the period when we pen these lines, has attained a state of painful and dangerous tension. Under these circumstances, and considering, moreover, the great importance of the question internally and externally—not merely in reference to our trade and commerce, but on the relations of Russia and

\* See August, p. 227.

Turkey with Europe, and the world, we deem it our bounden duty not to omit this opportunity of again recurring to a theme which is of palpitating interest to the statesman and to the politician—to the commercial man and manufacturer, and not less so to the philosopher and philanthropist anxious for the progress and improvement of his species, for the diffusion of light and liberty, and the blessings that follow in the train of freedom and civilization.

The work which we have placed at the head of this article is in many respects a remarkable, and in all respects a curious production. The name of Mr. Urquhart ought, by this time, to be pretty well known in all parts of England, considering the number of pamphlets he has published, the fragments of works he has sketched, the number of speeches he has made at public meetings, and the singular doctrines he has occasionally promulgated;—yet, so immersed are men in all parts of this busy island in the pursuits of industry, and the worship of Mammon, that we doubt that there are many beyond those who have paid a special attention to topics connected with Russia and Turkey, who know much of a gentleman who, notwithstanding the eccentricity of some of his opinions, is well entitled to a hearing on questions connected with Turkey and Russia. Mr. Urquhart is a man of a respectable—indeed, we believe, of an ancient Scottish family—for he claims to be chief of the clan of Urquhart of Cromarty, and is now verging on, if he has not already attained, his fiftieth year. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and, after travelling some time in the East, where he acquired considerable stores of information, was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople in 1837, then being of the mature age of five or six and thirty, without ever having previously been attached to any embassy, or having gone through those intermediate grades generally deemed indispensable in that mysterious hierarchy, in which interest, routine, and favouritism have too long ruled. The appointment of a man who had never been a *précis* writer or *attaché*, paid or unpaid, was, at the time, lauded by diplomatic reformers, who knew nothing of Mr. Urquhart but that he had given his mind to the consideration of questions connected with the government, trade, and resources of Turkey, and it was, by them and others, augured that a new and a better era was about to open on old jog-trot diplomacy. But these hopes proved fallacious. From causes into which it is unnecessary to enter, Mr. Urquhart and his superiors did not work harmoniously together, and he was ultimately relieved of the public charge to which he had been appointed, after no very

long period of service, by Viscount Palmerston, then her Majesty's principal Secretary for Foreign, as he is now for Home Affairs. Into the merits of the question, or rather of the quarrel, between the former Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople and the then Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs we do not mean to enter here, for sufficient materials are not yet afforded to or revealed by the principal parties for pronouncing a judgment: but we think there can be little doubt that this passage in Mr. Urquhart's diplomatic life has given a peculiar tinge of bitterness and bias to his opinions, and, in reference to one individual, at least, has led him to make imputations, which, however ingeniously supported, are, in reality, quite without foundation. The blunders of English statesmen in reference to Russia and Turkey, have, for a quarter of a century or more, been great and manifold. They have been blunders of ignorance, of carelessness, of inconsiderateness, and of the grossest miscomprehension; but we do not impute, nor does the intelligent portion of the country at large, in our day, impute to any one of the officials engaged, the charge of personal corruption or of treason to the crown and interests of England. In the hearty hatred which Mr. Urquhart bears to the Russian system of government and diplomacy we go entirely along with him; but he has allowed this hatred, which, in his case, has arisen to an absorbing passion, to delude and mislead him, not merely as to the general power of Russia, which he overrates, but in attributing to her diplomacy an influence all but universal and omnipotent.

In almost all that Mr. Urquhart says as to the flagitious unprincipledness and chicane of the Russian system of managing affairs, we entirely agree with him; but we do not think, as Mr. Urquhart openly asserts, that any man in the cabinet of Great Britain, no matter what his politics, has been for the last five and twenty years the corrupt instrument or tool of Russia. That the ablest and most sagacious men have been occasionally and unwittingly the tools of a power whose professed objects are to mystify and delude, and failing in delusion, then to sow snares and mistrusts among the nations, for the purposes of accomplishing her own selfish and criminal ends, may be freely admitted to any censor of our statesmen; but there is a wide difference between the being the unconscious dupe of Russian artifice, between the being bamboozled and bit by her, so to speak, and being her corrupt and subsidized servant, wearing the livery of England, but receiving the while the pay, and gold, and bribes of Russia. It may be that not a century ago a Marquess of Carmarthen, then

Secretary of State, received certain perquisites from Russia: but such days are past and gone, never, we hope, to return. A strong enough case of laches, ignorance, and incompetence, may, we admit, be made against English statesmen without resorting to the imputations of personal bribery and corruption, imputations undeserved and unmerited by any public men who have held office for the last quarter, indeed we might say for the last half-century. A great latitude of criticism, indeed of carping, may be allowed to a man who conceives he has been ill-treated and ill-used when doing the State some service; and we are prepared for any amount of sourness and severity with which a dismissed, and therefore a disappointed man, may treat the author or the instrument of his dismissal. But however unmeritedly Mr. Urquhart may consider himself used, and his prospects of preferment blasted, he should not resort to imputations of personal corruption against an official whom he had an opportunity of impeaching if he really believed him guilty of the treasons against crown and country, which the charge he makes fully implies, if it means anything more than airy words. Mr. Urquhart was a member of the last parliament of Queen Victoria, and sat as M.P. for Stafford from 1847 to 1852; yet, during these five years, no personal stain of corruption was attempted to be affixed on the noble lord the member for Tiverton by the M.P. for Stafford. Having said so much on this branch of the subject, for the purpose of showing that we in no degree partake of the feeling of personal passion, we had almost said of personal rancour, which too palpably sways Mr. Urquhart's mind in reference to one individual, we nevertheless admit that, on public grounds, and from the Blue Books themselves, a very grave case is made out against Viscount Palmerston; a case in which it is satisfactorily proved that he has played into the hands of Austria and Russia as effectually as the most pro-Russian or pro-Austrian of the cabinet in which he sits at the present moment, or has sate at any period of his long official life. But to impute this conduct to personal corruption, is more wild and paradoxical than the charging on Russia the French invasion of Spain in 1823 to put down the constitution, and the Anglo-French intervention in 1834 to sustain the Constitutionalists and the Christinos against the Carlists. It is perfectly true, as a general principle, that the object of Russia, since the days of Peter the Great, has been to set the powers of Western Europe by the ears, for the purpose of embroiling them with each other, but no real ill-feeling, it should be remarked, arose between France and England, because of the expedition of the Duke of Angoulême in 1823, or because of the

execution of the Quadruple Treaty in 1834, 35, and 36. The French invasion of Spain in 1823 was undertaken to occupy and to gratify the army and a section of the Royalist party, headed by Chateaubriand, but some of the wisest heads in the council of ministers were opposed to the expedition, nor is it certain that the shrewd and sagacious King of France himself had not misgivings as to its results. It is true that Russia gave every countenance to France in discussing the projected expedition, at a congress held at Verona, but whatever part Russia had taken, the expedition would sooner or later have been entered on with a view to employ an army the *sous-officiers* and soldiers of which, initiated into secret societies, had become affiliated with the military conspirators of Befort, Saumur, Toulon, Nantes, and Strasbourg. The prevalence of *Charbonnerie* in the French army, the affair of the three sergeants of La Rochelle, who were executed in 1822, coupled with the revolutions of the Island of Leon, of Naples, and of Piedmont, were the proximate and promoting causes of the French expedition—an expedition which Mr. Urquhart would impute wholly and solely to the instigation of Russia. This system of exaggeration and over-statement of facts—combined with a desire to draw far-fetched conclusions, and discover remote analogies it is which detracts from Mr. Urquhart's usefulness, and diminishes his credit as an authority. There is also a love of paradox, and an occasional obscurity and curtness in his style, which, added to his abrupt transitions from question to question, and from one quarter of the globe to the other, too often puzzle and perplex his reader. For the elucidation of the Turko-Russian affair at present engrossing public attention, fortunately Mr. Urquhart's views on the Spanish and Portuguese questions are not necessary, and we will, therefore, pass these over, and come at once to the question of the progress of Russia.

Within little more than a century and a half the progress of Russia has been indeed immense. In reference to Constantinople, it dates back to 1670, even before the period of Peter the Great. From the time that able but drunken and ferocious barbarian captured Azoff and advanced into Moldavia, the Russians seem never to have abandoned the scheme of planting their standard at Constantinople; and every succeeding year has been a struggle, either openly or covertly, to promote an object as insidiously persevered in, in 1853 as in 1753. A century ago, Tcherkask, Taganrog, and the Crimea were first added to Russian conquests; and by the treaty of Kainardjee, in Bulgaria, signed in 1774, a large tract of land lying between the Bog and the

Dnieper, was ceded to the Czar. Previous to the conquest of the Crimea, the Tartars of that country were subject to the Porte, and proved of the utmost service, from the numerous posts of light cavalry which they contributed, in defending the frontiers from invasion. But by the cession of the Crimea, these Tartar tribes transferred their allegiance to their new masters, and, under the more modern appellation of Cossacks, have been employed by the Russians to perform those services against the Turks which they had previously used with success in their favour. It was now that Catherine, like Peter, began to build new cities in her enemies' territories, and to give a character of permanency to the possession of them. The foundation of Cherson was laid in the mouth of the Dnieper, on the spot from whence Swatisslas, many centuries before, had set out to invade Constantinople. To indicate the object of the creation of this city, Pallas tells us,\* her imperial majesty caused an inscription to be placed over the gate in these words, 'This is the road to Byzantium.' The object of Catherine was to make Cherson a naval arsenal to command the Black Sea. In this she was frustrated. The ships of war built there rapidly decayed,—an effect which was attributed to the fresh water of the Liman, a lake on which the city was built. The Turkish territories on the north of the Euxine were divided by the great rivers that pour into that sea; and it seems to have been the object of the Russians to advance in every campaign from water to water, always securing the permanent possession of the places they had left behind in their march. At the conclusion of the campaign in 1791, Oktchakov was ceded to Russia by the treaty of Jassy, and so that power advanced from the Dnieper to the Niester, and secured all the intervening country. After the campaign of 1812, Russia obtained, by the treaty of Bucharest, the land lying between the Niester and the Pruth, pushing on its territories to the latter river. Having annexed all the Turkish possessions on the north of the Euxine, and strided from the Don to the Danube, the object of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, for the last forty-one years, has been by faithlessness, by fraud, by corruption, or by force, to gain possession of Constantinople.

The first attempt of Russia, after the peace of Paris, with a view to accomplish this object, was to increase and extend her interest in Germany. At the Congress of Vienna, she assumed a determined tone, and the tenacity with which her diplomatists contended for the possession of Poland, was an indication that she would apply the screw, if unresisted, as rigorously in the

\* Pallas: 'Reise durch Verschiedene Provinzen der Russischen Reiches.'



west as she had already done in the east. The power of Russia in Prussia was increased by a family alliance of the present Emperor Nicholas with a princess of Hohenzollern, and this system of family alliances was also extended to Wurtemberg, Baden, and to relatives of the house of Bavaria. Thus, by intermarriages, Russia had secured herself family alliances with four states, by which a pretext was furnished for interference in the politics of the German Diet. Nor was the occasion long wanting, for Russia did interfere at the Congresses of Troppau, Laybach, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and to Russian intervention was mainly owing the assertion, in unqualified terms, of the right of putting down revolution wherever it displays itself in independent nations, the sovereigns of the Congress constituting themselves the judges of when and where they ought to interfere. In proclaiming a resolution of this kind, Austria and Prussia became, to all intents and purposes, either active or passive instruments of Russia, and owing to their short-sightedness, or supineness, Russia obtained, in a great degree, the effective command of Germany. The object of English statesmen ought, at this juncture, to have been to detach the German powers from the Russian alliance. But although this object was not sufficiently looked to by the late Lord Castlereagh, it cannot be doubted that strenuous efforts were made by Mr. Canning for this purpose, though these efforts only tended, from an unfortunate conjuncture of circumstances, to fix more firmly Russian influence in the heart of Germany. According to the theory of Mr. Urquhart, Lord Castlereagh would be open to the charge of bribery, and Mr. Canning to the charge of grave suspicion, but the one as the other, it is our firm conviction, were free from all taint of pecuniary corruption. Lord Castlereagh, as the late Lord Durham, may have been duped by gross personal flattery of the Russian emperor, and Mr. Canning may have been deceived and over-reached by dishonourable diplomatic knavery, either in male or female attire: but that either Castlereagh, or Canning, or the late Lord Durham, for a personal bribe, sold the honour or the interests of their country for a money-consideration, we as little believe, as that Lord Palmerston has been guilty of a like infamous treason.

At the Congress of Carlsbad, Russia largely extended the influence she had previously created. Owing to her counsel and suggestion, edicts against the press were registered and acted upon, and Germany thenceforth became filled with Russian spies composed of native Germans, and Russians or Poles. The *Burschen* of the universities embraced the Teutonic party, and

proclaimed in a patriotic anti-Russian sense the union of Germany. A German was at hand, paid by Russia, to answer the national pamphlet of Professor Krug. For this treason to his country, as it was called, the distinguished dramatist Kotzebue, a hireling spy and writer in the pay of Russia, became the victim of the dagger of the enthusiast Sandt. Russian counsels were at this period eagerly listened to in Paris as well as in Germany, at Madrid and Naples as well as at Turin. During the years between 1827 and 1830 every means of fraud and chicane, of threat and circumvention, that Russia could have recourse to, were employed to extinguish in every quarter the desire for responsible constitutional government.

We are now arrived at the period of the French Revolution of 1830. The position of Russia in reference to Germany was then changed. Poland was aroused, and the débris of the old army caught the contagion of insurrection. The heroic struggle of that gallant people is well known. This is not the place or the time to dwell on it; but without charging Viscount Palmerston with complicity with, or corruption by the Czar, we regret to record that at the time when Poland fell, Earl Grey was Prime Minister, and the noble lord the present Home Secretary, was principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Viscount Palmerston has often boasted of being a pupil of Canning's. Had Canning lived to 1830, he would have made every effort to destroy Russian influence in Germany; and there is every reason to believe that he would have aided Poland to rise into the attitude of an independent nation. But the spirit of the cabinet of 1831 was a coward and a compromising spirit; and to cowardice and internal dissensions rather than to corruption, the errors and crimes of the cabinet of that day are to be traced. Mr. Urquhart forgets that the whole heart of England was then set on the Reform Bill, and the discussions on Schedule A and Schedule B. To these interesting, and, to an insular community, absorbing topics, every notion and thought on foreign politics was recklessly sacrificed. It is within our own knowledge, that any man who in 1831, 1832, or 1833, wrote or spoke on foreign affairs, was voted, in and out of the House, a bore of the first magnitude.

For a moment the French movement of 1830 gave a check to Russian preponderance in Germany; but in 1832 Muscovite influence was again apparent in the Russia-suggested decrees emanating from Frankfort in that year. Viscount Palmerston was then, undoubtedly, minister for foreign affairs, and thereby incurred the gravest of responsibilities. But let it be remembered,

that two far abler men, that Pitt and Canning were ministers when they beheld with regret the progress of Russia, and had it not in their power to check or control that onward march. England, in the days of Pitt, as of Canning and Palmerston, was, and indeed now is, the most powerful nation of the world; but there may be internal, or even external, causes, to altogether prevent, or impede, or paralyze the free action of our country. We do not think Mr. Urquhart has given sufficient consideration to these impeding causes, and that he has been, in consequence, altogether too prompt and forward to impute corrupt motives. Blundering there has been to the largest extent, and alternations of culpable indifference or supineness combined with rash activity and recklessness, and a total absence of wisdom and foresight has generally been the rule; but we deny that there has been any treason or personal corruption by the aid of filthy lucre.

In that division of his work which relates to Hungary, Mr. Urquhart is more practical and less paradoxical than in the part relating to Spain. On this ground he is more at home, and though he is occasionally unjust, and not seldom extravagant in his views and conclusions, yet many of his revelations are startling, and prove with what little wisdom and foresight the men we call clever, and consider as capable, acted in 1848 and 1849. It was, we believe, in June, 1848, that a Russian army entered Moldavia. In answer to a question put by Lord Dudley Stuart in the House of Commons on the 1st of September, Viscount Palmerston gave Parliament the assurance that the Russian army had entered at the request of the Prince of Moldavia, to maintain the quiet of the provinces, and without orders from St. Petersburg. The noble Viscount stated that the corps was not large, and that its stay would be temporary. Yet this army so described was actually sent by orders from St. Petersburg, and remained long enough to march into Hungary. During the recess Lord Palmerston had abundant leisure to make himself master of the facts, and was free and uncontrolled to indignantly remonstrate with Russia for her deception and falsehood, and with Austria for her consummate duplicity in reference to the movements of the Ban Jellachich, and Prince Windischgrätz; but instead of an indignant protest written in words of fire and flame, all the *poco-curante* Palmerston did, was to address a letter to Sir S. Canning, now Lord Redcliffe, announcing to that functionary that he was aware that the Russian army in Moldavia was to march into Hungary. Within a month of this time he received a letter from the agent of Kossuth, requesting to be allowed to enter into an explanation of the Hungarian question,

and reminding the minister, that in the insurrection of Rakotsky Great Britain became a mediator between Hungary and Austria. To this communication the under secretary replied in the name of his chief to the effect, that Great Britain had no knowledge of Hungary but as part of the Austrian empire.

The *kingdom* of Hungary was undoubtedly united to the empire of Austria by its ancient laws and constitution, that is to say, the *emperor* of Austria was *king* of Hungary so long as he fulfilled his coronation oath of observing those laws and maintaining that constitution. But from the moment the Kaiser of Austria broke the laws and violated the constitution of the land of the Magyar, he ceased *de facto* to be king of Hungary, and became, to use the language of one of the greatest orators and brightest patriots of modern times, (the late Mr. Grattan,) the worst of all rebels—a regal rebel. Lord Palmerston ought to have been aware of this violation of his oath by the emperor. What was he at the Foreign Office for but to know it? Either, however, he was aware of the violation, or he was not. If he was not aware of it, he was deplorably ignorant of what he was paid to know, and of what he ought to have known. If he was aware of it, what are we to think of this letter of Lord Eddisbury to Kossuth's agent, a copy of which the Foreign Office had the unspeakable meanness to send to Vienna. The effect of the sending of such a missive was plainly telling the Cabinet of the *Crétin Kaiser* that they might do what they would with a nation which was only linked to their rotten and putrid empire by its ancient laws and constitution. This was a surrendering up of Hungary to the mercy of the brutal Croats and the barbarian Russians: a deed base enough on the part of the pupil of Canning to cause the bones of that occasionally erring but uniformly generous and chivalrous-minded man to rise and mutiny against his successor. When another Canning, now Lord Redcliffe, (alas! by the grace of a Derby,) announced to Viscount Palmerston some successes of the Hungarians in Transylvania, the Viscount replied, in his cool and toothpick fashion, that undoubtedly the passage of the Russian troops was an infraction of the neutrality of Turkey, and was a fit subject for remonstrance on the part of the Sublime Porte. There's a jaunty official for you! He is profoundly sorry, doubtless, that the neutrality of the Porte is wounded; but as his more eloquent and more highly-gifted countryman, Curran, said, he 'writhes only with grace, and groans only with melody,' and laments a great public crime only in maudlin and lackadaisical, not in indignant and spirit-stirring accents. Is this being a pupil of Pitt's or of Canning's? We will not insult the

manes of Cromwell, of Chatham, or of Chesterfield, by inquiring whether this smart Hibernian Viscount has caught any portion of their manly vigour and true British feeling. The dapper diplomatist, who, with all his faults, is about the best among a wilderness of small men, was solemnly called on and adjured by an emissary of Kossuth early in 1849, to stop the progress of Russia, and to make an effort to stem the villanies, perjuries, and unutterable abominations, of stupid and sanguinary Austria. But to this appeal Viscount Palmerston was deaf as an adder.

When our own ambassadors at Vienna and Constantinople wrote to the Viscount at the Foreign Office, that Russia is really about to march troops into Hungary, he tells Sir Stratford Canning in reply, on the authority of Baron Brunnow, Russian minister at the Court of London, 'that it is not the intention of 'his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, to take any part in 'the Hungarian war.' And he quotes this announcement of the Saxon renegade and ex-pedagogue who entered the service of Russia (to paraphrase the remark of Sir Henry Wootton) to lie for a country to which he did not belong by birth, education, or by any tie of property; as though Brunnow\* had always spoken to him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Yet Brunnow had deceived and mystified the noble Viscount more than once, and is shameless enough, like the diplomatists of the time of Louis XII., to make his diplomatic perfidy the subject of vainglorious boasting. When Louis of France complained that the King of Arragon deceived him three times,—'The drunkard lies!' replied Ferdinand; 'I deceived him more than ten times.' That Viscount Palmerston, like Louis, complains, we will not believe, for his pardonable vanity will not allow him to think he has been deceived by a German *cuisse*, who is not fit to tie the latches of his shoes. But that he has been deceived by an unscrupulous envoy, who boasts of his successes to the Russian boyars and boors who congregate around him, no man who knows London society doubts. It is in evidence from Kossuth's speech at Manchester, that the Magyar orator and dictator solicited that England would give a dynasty to Hungary. But to this solicitation no reply was given, and it seemed to be doubted whether the head of the executive was ever made acquainted with the proposition.

• Mr. Urquhart says, that the Blue Books, even mutilated as they

\* The brother of this Brunnow is a most worthy, truth-speaking, and excellent homœopathist and poet, who lives at Dresden. He translated into French the 'Organon' of Hahnemann, and is the author of the 'New Psyche,' a romance, and a volume of poetry.

are, reveal almost incredible facts. They do indeed do so, and prove, for the hundredth time, that 'truth is strange—stranger than fiction.' Sir S. Canning, over and over again, complained in the middle of 1849, *i. e.*, from May to July of that year, that the neutrality of the Porte had been violated, and that he had urged the Sultan to uphold his rights and the integrity of his territory. 'The government approve of your language,' says the Foreign Secretary. 'The Porte ought for its *own* sake to maintain and assert the neutrality of the Turkish territory as far as it 'is able to do so, without coming into hostile collision with its 'stronger neighbours.' Reduced into intelligible English, this means that the Porte should resist Russia tooth and nail, and defend itself with all its might and main without striking a blow. Check the Russian hordes, says the Viscount, by catching the Tartars and throwing salt on their tails, as children hope to catch birds, but strike them not, the pretty lamb-like creatures, for they are mild as the moonbeams, and mean no harm in life. Above all things, he exclaims to the Turks, in the words of *Hudibras*—

'—lay not your faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun,'

but tell Luders and Grabbe, politely, to withdraw from your territory, and they will make their bow, and march off in a twinkling. If the Turks had then been counselled vigorously to maintain the inviolability of their own frontier, or had followed the example of their neighbours, and helped the Hungarians as the Russians helped the Austrians, not a Russian would have returned to his own country, Hungary might then have been saved—Germany have been disenthralled—Italy have been regenerated—Spain redeemed from profligate favouritism—and France have been spared the humiliation of losing her liberty by a military *coup d'état*. But the fair occasion of playing a great part in the summer and autumn of 1849, was allowed to go by, and the consequence of this most criminal neglect has been the insolent and bullying mission of Mentchikoff to Constantinople, and the passage of the Russians across the Pruth. The mission of Mentchikoff, which took place in the spring, when parliament was sitting, ought of itself to have been taken as an indication of a foregone conclusion; and when it was in preparation at Petersburg (for it was elaborately prepared, and must have been known to our ambassador, by whom, we presume, its object and intent was communicated to the cabinet),—when this mission was in preparation at St. Petersburg, we say, explanations of a categorical character ought to have been required of the Court of Russia. Nothing of the kind, however, was attempted or asked for. ● The

expedition, at the head of which was an admiral and minister of marine, proceeded to Constantinople with barbarian pomp and magnificence; and there the minister and plenipotentiary extraordinary, descendant of the baker's boy,\* surrounded by a suite of insolent boyards in jack boots and spurs, declined to hold conference with the Kharidchijé Naziri, or minister of foreign affairs, but insisted on having an audience of the Sultan Abdul Medjid himself.

The unusual circumstance of sending a Russian minister of marine to Constantinople at a time when there was an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary already appointed to that capital, M. Titoff, surrounded by a regular staff of counsellors and secretaries, ought to have excited comment and remark, as the port and bearing of the extraordinary ambassador ought to have excited indignation on the part of other powers, allies of the Sultan; yet we have not heard of any missive forwarded to St. Petersburg either by Lord John Russell, when the embassy was in preparation, or by Lord Clarendon, when it had proceeded to its destination. Had an energetic protest and correspondence been then entered on, Russian troops from the interior of Poland would never have been moved down towards the Principalities, nor would the Russian forces ever have proceeded to cross the Pruth. But the misfortune of all our dealings with Russia has been, that we have allowed one step after another to be taken, in the hope that the Northern Barbarian would pause; and then, when it is too late, we perceive that, in allowing the bear to take an inch, he has proceeded to take an ell. These are the faults that lie at the root of all our dealings with the Czar; and whether these faults arise from carelessness, from ignorance, from indifference, or from a division of opinion in the Cabinet, they may be fatal to the Ottoman power, and subversive of the European equilibrium. The mode in which M. de Mentchikoff, representing a military power, supposed to be first-rate, conducted himself, was irregular and overbearing, and altogether subversive of the Sultan's independence. Why, then, we ask, should this startling demonstration go unchecked—or, at least, unrebuked? The Czar would not have dared to proceed in this wise with either England, or America, or France. If he had attempted to do so, his capital on the Baltic, his arsenal at Cronstadt, and his arsenal on the Black Sea, would have been laid waste before his fresh-water admiral, Mentchikoff, could have returned to Peterhoff or Tskarzko Zelo.

\* Mentchikoff is descended of the favourite of Peter, who was originally a baker's boy.

Why, it may be asked, should a Czar, who would not dare to overbear a great nation, be allowed to bully and hector it over a nation not so powerful? Why should might, at any time, or in any circumstances, lord it over right, and set public and international law and treaty stipulations altogether at defiance?

It may be said that the measures of Russia, in reference to Turkey, came on the government unawares. How could this be if they had ordinary reading and information, and were aware,—as some of them have been, in their own experience,—of the proceedings of Russia since 1809 and 1812. The stipulations of the treaty of Bucharest, of 1809, must have been in the remembrance of Lords Lansdowne, Aberdeen, Palmerston, and the Lord Chancellor; and Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and others of the Cabinet Ministers, were old enough at the time to remember the provisions of the Treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, and the terms extorted by Russia from Persia in 1814 and 1827. By all these instruments the frontier of Russia was extended and advanced. Above all, the events of 1828 and 1829 ought to have been in the recollection of the youngest and most inexperienced of the Ministers. In 1829, Russia extorted from Turkey the mouths of the Danube. In 1833, by threatening the lives of the ministers of the Sultan—according to Mr. Urquhart—Russia obtained the exclusion from the Euxine, in time of war, of foreign ships; while, in 1836, she established a quarantine, to intercept vessels entering the Danube, and arrogated the right of sending them to Odessa, to perform quarantine. In 1841, says Mr. Urquhart, Russia, by a treaty signed at London, made all nations exclude their ships of war from the Black Sea; the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi having then lapsed just one week. In 1844, according to the same authority, she frustrated, by bribes, a proposal of Austria to open, by canal, the old mouth of the Danube. In 1849, she made Turkey sign a treaty for the occupation of the provinces, during seven years, by her troops. In 1850, she frustrated the revived project of the Danube canal. These circumstances ought, surely, to have been within the cognizance of ordinarily informed persons, and more especially within the knowledge of men sitting in the Cabinet. But independently of history and of facts, there were the warnings of the press, daily, weekly, and quarterly. We ourselves implored of Ministers not to allow Hungary to perish in 1849, as the time of Turkey would surely come next. But irrespective of the press, a voice had been raised beyond the Atlantic—the voice of Kossuth, proclaiming that an attack on Turkey was impending by Russia; and this, said the Magyar,



will hasten my journey back to Europe. With what possible face, then, can Ministers say they were taken unawares?

There was another reason why Ministers ought to have suspected the designs of Russia on Turkey and the Danube. The commercial connexion that had risen up between England and the Danubian provinces was sure to excite the jealous cupidity of Russia, for the exportation of these provinces principally competes with the exports of Russia from Odessa and Petersburg, in the markets of England and Europe. We learn from the *Banker's Circular* of July, 1853, that since we have opened our ports for the free importation of foreign grain, our trade with Russia has gradually declined; but, from the same period, that of Turkey has gradually increased. While the former has diminished nearly fifty per cent, the latter has, since 1845, risen in a similar ratio. The principalities have now, for more than seven years, supplied England with considerable quantities of food, to the exclusion of Odessa; and this seriously interferes with the prosperity of the Russian empire. It is a startling and shameful fact, that the Russian army in Moldavia and Wallachia will now, owing to our supineness, be fed by provisions that would have otherwise reached the Thames. It is not now, as in 1848 and 1850, a joint occupation with Turkish troops and a Turkish commissioner, but an occupation by Russia solely, and alone; the power of hostile action being possessed by Russia, and withdrawn from Turkey. When the Russians were, in 1848, in occupation of the provinces, the Turkish forces crossed the Danube, and placed themselves there in an equality of position with Russia—a measure which deprived the Czar of the opportunity of using these provinces as a basis of operation against the Sultan. This it was,—as Mr. Urquhart remarks,—that constrained Russia, in 1851, to withdraw her troops, that the Turkish troops might be also withdrawn. Russia, then foiled, has awaited her opportunity—has, within two years, returned to the provinces, and now not merely occupies them alone, but administers them, as though they were hers in fee. Mr. Urquhart truly says, ‘the Turks ‘being advanced into the Danubian provinces, Russia would ‘require to have a force in observation of Circassia in the east, ‘and of Poland and Hungary in the west, equal to that which ‘she would employ in the Turkish war; advancing without war ‘into the provinces, she isolates those countries, and places so ‘large an interval between them and Turkey as to prevent a ‘rising or an invasion.’

There is a great deal of verisimilitude if not of truth in this remark, and Turkey may well complain that we have not only

not actively interested ourselves in her behalf, but that we have co-operated with her enemy, and literally played that enemy's game. It may be said, that had we actively interfered when we discovered we had been deceived in the mission of M. de Mentchikoff, such interference must have led to war. We cannot think so. We have as keen an appreciation of the horrors of war, and as much detestation of bloodshed, as any of our neighbours. But we never knew war, or any other evil, stayed by mean and paltry compliances, or by a timid and vacillating policy. In the early spring, a bold declaration, in the face of Europe, or a demonstration in the Black Sea of the British fleet simultaneously with the Russian passage of the Pruth, would have had the effect of preserving the peace, by convincing Russia that we were prepared, and in earnest. In the spring, however, the hours of office of our Cabinet were laden with thoughts touching majorities and divisions, so that all reflection or investigation of the bearing of the Turkish question upon English or European interests was postponed, by hand to mouth politicians, on the principle of *au jour le jour*. There is too much reason to fear that the little great men of the day, to use the words of Mr. Urquhart,—‘see no world beyond the sphere of a debate, or the bourne of a division,’ and the consequence is, that though England has tremendous power, she has no policy.

‘Europe,’ says Mr. Urquhart, ‘contains two great basins, ‘watered by two magnificent streams, which present in their ‘natures a corresponding contrast to that of the two systems. ‘From the mountains of Switzerland to the mouth of the Scheldt ‘extends a mechanical reticulation identical with that of the ‘manufacturing counties of Great Britain. From the reverse of ‘the mountains which supply the Rhine down to the mouths of ‘the Danube and the Black Sea—a vast region of unbounded ‘exuberance—there is a total absence of the mechanical power. ‘This region competes with Russia in the production of the sources ‘as the basin of the Rhine does with England. It would be in ‘the interests of England to thwart the enterprise of the one ‘no less than the energies of the other, but neither is in her ‘character. *It is in Russia's character to do that which her ‘interests require, and while turning to account the activity of ‘the one, she has almost exterminated the producing power of ‘the other.*’

In our last number,\* we contrasted the conduct of Russia with the conduct of Turkey in the Danubian provinces, and, on the authority of the author of *Frontier Lands*, who had for a con-

\* See ‘British Quarterly Review,’ No. xxxv., p. 242, *et seq.*

siderable time resided in these countries, we proved that Turkey was sincerely interested in the prosperity of the country, whereas Russia encouraged corrupt administration, in order that continual dissatisfaction might exist, and the province be kept in a state of constant inquietude. Mr. Urquhart fully confirms these remarks, and also the abundance and fertility of a country described both by Mr. Spencer and the author of *Frontier Lands*. The following are his remarks :—

‘Wallacia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria produce the finest and the cheapest Indian corn, and, if not the finest wheat, at least the cheapest within range of the Black Sea. The charges at present incurred on passing through the Danube, amount to three shillings the quarter, which is equal to twenty per cent. on the cost price of wheat, and fifty per cent. on that of Indian corn; under this charge the export amounts to 1,000,000 quarters, of which 450,000 directly, and 250,000 indirectly, reach England. An agriculturist of eastern reputation (Joaneska) calculates that a rise of price of ten per cent. would suffice to double the production for exportation in the principalities. To those who have visited the provinces and Roumelia, this statement will, perhaps, be more surprising than to strangers. The processes are so rude, the means of transport so cumbersome, the want of care in threshing and housing so great, the taxes and forced labour in Wallachia and Moldavia so oppressive, that the impression made through the eye on the traveller is that of disbelief in any prosperity, and hopelessness of any amelioration. These impressions, as I know in my own case, can only be removed by unquestionable results.

‘Russian corn sells at an advance over that of the Danube of ten per cent. for soft wheat, twenty for hard. This difference does not result from the soil, but from want of care in the selection of seed, cleanliness in threshing, attention to housing, &c., all of which would disappear under the effects of a steady demand. The charges by the Danube exceed those at Odessa by nearly one-and-half piastres per kilo, or twenty per cent. on the cost price. Russia thus enjoys a fictitious advantage of from thirty to forty per cent.; by it her export trade alone subsists; against it the provinces not only contend, but have created their present commerce, which only commenced in 1834. The total charges on all grain supplied from Russia are calculated at fifteen per cent. In the Turkish province of Bulgaria, south of the Danube, grain is charged the tithe, and a local tax (*sulian*), which may amount to as much more; but then comes the export duty of the English treaty, which imposes twenty per cent. more, raising the duty to forty per cent. In the provinces north of the Danube the English treaty is not in operation, but the charges upon the Danube are nearly equivalent to it; yet, when a sudden demand arises, Turkey can export from the provinces north and south of the Danube as much as the whole of southern Russia, and one-fifth more. It will thus be apparent that, either by lowering the charges on the Danube, or by

abrogating the export-duty, the only limit to this exportation would be the necessities of Europe.

‘But grain is not the only produce. Wallachia contains mountains of salt, which would supply the whole of the Levant. Operations of this description, and the impulse given to enterprise, would doubtless lead to the reopening of the ancient mines, of which Russia has already endeavoured to obtain possession, and to which she proposed to send 40,000 miners to work. Another important freight for the canal, would be timber and staves from the oak forest of Serbia, and the upper parts of Wallachia. The herds and flocks are worth, at present, little more than their hides, skins, wool, and tallow; with their extensions, what limit is there to the supply of tallow and hides? Already they export 2000 tons of tallow, and it is the best in the world. Nor must the pigs of Serbia be forgotten, either as live stock or cured. Constantinople would be supplied with cattle for slaughter, and, at one quarter of the meat consumption of Englishmen, would require 100,000 head; which, with the prevailing currents and winds, would reach the Bosphorus in forty-eight hours. Whatever the provinces gain by their exportation they immediately expend on foreign goods, the greater portion of which is already from England; but the whole would come from England, were it not for the obstructions so often referred to. In 1849, 539,712*l.* sterling in value (10,000 tons bulk), were shipped direct from London and Liverpool, and it is estimated that the Russian consul’s fees thereon amounted to 13,000*l.* I have before me an account of fees paid by a shipping house; the following are specimens:—

‘Ships:—128 tons; consul’s fees . . .	£80 18 8
“ 155 ditto ditto . . .	83 15 8 .
“ 117 ditto ditto . . .	84 8 4

‘But these are not the only charges; there are cases and tarpaulins, which are required for making up the packages by the Russian regulations, of the expense of which I cannot get a satisfactory statement. The charges may in all amount to 30*s.* to 2*l.* per ton.’

The passage we are about to quote ought to arrest attention, not merely from its general truth, but from the graphic manner in which it is expressed:—

‘Since Russia obtained access to the Black Sea, her attention has been given to the cultivation of wheat. Her soil, her climate, the distance at which it is placed, a difficult navigation, and a frozen sea during several months of the year, presented to such an enterprise great obstacles; the Bosphorus, too, was then closed against this commerce. Her perseverance has triumphed over all, even to the causing of the prohibition to be repeated by the Porte for the passage outward of her corn, while for that of Turkey it was retained in force. Across the narrow seas of the Ottomans, and between their vast uncultivated plains, Russia sent her cargoes to the markets of Europe, and received in return those monies which place her in the position to aim at the empire of a reasoning but stupid age—a warlike but venal world.

‘The Turkish empire is composed of countries that in former times were the most flourishing on earth. The conditions of the tenure of land, the relations between proprietor and occupier, present no systematic impediment to prosperity. It possesses the most remarkable natural facilities for transport. The sea, which only washes the borders of other states, penetrates into its centre, and gives it a maritime coast of about 1200 leagues, or twice and a half that of England, and five times that of France. The rivers communicating with these seas traverse the most fertile regions. Egypt has her Nile, the rich plains of Syria touch or approach the sea-coast, reaching the Gulf of Acre to the south, and joining the Orontes on the north; to the east flows the Euphrates. The mountain chains of Asia Minor run all east and west, so as to allow the plains and watercourses to penetrate from the sea to the interior; by the four rivers that run to the west, and the two that run to the north, the elements are afforded of a system of internal water carriage through its whole extent. Roumelia is traversed by the great artery of central Europe, the Danube, which a canal of five leagues would cover with craft, letting the Black Sea into the land, carrying it right up to Hungary, and so uniting to the Bosphorus the repose and prosperity of the Austrian empire. These provinces are placed under the most happy sky, they neither know the rigours of winter nor the intensity of summer; a frugal and docile population of nearly forty millions is sprinkled over a soil not yet broken to labour or fashioned by art.

‘With such a surface for the growth of corn, with such facilities for its transport, Turkey would unquestionably have seized upon the commerce of the world if the sentence had not gone forth against her, ‘You shall not traffic in the stores of your granaries, the flax shall dry upon the stock, the olive shall rot under its tree, the forest shall never descend from the mountains, nor the brass and iron, the gold and silver emerge from their entrails.’ This sentence the Sultan Mahmoud undertook to reverse; but the times were no longer when an Ottoman Sultan was his own master. He did not dare say to his people—Enjoy the gifts of Providence; he did not dare say to his nation—Come, and trade with my people.’

It may be said, that the people of European Turkey are not anxious to trade with Great Britain; but the latest traveller who has been in these parts tells quite a different story. The author of *Foreign Lands* says:

‘If some of our enterprising countrymen, acquainted with commercial pursuits, were to assist these provinces of European Turkey, they would find a rich field as yet unexplored. I found a most anxious desire on the part of the inhabitants to establish a more intimate commercial connexion with Great Britain for the disposal of their timber, corn, and cattle, which seemed to lie upon their hands without the possibility of a sale. In the interior of Bulgaria and Upper Moesia, the low prices of provisions and cattle of every description is almost

fabulous compared with the prices of Western Europe. A fat sheep or lamb usually costs from eighteenpence to two shillings ; an ox, forty shillings ; cows, thirty shillings ; and a horse, in the best possible travelling condition, from four to five pounds sterling. Wool, hides, tallow, wax, and honey, are equally low. In the town, and houses by the road-side, everything is sold by weight ; you can get a pound of meat for a halfpenny, a pound of bread for the same ; and wine, which is also sold by weight, costs about the same money.

Why then, it may be asked, should not the trade with European Turkey be developed and encouraged, since Turkey has for the basis of her system freedom of trade, and since the productions of foreigners are not loaded with duties within her territory ? For this reason, and for this reason only, says Mr. Urquhart (and we confess his hypothesis wears an air of truthfulness), because the basin of the Danube producing exactly the same articles as Russia, every ton exported from that quarter was a ton less exported from Odessa or St. Petersburg. Competition would have affected price ; and one shilling reduction in the cwt. of tallow, or the quarter of grain, is a loss to Russia of from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* Therefore it is that Russia is so anxious, independently of gaining a footing, of dismembering Turkey, and annexing to her empire its fairest parts, to the end that there may no longer be rivalry, but that the price of the produce of the exports from Odessa, as well as from Galatz and Ibraila, may go into the imperial treasury at St. Petersburg. Independently altogether of the question of the balance of power, how would any such settlement, by dismemberment and spoliation, affect the question of trade ? Let it be remembered that Russia prohibits nearly all the manufactures of England, and seeks to enforce the imports of her raw produce ; while Turkey admits all the manufactures of England. The English merchant in Russia is surrounded with restrictions, and possesses not the advantages of a native. The English merchant in Turkey enjoys the fullest immunities, and is placed above the native. Turkey is engaged in no design against any neighbour or river in any state ; whereas Russia is engaged in designs against all her neighbours ; and wherever she establishes her power, there follows her detestable system. What the Russian system of government is in its external relations we have attempted briefly to show ; what some of the Russian monarchs have been, we will briefly recapitulate. We hear much of the cruelty of Sultans. Is there any Sultan of Turkey, in the most barbarous times, who can be compared to Olha, the mother of Swatislas ? The chief of the Drewlians having sent twenty ambassadors to her with propositions of marriage, she caused them all to be burnt alive.

Is there any turbaned Turk, in the history of the Osmanlis, who imitated the deeds of Wsewolde the Third, who destroyed in succession his five brothers? or of John Basilowitz, who executed and stifled two hundred and fifty gentlemen in a morass? Is there any turbaned Turk who belaboured his own senators, like Peter the Great? Or any Algerine corsair who ever performed a more diabolical deed than the same ferocious monarch, who, after poisoning his own son, ordered the Vaiwode of Kargopol to be quartered, and his members cut in pieces, to be distributed among the other Vaiwodes? Is there any Sultan of that day who emulated the fame of the voluptuous Elizabeth, who, after ordering the Countesses of Bestucheff and Lapoutkin to be knouted in the open square of Petersburg, directed their tongues to be cut out, when they were banished to Siberia? The only crime of these ladies was the having commented too freely on the Empress's amours.† It may be said that these are old tales; but let it be remembered that Elizabeth was alive ninety-one years ago, and that the same punishment might now be awarded to any countess in Muscovy by the reigning Emperor. Even since the French Revolution of 1830, and under the present Emperor, the head of the Prince Sangusko was shaved, and he was sent an exile to Siberia; and Madame Demuth was privately whipped for speaking ill of the magnanimous Nicholas. The Russian people are not naturally an ill-disposed race, but they are embruted by slavery and man-worship. Upon all occasions, says Perry,‡ they join God and the Czar together: As God and the Czar are strong: if God and the Czar permit; nay, even sometimes they attribute a kind of divinity to the Czar, such as they do to God. If the best Russian Czars suffer in comparison with the worst Sultans, so do the Russian people suffer in comparison with the Turkish. The Ottomans have their defects, for they are men; but in every aspect they are preferable to the Russians. We have ourselves lived both amongst Turks and Russians, and we can safely say, because truly, that Byron's description of the Turks is not exaggerated. He says—

‘In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found on applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera. In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character

\* Ségur.

† Coxe's 'Russia,' 2 vols.

‡ 'Account of Russia,' by Captain John Perry.

than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem in walking the streets of our county towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. \* \* \* The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to say what they are, we can at least say what they are not: they are not treacherous, they are not cowardly, they do not burn heretics, they are not assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to their capital. They are faithful to their Sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from Saint Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser. With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? Or is a Turk worse clothed and lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their pachas worse educated than a grandee? Or an effendi than a knight of St. Jago? I think not.\*

It shocks the truly religious and virtuous *Times* to think of 'the wonderful discovery that the Turks are not Christians, and it pleases him to know that the Russians are. But, between the ridiculous superstition of the Greek Church and Mahomedanism there is little to choose. The religion of the common Russian is a prostration of body and soul to the saint or to the priest. We have ourselves seen a mugik make fifty-three prostrations to a print of St. Alexander Newsky. Sometimes the humour takes them, says Captain Perry, to bow down to the very ground and knock their heads on the floor. This way of knocking their heads on the floor is often done also to great men. When you reason with them against this way of bowing to pictures, they tell you it is absolutely necessary to have something to cross themselves to. They bow and fast, says Lord Carlisle, and drink nothing during the Lent but quass. They eat garlic and onions, of which they stink very enormously, all Lent long, but during the carnival their extravagances are incredible.\*

Is such a belief as this better than the Koran? *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and a more corrupt Christianity than this never debased man. The Koran combines many passages drawn from the Bible, in which humility, charity, and pardon of injuries are enjoined; but the religion of the Greek Church is but a collection

\* 'A Relation of Three Embassies,' by the Earl of Carlisle.



of vain ceremonies and ridiculous practices. The Greek clergy are far more superstitious than their Pagan ancestors. They believe in dreams, in divination, in talismans, in predictions, in sacred fountains, and in an excommunication which extends to the bodies of the living and the dead, filling them with demons. There is no Mahomedan priest who does not know his Koran, but many a Greek papa who cannot correctly repeat the Lord's Prayer, either in modern Greek, in Latin, or in Russian. Would the *Times* revive the old Popish doctrine that we are not to keep faith with heretics, or those who differ from us in faith? If so, what becomes of our treaties with the Emperor of China, with Indian princes, with the Dey of Algiers, with the Barbary States, with the Cherokee Indians, with the Sandwich Islands? &c. Justice, and faith, and honour, are of no creed; and if nations have for allies Mahomedans and Pagans, it is not for them to forget towards Mahomedans those principles of equity, justice, faith, and morality, without which states, whether Christian or Pagan, cannot long subsist, and which are just of as paramount obligation when our co-contractors in a formal instrument differ with us in religion and in race, as when they are of the same religion and the same race.

It may be said, that the doctrines we are advocating are war doctrines, and that we have not weighed the reasonings or the words of the Peace Conference at Edinburgh and elsewhere. To this we reply, that we are just as anxious for peace as Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Samuel Gurney, or any of the respectable gentlemen of his cloth; but we differ from these worthy, but, we think, in this respect, mistaken men, as to the best manner of promoting peace. It is not by saying, with Mr. Cobden, that the quarrel is of no earthly interest to this country, that the Turk must be put down or die out, and so the Emperor of Russia must be allowed to have his wicked will, that we shall have peace. The country which within a century and a half has pushed its frontier, as was long ago proved in the *Portfolio*, 700 miles towards Berlin, 650 miles towards Stockholm, 500 miles towards Constantinople, and 1000 miles towards Teheran and Calcutta, is not likely to stop at Constantinople if it ever got there. It is because we wish to stop a longer and more sanguinary war than Mr. Cobden has ever dreamed of that we would make a stand now against the move of the Russians beyond the Pruth. Has Mr. Cobden never heard or read that the sanguinary madman, Paul, the father of Nicholas Paulovitch, desired of all things to be Grand Master of Malta, with a view, as the head of the knights, to possess the keys of that island? and does the honourable member for the West Riding think that the successor and

son of Paul, Nicholas, would not desire the keys, and something more than the keys? which, with the blessing of God, he shall never have. Bad as Mr. Moore O'Ferrall was as Governor of Malta, or indifferent as Mr. Ward may be as Governor of the Ionian Islands, we should prefer either the one or the other to the Emperor Nicholas. That pious ultramontane Roman-catholic, Mr. Moore O'Ferrall, inhumanly drove away the suffering and sickly Sicilian, Modenese, and Tuscan refugees, and Roman republicans, while he cherished and caudled the Jesuits of Palermo and Naples; but Nicholas of Russia would have knouted the Jesuits into conformity with the orthodox Greek Church, or have sent them chained, manacled, and fettered, to the mines of Siberia, while he would have hanged, drawn, and quartered, the patriots, reformers, or republicans of Italy. Mr. Cobden has misrepresented the position of Rayas and Christians in Turkey, as well as of slaves and dependants. He led his auditors at Edinburgh to believe, that it is only within a few months that a Christian could give evidence against a Mahomedan; whereas, since the 3rd of November, 1839, when the *Hatti Scheriff* was proclaimed in his name at the Kiosk of Gulhané, there have existed abundant guarantees for the lives, the honour, and the reputation, as well as the properties, of all the Sultan's subjects, without exception of persons or of religion. Some Christian codes and laws would lose by comparison with this *Hatti Scheriff*, whether we regard the administration of justice, or the levying of taxes. This edict of Gulhané is the work of the *Kharidchijé Naziri*, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs, Reschid Pacha, one of the most enlightened men in or out of Europe, and has effected infinitely more good in the Turkish Empire than the Reform Bill in England. No man is put to death in Turkey without inquiry, or without a regular sentence, any more than in this country, in America, in Belgium, in Holland; in Sardinia,—the only countries in which representative government or the smallest spark of freedom abides.

In Turkey a citizen cannot be flogged, or knouted, or decapitated, as in Russia, at the mere will of the Emperor or Empress. We do not hesitate to state, as the result of travel and experience, that there is greater equality and personal freedom in Turkey than in many more civilized and Christian countries. The East is, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, the land of equality, the highest being separated from the lowest by the most imperceptible barrier. The whole scheme and structure of Turkish life rests on a basis of equality. There are no hereditary honours, 'those poor possessions from another's deeds,' in Turkey. The barber of to-day may be the Sultan of to-morrow; and the fruit-seller or street-porter

of last year or last week, the *Reis Effendi* of this year or this week. Personal servitude in Turkey is tempered by the greatest mildness, and by an easy and delightful familiarity. The servant or slave is almost always the confidant, often the counsellor, uniformly the kindly-treated dependent, not seldom the ruler and real master over the nominal one. The rigid forms of military discipline are even insufficient to obliterate or raze out this ingrained and inborn feeling of equality, which levels distinctions. Contrast this gentle servitude with the abject slavery of Russia. The Russian boyar is an unmitigated arrogant and insolent bear, peremptory, uncompassionate, and unmerciful. He is a task-master and a tyrant in the worst sense. He is entitled to the labour of his male slave three days in the week, without remuneration, and our honest *friend* Samuel Gurney, and the other friends who crowd the peace platforms, and applaud the speakers at the Peace Conference, would unconsciously institute a propagand of slavery, and increase by nearly half the thirty-six millions of Russian slaves, by allowing Nicholas to march peaceably and unresisted into the possession of Constantinople. Instead of the *Tanzimat* and the *Hatti Scheriff* of Gulhané, he would rivet the shackles of Russian slavery on the Turk, and make this fine race of men the property, body and soul, of the Czar, to sell them, to knout them, to hang them, or profit by their labour, or receive from them an obrok, or compensation, for the permission of exercising their own hands at their own handicraft trade for their own advantage. The Jews in Russia and Poland are persecuted, and forced to serve in the army. The Roman-catholics in Russia and Poland are dispersed and mulcted in every way; but in Turkey, Jew, Protestant, Papist, Quaker, or Deist, is at liberty to exercise his belief without let or hindrance. Allow Russia to become master of Constantinople, and not a Jew, not a Protestant, not a Papist, may profess his belief there without the licence of the Czar. The Czar's breath is both the law and the prophets within his dominions. He can give and he can take away; but in giving or in taking, his slaves and instruments must ever abjectly cry, 'Long live the Czar!' This feeling is natural to a Russian, but not to a Turk. '*Allah, illah Allah!* God is great!' says a Turk. Not so the Russian, for his exclamation is, 'Great is the Czar!' 'So abject are they,' says Lord Carlisle,\* 'and submissive 'to the Czar's command, that they will themselves declare their 'own servitude, and acknowledge their estates from God and the 'Czar only. They will freely confess to be his slaves, and never 'name themselves in his presence but with a diminutive; and 'were they not restrained a little, they would be near to fly into

\* 'A Relation of Three Embassies.'

‘such extravagant exclamations as were used to King Herod, and ‘say of his voice, ‘It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.’’ Shame on us—for ever shame on us—if we look at aggressions and spoliations which must end, if the advice of some people be followed, in placing millions of men, fine men,—honourable, brave, and reliable men, as soldiers and citizens, whose condition is daily improving under the Sultan—in placing such men at the footstool of the Czar. Is it not enough to have stood passively by while this Czar crucified Christian Poland? Are we also to remain mute and passive while he tears Mohammedan Turkey asunder from limb to limb? If this be so, ‘then welcome infamy and lasting shame;’ for our repute for honour, for honesty, and manhood, is gone, and our power and greatness will not long survive our reputation.

If we abandon the weak and the oppressed in the day of their need, when it is our duty to protect them, our own doom may be distant, but it is not the less certain, nor will it be the less severe. In a paper in our last number, we entered into the merits of this question, on the grounds of treaty and international law, and we have little to add to our former remarks. Everything that has since occurred has augmented our disgust for the proceedings of the Czar and his diplomacy, and has increased our sympathy for the Turks.

The manifesto of the Sublime Porte, which has been recently published,\* is a very able and temperate state paper, which unfortunately appeared after the Edinburgh meeting had been held. Had it reached England earlier, we cannot but think that many of the worthy, excellent, and humane, but most mistaken men, who figured at the Peace Conference, would have paused and held back, for it is clearly demonstrated in this unanswerable document, that Russia has been from the commencement the aggressor, and that the Porte has been perfectly right and perfectly consistent in not accepting the Vienna note in its pure and simple form. In this state paper it is also made plain, that the refusal of Russia to accord the modifications required by the Sublime Porte, arises from the desire of the Czar not to allow explicit terms to replace vague expressions. So long as expressions are vague, they allow not only every latitude of interpretation, but they may be twisted and tortured so as to furnish a pretext for again intermeddling and again marching into the principalities on a future and possibly not distant occasion, when England and France may not be in such harmonious combination as they appear to be now. For these and other

\* See *Daily News*, of Monday, 17th October.

reasons, on which we will not enlarge, the Porte has pursued a course in harmony with its own sense of honour, justice, and independence. It has declared the prolonged occupation of the principalities a violation of its sacred rights, sovereignty, and independence; and has made known to Prince Gortzhakoff, that hostilities will be commenced after the delay of fifteen days, unless the Russian forces retire.

Our peaceful friends may say that this state paper is the sure harbinger of war, and that war is sure to bring in its train the evils which Mr. Bright predicts. Let it be admitted, *argumenti gratia*, that it is so, but, on the other hand, war may prevent evils more to be deprecated and dreaded than the state of passiveness and uncertainty in which we have been for the last ten months, and under which every interest in the community is suffering. We say again and again, peace by all honourable means, but a dishonourable peace might bring the Russian, not to-day or to-morrow, but five or ten years hence, from Constantinople, and where else time only could tell. Whatever the peace people may say to the contrary, we must try to get him again behind his legal limits of the Pruth. '*Back again*' must be the words (to borrow from the slang of Mr. Disraeli) we are to repeat to the Czar, with discretion, if gentlemen please, but with emphasis too. If he does not heed our emphasis, why—we must suit the action to the word, at whatever risk or whatever cost.

Many there are who think that the declaration of war by the Sultan is an unwise policy, and that war must be the ruin of Turkey; but Mr. Crowe, whose work we have placed at the head of this article, is not of this number, and, we confess, we are inclined to agree with him. War may develop the resources and spirit of Turkey, and prevent Russia from enslaving the world. The possession of Constantinople, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, of Thrace and Asia, gives to the holder the most powerful position in the world, and the most favourable for empire; and Russia will never give up looking, and longing, and intriguing, and fighting for this position till she is worsted in war. Wars, with all their horrors, are preferable to the military subjugation of Europe, and the extinction of its independence and its liberties. Be it remembered that Russia and Austria alone destroy TWO MILLIONS of their people every year, as the effects of their bad government, who would not have perished in any of the free countries of Europe; and that this frightful mass of physical suffering is a small evil compared with what is inflicted on the *minds* of the people, in respect to intelligence, morals,

and religion.\* If Russia will not abate her pretensions, or relax her grasp, what remains for it but a struggle? The longer that struggle is delayed, the more protracted, sanguinary, and costly it is likely to be. Now it would be a struggle in a just and righteous cause. It would be honour, truth, and freedom, on one side, and serfdom and slavery on the other.

Mr. Urquhart, in whose extravagance and paradox there is often a spice of truth, talks largely of the great ability of Russian diplomatists. The Russian diplomatists are not abler than other men, but they are infinitely less honest and less scrupulous. They serve a master who has not any common interests with the rest of the world, and whose wish and will they have alone to gratify. The diplomacy of Russia, regardless of the means, looks only to the end, and heeds not how that end be accomplished. Corruption, lying, intrigue, falseness, double-dealing, and worse crimes still, have long been the familiar instruments of Russian diplomacy. The system is base and infamous, with legions of spies, male and female, and millions of silver and gold at command. No wonder that such a system is, for a time, successful, and that it often outwits John Bull. But though this infamous system has gained many petty triumphs, it has produced no great or noble mind to guide, to control, or to command the nation. Russia has produced many knavish tricksters and artful diplomatic dodgers, but not one statesman. There has been no Russian Cecil, no Russian Chatham, no Russian Chesterfield, no Russian Canning. Adventurers of every nation and calling, characterless, creedless, and conscienceless, have entered the diplomatic service of Russia, but the cankers of a vicious system have only produced such beings as an Italinski, a Capo d'Istria, a Pozzo di Borgo, a Lieven, a Matuchewitz, and a Nesselrode.

Mr. Urquhart utters some sensible words on secret diplomacy. We must put an end to this dishonest, nonsensical trifling, if it really be not something worse. Foreign affairs must henceforth be the domain of all, and be exposed in a great degree to parliament and the public view. There is no magic in diplomacy that it must be made a mystery of, like the worship of the Bona Dea. Henceforth, instead of appointing dandies and noodles to carry on negotiations, we should appoint, as do the Americans and some of the continental nations, men who have distinguished themselves as lawyers, or scholars, or *savants*, or as great merchants. The days of Palmerstonian protocolling are over, never, we trust, to return. Notwithstanding the ability and playful humour of this clever

\* See the Anatomy of Despotism, British Quarterly, No. xxxiii.

man, we must not allow him or any one else to play fast and loose with questions involving not only the interests of Great Britain but the interests of the civilized world.

We wish we could truly say that the successor of the noble viscount has improved the theory and practice of the Foreign Office. Unfortunately, we cannot. Without any portion of the ability, the readiness, the experience, or the happy humour of the noble viscount the member for Tiverton, the Earl of Clarendon is a civil, colourless, common-place tapist, scarcely attaining a respectable mediocrity, as without high courage as without high talent.

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# OUR EPILOGUE

ON

## BOOKS.

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### LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

*The Homes of the New World; Impressions of America*, by FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Fep. Arthur Hall & Co. 1853.

Here is a publication given to the world in a form not a little provoking. It consists of three volumes of from four to five hundred pages each, without a line in the way of Table of Contents or Index, without a word at the head of the letters of which it is composed, or at the head of the pages even, to give you the slightest hint as to the matters to which any of the parts have reference. You have to make your way on and on through the almost interminable pages of monotonous type, and passing these ever-recurring words at the top of the pages, 'Homes of the New World,' without a sign of any other description, to indicate to you either where you are, or whither you are going. We know not whether Miss Bremer has given her volumes to her Swedish friends in this negligent fashion or not, but so they come before us from the hand of her translator, and that hand the practical one of Mary Howitt. We often see books published in this slovenly, save-trouble manner, and as often regret that there is not some mode of subjecting the careless doers to a labour many times greater than would have been required to do their work well.

After this scold about the faults in the editing of the work, it may be thought that we are not likely to be in a mood for coming to a very favourable judgment about the work itself. But it is not so. Whether our readers know it or not, we never fail to acquit ourselves with the philosophy and discrimination becoming our vocation in such cases. Miss Bremer is a genial soul, rich in good sense and good nature. Wherever agreeable companionships are to be found, she is sure to find them. She is not blind to the foibles or faults of the human beings who come in her way, but she has the happy secret of guarding against one-sidedness, of placing the good over against the evil, the wise over against the foolish, and thus finds the world to be much more full of people to be interested about and to like, than persons of a less humanized intelligence can give our planet the credit of containing. We often find the letters of travellers preceded by the intimation that they were written without the most distant view to publication. We can accept



such an intimation from Miss Bremer as strictly truthful, and can readily suppose that her thoughts and impressions were first committed to writing with the idea of their being used, if used at all, in some other form than the present. But we are thankful to have them as they are, in their own natural gracefulness. They give us a better idea of the 'Homes of the New World' than could have been conveyed by any novel or treatise wrought up from them. We accompany Miss Bremer through North and South, through free states and slave states; we hear her talk with and about politicians of all grades, and we are with her in her intercourse with the almost endless variety of religionists to be found in those regions, from Mr. Waldo Emerson to the Shakers and the Mormons. In politics, Miss Bremer's sympathies are strongly on the side of freedom and humanity. In religion she is tolerant of wide differences, if only allied with honest conviction and real feeling. We know of no book that does really give you so much of the 'homes'—that is of the home manners, talkings, and feelings of the people in the New World.

*The Pantropeon, or History of Food and its Preparations, from the Earliest Ages of the World.* By A. SOYER. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1853.

It is something for a man to gain the summit of his vocation, whatever that vocation may be. The thing to be done may be to expound law from the woolsack, or to cure smoky chimneys in the kitchens of the West-end, but the man who does his proper thing better than any other man, is, in his way, a great man. The vocation of the man expected to be skilled in the 'Preparations of Food,' may not be one of much elevation in the judgment of many of our readers, but the man who gets to the top of the tree in this department must be allowed to be a man of some scientific achievement. It is no small amount of the pleasures of our race, especially of the more civilized portions of it, that must be traced to thought and experiment as taking this direction. The pleasures of the table, in domestic life, and in seasons of festival and banquet, how exhilarating, often how brilliant is the chapter in the history of our species which these present? We are ignorant of much that the remote and ancient peoples did, but we know that they ate and drank, and that for the most part they enjoyed it thoroughly.

Here, then, is M. Soyer, a sort of king in his line of things, publishing a book, in which we have an account of the manner in which science adapted food to the palate of those great ancients of whom we hear and read so much in our schoolboy days. The volume is a substantial one, with gay binding, admirable in its paper, its printing, and its illustrations, effervescent in its style as a glass of champagne, and very learned withal. Old Greeks and old Romans, pagan philosophers and Christian fathers, all come up as authorities on this grave subject. The book, in consequence, shows us how agriculture originated and was diffused; how the ancients grew their corn, ground their corn, and manipulated it when it became flour; how they raised vegetables and fruit; what animals they ate, how the wild were caught, and how both wild and tame were cooked; what fish also came to their net; together

with the sort of pastries, seasonings, and beverages that pleased them. It is a book, accordingly, containing a good deal for those who read only to be amused, and a good deal for those who read to a purpose beyond that. It is a chapter on an instructive feature in the manners of the ancients, of which historians make no mention except incidentally. These incidental notices are here brought together, and present a mosaic picture of those ancients as they broke their fast, dined, supped, and banqueted some two thousand years ago. We look at them with no great pleasure as we see them eat 'the flesh of apes and dogs,' and as they make a dainty of fat snails. Even as they so do, however, they teach us something—the omnipotence of custom and fashion. M. Soyer, who has a smart humour about him at times, says, 'The Greeks and Romans—egotists if there ever was any—supped for themselves, and lived only to sup; *our* pleasures are ennobled by views more useful and more elevated. We often *dine* for the *poor*, and we sometimes *dance* for the *afflicted*, the *widow*, and the *orphan*.' M. Soyer gives us an account of one of these egotist suppers as they took place among the chief ones of Rome in the time of Nero. We are informed of the manner in which Seba, the freed-man and favourite of Nero, acquitted himself as host on such occasions; of the manner in which invitations were sent by special messengers to the patrician nobles; of the hollow sycophant style in which these invitations were accepted; of the preparations at the baths, the services of the valet, the teeth cleansing, and the assumption of special costume, which belonged to the preparations of the guests before making their appearance at the house of Seba; and of the reception given them by the parasites of the favourite on their arrival.

'They enter an immense hall, decorated with unheard-of luxury, lighted by lustres, and round which are several ranks of seats, not unlike the folding-stools and armed-chairs we meet with in the present day in the most elegant *boudoirs*. The guests seat themselves, and anon Egyptian slaves approach with perfumed snow water, with flowers from golden vases of the most graceful forms, and cool the hands of senators and knights, whilst other servants disencumber them of their patrician shoes, the end of which represents a crescent. The feet then receive a similar ablution, and fresh slaves, skilful orthopædists, accomplish in a twinkling the delicate toilet of their extremities, and imprison them again in elegant and commodious sandals, fastened by ribbons which cross on the top. The guests stretch themselves on their couches of gold and purple; slaves burn precious perfumes in golden vases; young children pour odoriferous essences on the hair of each. The hall is full of balmy fragrance. The candelabra diffuse the most brilliant lustre. The golden panelling of the walls return a dazzling brightness; and the full or softened tones of the hydraulic organ announce the commencement of the banquet. And now course follows course, and goblet follows goblet, the viands and wines being the richest that art could furnish from the land or sea. At length, supper being ended, the guests however being still on their couches and at their wine, the amusements begin, which consist in part of feats performed by jugglers, and of a company of public servants, who, from the things they did, seemed to have bodies pliant as leather and light as air.

'The only thing wanting to render Seba's supper a worthy specimen of nocturnal Roman feasts, was to produce before the guests one of those spectacles which outrage morals and humanity. Nero's freedman had been too well tutored to refuse them this diversion. Young Syrians, or bewitching Spanish girls, went through lascivious dances, which raised no blush on the brow of rigid magistrates, who forgot, in the house of the vile slave, the respect due to their age and dignity.

'After the voluptuous scenes of the lewd Celtibereans, blood was required: for they seem to have been formed by nature to take a strange delight in sudden contrasts. Ten couples of gladiators, armed with swords and bucklers, occupied a space assigned to them, and ten horrible duels recreated the attentive assembly. For a long time nothing was heard but the clash of arms; but the thirst for conquest animated those ferocious combatants, and they rushed with loud cries on one another. Blood flowed on all sides; the couches were dyed with it, and the white robes of the guests were soon spotted. Some of the combatants fell, and the rattles announced approaching death; others preserved in their last struggles a funereal silence, or endeavoured to fix their teeth in the flesh of their enemies standing erect beside them. The spectators, stupified with wine and good cheer, contemplated this carnage with cold impassibility; they only roused from their torpor when one of those men, happening to trip against a table, struck his head on the ivory, and his antagonist, prompt as lightning, plunged his sword into the throat of his foe, whence torrents of black, reeking blood inundated the polished ivory, and flowed in long streams among the fruits, cups, and flowers.

'The deed was applauded; servants washed the tables and the floor with perfumed water, and these stirring scenes were soon forgotten. A last cup was drunk to the good genius, whose protection they invoked before returning home.'—p. 396.

Our readers will see from this extract, and from what we have said, that M. Soyer's book does more than tell us what the ancients ate and drank—it gives pictures of ancient manners, such as historians and philosophers, moralists and statesmen, may glance at with advantage.

*The Works of John Bunyan.* Edited by GEORGE OFFER, Esq.

Three volumes. Royal 8vo. Blackie & Son. 1851—1853.

Mr. Offer has here performed a labour of love. He has given us the first complete edition of the works of John Bunyan. Each publication is here reprinted from the author's own editions; and to each there is a suitable Introduction, besides historical and explanatory notes. Of course there is a life of the gifted man, and this, so full of interest in itself, is rendered still more so by a series of engravings of places and things connected with Bunyan's history. There are also other engravings, illustrative of his allegorical and symbolic writings, and more than one finely executed portrait. 'An ardent admiration of all Bunyan's works,' says Mr. Offer, 'led me to collect the earliest editions, and I read with the highest gratification his *sixty-two* treatises. For more than half a century they have beguiled many leisure hours, and, at the request of valued friends, I have agreed to devote a few years of the decline of life to venture upon editing a new and complete collection of these important works.' And now that work is done; and we congratulate the editor on the consummation of his labours.

Mr. Offer's fitness for the work he has undertaken consists mainly in his thorough knowledge of his subject, and in his full sympathy with the religious views of his author. He brings to his work strong feeling, and strong natural intelligence, resembling those which characterized Bunyan himself, but his criticisms have not always either the breadth or the discrimination to be expected from a thoroughly educated man on such writings, in the middle of the nineteenth century. The genius of Bunyan needs no commendation from us or from any man, and we should be sorry that any fruit of that genius should be lost, but it is not to be supposed that all these sixty-two

treatises are of a sort to commend themselves equally to the judgment or to the taste of modern readers. Those of Bunyan's productions, however, which partake less of the extraordinary power of invention and painting so conspicuous in his allegorical writings, are remarkable, among other things, as showing the rich command of the English language which is possible to a man whose one book is his English Bible. Bunyan read other books, but that book along with all, and more than all, and it sufficed to make him the man we find him. We commend this fact to the attention of the living preacher. Let him not forget the saying of the great Dr. Owen, 'I would willingly part with all my learning, to be able to preach like John Bunyan.'

Both the editor and the publishers of these volumes have a claim on our gratitude, and we commend the fruit of their labour and enterprise very cordially to the attention of our readers.

*Zur Vergleichenden Sprachengeschichte.* Von Dr. A. SCHLEICHER. Bonn. 1848.

*Die Sprachen Europas in Systematischer Uebersicht.* Bonn. 1850.

*Die Formenlehre der Kirchenslawischen Sprache.* Von Dr. A. SCHLEICHER. Bonn. 1852. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

These three thin octavo volumes, which are among the latest productions of German philology, and which we owe to the learned professor of comparative philology in the University of Prague, present in different ways the most recent conclusions and best established views entertained on the Continent, respecting, first, the comparative history of languages; secondly, the relations borne to each other, and to the great stock of languages by the languages now spoken in Europe; and, thirdly, the grammar and historical bearings of that dialect of the Slavonic which is peculiar to the Church Services. The first volume and the last are works specially suited for the scholar. The second should be studied by all who wish to have a general and correct view of the origin and mutual relations of the languages of Europe. The Slavonic family of tongues, the younger sister to the Indo-Germanic and the Celtic, has of late attracted attention, and is likely to assume high importance, in consequence of efforts which are now making among the oppressed populations of Russia and Austria to revive the old Slavonic spirit as a means of restoring Slavonic nationality; or, at least, of recovering lost civil freedom and national independence. Any study which promotes so desirable a result will be approved by the wise and good, who will not be displeased to see how the dry and abstract pursuits of the solitary grammarian and scholar may prove to have a connexion with questions of immediate and vivid interest.

*The Gazetteer of the World.* Royal 8vo. Parts 1—20. A. Fullarton & Co.

Parts from one to twenty of this work have now appeared, the last Part ending with the word 'Missouri,' under the letter M. The work is compiled from the most recent authorities, and designed to present a complete body of Modern Geography, Physical, Political, Statistical, Historical, and Ethnographical. The term 'Gazetteer,' accordingly, does

not convey any adequate idea of the extent and value of the publication. Its information is of great variousness and compass, especially in relation to all places and peoples of interest on commercial or other grounds. As a book of reference, it is adapted to be of great utility to the merchant, the politician, and the man of letters. It is printed with a clear type, on good paper, and is largely illustrated with woodcuts and other engravings. We feel, after a somewhat careful examination of its contents, that no word of ours in its favour can be stronger than its merits. It takes precedence of every work of the kind in our language. The reader who would verify for himself the justice of our commendation has only to turn to the very last Part published, and to the words Marocco, Massachusetts, Mauritius, Mexico, and Mississippi.

*The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke.* By TALBOT GWYNNE. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

This is the day of portable literature. Our grandfathers and grandmothers, innocent of railroads, might tolerate six or eight volumes of sentimental sorrows or romantic heroisms, but we nineteenth century folk, under steam pressure as we are, must away with prolixity of every sort. Condensation seems to be a principle in author-craft, as well as in hydraulics. These remarks have been elicited by a perusal of Mr. Gwynne's interesting one-volume novel, forming as it does, what we may term, without offence, our author's 'singular triad.' Some of our readers will remember the 'School for Fathers,' with its quaint, but striking delineation of old English character, once realized in that 'Squire-archy,' of which, with all its faults, England may be justly proud as a breed of independent sturdy sons. The 'School for Fathers' was followed by the 'School for Dreamers;' and to these worthy twin brethren Mr. Gwynne has now added a companion volume in 'Silas Barnstarke,' whose Life and Death are intended to set before us the 'Miser's progress.' In reading the volume we have been reminded of Hogarth's pictures, and think we are not mistaken in believing that Mr. Gwynne has admired to good purpose, the manly humour, broad fun, and above all, fine *moral purpose* of him who 'saw the manners in the face.' But while paying what we think no small compliment to the author of 'Silas Barnstarke,' we must intimate our fear lest he should look too much at a book as at a picture, and forget that what may be done by a *single* stroke of *pencil*, can only be done by *many* strokes of the *pen*. It seems to us that, in a very horror of twaddle, Mr. Gwynne runs a risk of losing that 'finish' of authorship which results from a mastery of *detail*. No one ever dreamed of accusing Scott of 'prosing,' and yet how much of the charm of 'Ivanhoe,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian,' is to be attributed to that care for '*les petits choses*' of literature which no one ever exercised in a greater degree than the author of 'Waverley.'

However, we are in no mind for censure where so much is good. Much of Mr. Gwynne's writing intimates that he is a young author. Let him remember that excess is defect, or in plain Saxon, that 'there may be too much of a good thing,' and he will do well. And if our

sagacity is not at fault, other things as well as style will mellow through age with Mr. Gwynne. His social and political prejudices will give way to more comprehensive views, and he will then write more in accordance with history about that true Englishman, Oliver Cromwell, and his Ironsides. A word to the wise is enough, so we close with telling our readers not to expect *us* to give them Mr. Gwynne's story; our advice is—Buy for yourselves a book in which you will find English prose of a sort worth caring about.

*Indische Alterthumskunde.* (Indian Archæology.) VON CHR. LASSEN.

The second half of the second volume. One vol. 8vo, (with a map,) pp. 1234. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.

This work, the first volume of which appeared at Bonn, in Germany, in the year 1844, and which is not yet complete, is to contain the great results of a most industrious life spent in the study of the languages and antiquities of the remoter East, especially India. Introduced to those pursuits by A. W. Schlegel, at whose suggestion he visited Paris and London to study the treasures of Indian literature found in those capitals; encouraged by the learned French orientalist, Bournouf; and instructed in Arabic by the great Arabic scholar, Freytag, Lassen, appointed Professor of the Indian languages and literature in the University of Bonn, has given the whole energy of a superior nature to the sole study of ancient and modern India; and has produced works, containing the fullest and the most exact information and views, which must command respect even when they do not command assent. Of those works the present is by far the most important, being a carefully drawn up *resumé* of the distinguished author's conclusions, and a systematic statement of the most reliable knowledge touching ancient India. Works like this are peculiar to German literature. No industry except German industry is minute enough, patient enough, comprehensive enough, to produce them. The English and the French may collect materials and put those materials into print; but the Germans only profit by them, so as to present the facts which they contain in their mutual bearings, and in their bearings on the ancient life of Hindostan. The shape, however, in which these materials are left by German hands, is a shape which for the most part makes them accessible only to the studious and the learned. Another process is still necessary before the knowledge is in such a form as to receive attention from even what in England is called 'the reading public.' For that form Indian archæology, in the last stage of its metempsychosis, must wait until some Englishman or Frenchman, who, knowing how to handle a pen, knows also how to find ingress into readers' minds, shall throw these wonderfully rich but somewhat unshapely materials into what may be comparatively termed a popular work. The volume now before us, in continuing the general subjects, sets forth 'The History of Commerce Internally and Externally Considered;' 'The History of the Knowledge which the Greeks had of India;' 'The Civil History of the Country;' 'The History of Indian Civilization.' Questions of deep interest to the Biblical scholar, as well as questions of importance to the British citizen, as a member of the imperial government, are here treated of in the most thorough and impartial manner.

*Leben Paskal Paoli's Oberhaupten der Korsen.* (The Life of Pascal Paoli, Chief of the Island of Corsica.) By CARL LUDWIG KLOSE. One vol. 8vo, pp. 383. Brunswick. 1853. London: D. Nutt, 270, Strand.

Pasquale de Paoli, the celebrated Corsican liberator, was born on the 26th of April, 1725, in the vicinity of Bastia, in the island of Corsica. His father being banished from the island in consequence of his patriotism, took with him the young Pasquale to Naples, where he settled, and where he spared no pains to inspire his son with his own hatred towards Genoa, at that time the mistress and tyrant of his native land. Proclaimed chief of the island, the young man, after having for some time been in the Neapolitan service, returned home, courageously maintained a struggle against the Genoese, and at last succeeded in wresting the island from their hands. Then undertaking the duties of a legislator, he revised the civil code, reformed the coinage, the weights and measures, public instruction, agriculture, and commerce, suppressed or withstood the abuses of the *Vendetta* (blood-revenge), and invited to his aid, in the way of social regeneration, the notorious Jean-Jacques Rousseau. When Genoa ceded Corsica to France, Paoli endeavoured, but in vain, to resist the new power, and being overcome by the Comte de Vaux, he took refuge in England. Called by the course of events into France in 1789, he received with the title of lieutenant-general the military command of his native country; but afterwards disagreeing with the Convention, he was outlawed by that revolutionary body. Paoli then offered the island to the Cabinet of St. James's. The offer was accepted, but the vice-royalty was given to another. Nevertheless Paoli made England his home. He died in the environs of London in 1807. By his will he bequeathed considerable sums for the foundations of schools in Corsica, which are still in a flourishing condition.

Such is the story told in this work. In the preparation of it, the author has collected and studied the best sources of information. Standing at a sufficient distance from the scene of events, he has viewed facts and interests impartially: the style is good, the subject is interesting, and the volume is readable. At the present moment, when patriots live in banishment from so many lands, and the great cause of civil freedom so much needs encouragement, the appearance of this memoir is opportune, and deserves every possible publicity. For though Paoli worked in a restricted field, he yet worked for a high result; and he worked by praiseworthy means: so that he deserves the eulogy, 'So long as the earth shall bear free men, his name will find its place among those of the noble-minded benefactors of nations.' (p. 291.)

*Mount Lebanon; a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852, with a full and correct account of the Druse Religion.* By Colonel CHURCHILL. 3 vols. 8vo. Saunders & Otley. 1853.

Colonel Churchill was 'Staff-officer of the British Expedition to Syria.' His work is not the production of a man of genius, nor of one skilled in book-craft. But he writes on a subject in which he is interested, and with which he has had the best means of becoming well acquainted. His volumes, in consequence, furnish full and satisfactory

accounts of manners, customs, and traditions among a people of various creeds and races, and in whose history and territory we English have an interest. Syria is a subject to which we hope to call the attention of our readers in our next number, when we shall have more to say about Colonel Churchill. In the meanwhile, we will only hint to those sapient politicians among us who are lending themselves to the game of Russia by abusing the Turks, that if they should be disposed to visit Syria, and to take the Dardanelles on their way back, they will find that in both regions it is the tolerant ascendancy of the Turk that keep the Christians from biting and devouring each other.

*Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski.* By Lieut. W. H. HOOPER, R.N. Murray, 1853.

This volume includes 'Incidents of an Arctic Boat Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.' Poor Franklin!—a book that should give us tidings of him would be indeed welcome. With the cloud resting on his fate, interest in northern adventure, so general not many years since, appears to have become extinct. Lieut. Hooper's account of the Tuski will not suffice to revive this interest; but the book contains facts which will have their uses for the ethnologist.

*The Adventures of a Lady in Tartary, Thibet, China, and Kashmir.*

By Mrs. HERVEY. 3 vols. Hope & Co.

Adventures—adventures in such regions, 'by a lady'! There is something in the title of the work that prepossesses you against it. You feel strongly suspicious that there is about to be foul play. However, the case is very much as the title-page reports. Mrs. Hervey becomes restless, unhappy under the recurrent thoughts of an ordinary and monotonous life, and goes far away in search of new people, new scenes, and new excitement. The fashionable lady, sinking under hypochondria at home, seeks relief and happiness by playing the heroine abroad, and very strange and amusing truly are many of the incidents which come up in her path. Three volumes are, perhaps, a little too much on such a peregrination; but now-a-days, when the pictures of most countries are as familiar to us as our village green, these clever sketches of scenes and people on the northern slopes of the Himalayas will probably be gratifying to many readers, as the objects themselves were to Mrs. Hervey—from their very strangeness.

*Die Bildwerke Zum Thebischen und Troischen Heldenkreis.* (The Painting and Sculpture connected with the Heroes of Thebes and Troy.) By Dr. JOHN OVERBECK. With thirty-three plates of lithographed illustrations. One vol. 8vo, pp. 813.

*Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler.* (A History of Grecian Artists.) The first part. By Dr. HEINRICH BRUNN. One vol. 8vo, pp. 620.

*Kunstarchäologische Vorlesungen.* (Lectures on Ancient Art delivered in the Academical Museum of Art at Bonn.) By Dr. JOHN OVERBECK, Professor of the Archæology of Art in the University of Leipsic. One vol. 8vo, pp. 220. London: Nutt. Brunswick: C. A. Schwetschke & Son.

These three works, relating to the subject of ancient Greek art, have been called forth by the attention lately paid in Germany to the Greek



heroic poetry, and the taste for the study which has hence ensued. In the facts here set forth, and in the transcripts from ancient vases and representations of ancient sculpture given in the very well executed and valuable lithographs, the student finds in literary and pictorial descriptions what in the poets he finds in poetical pictures. Art is thus brought to illustrate poetry; the eye is made a handmaid to the thought; what the poet sang the painter reproduced in form and colour, and that same reproduction is here, so far as may be presented in a literary form, to aid the student to understand, interpret, and in his own mind to reproduce the ancient poetic conception. Of the product of that exertion much is now irrevocably lost. Here art steps in with supplemental materials in her hands, and assists the imagination to fill up the blanks.

To students of Grecian antiquity works of this kind must, it will be at once seen, prove of signal utility. The day is gone by when a mere verbal knowledge of ancient literature could be accounted satisfactory. Germany has taught the learned world a better way. Our English grammar school and university scholarship now only excites a smile among German scholars. No longer is he to be called a classical scholar who knows the English equivalents for the Greek and Latin words, even if thereunto he adds the most exact familiarity with 'longs and shorts,' and is profound even to darkness in the prosody of Greek choruses. Recognising the fact that a literature is the picture of a nation's mind, the eminent men who have founded and adorned the German school of philology have sought in the Greek literature the reproduction of the Greek mind, in order thereby to acquire means for reproducing the Greek life. With these important aims the remains of Greek poetry have been carefully studied. And in order the more effectually and the more thoroughly to understand the poetry and make it a living reality, of the true old Greek kind, in their minds, they have called to their assistance the quickening power of painting and sculpture.

The relation of painting and sculpture to poetry, and of poetry to the internal life and the external life of the ancient Greeks, is constantly borne in mind in these works, and is presented to the reader in views and disquisitions which show a most intimate acquaintance with the minutest points as well as the largest branches of the subject, and which, while they are no less comprehensive than subtle, are regulated and modified by the principles ascertained and established by the great masters of Grecian antiquity whom Germany has produced within the last fifty years.

The general subject appears in a different aspect in each of the three volumes. The first, which embraces but a part of the subject, though complete so far as it goes, treats of the matter in a strictly scientific manner. The third handles it with special reference to such remains of art bearing thereon as are found in the Bonn Museum. In the second the same ground is trodden biographically. In union the three works present full and complete artistic aid toward the important task of classical interpretation and exposition. No collegiate teacher of Greek and Latin should be without these works. In the letter-press, and specially in the lithographs, are found accumulated, arranged, systematized, and expounded, materials which it has taken many minds and

years to bring into their present condition, and which no one professor, however learned and diligent, could hope even to collect for himself. The appearance of these works, or, at any rate, of a work formed out of these materials, in the English language would, we believe, go far to revive amongst us a better spirit of classical study, and might do something to restore to England the lost honour of distinction in classical philology. Without waiting for such a contingency, all who are acquainted with German may, at a small cost of money and trouble, acquire the means of inspiring their students with a new and lively taste for classical studies. If we cannot originate let us not be too negligent to borrow.

*Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. II., Eighth Edition.

The promise in the Preface to this eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is, that everything valuable in the former editions shall be retained, and that such revision, and such new matter as may be required to bring the whole up to the present level of science, literature, and taste, shall be supplied. In respect to paper, type, and the getting-up generally, the present edition takes a place far above its predecessors; and from the portions of the volume before us that we have examined, we are prepared to say that we think the promise of the publisher has been so far sustained. The articles under the words, Abyssinia, Academy, Acoustics, Africa, Agriculture, Agricultural Chemistry, Algiers, Alphabet, America, and Anatomy, appear to have been carefully prepared, and give us the science and learning to be expected under such terms in 1853.

*Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.* Illustrated by Burket Foster. Fcp. Ingram, Cooke, & Co.

With illustrations from Burket Foster, and beautiful illustrations they are! The book consists of a series of short articles, having little or no connexion with each other, but all are more or less interesting, and out of the grave and the gay some useful lesson generally issues. The pieces have appeared for the most part in American periodicals, and there is enough in the substance and literary workmanship of them to betray their transatlantic origin. We say to our young readers, get *Fanny's Portfolio*; it will be pleasant and useful reading as snatched in a railway, or upon a rainy day.

*Life in Sweden.* By SELINA BUNBURY. 2 vols. Hurst & Co. 1853.

Time was when grave prosaic accounts of countries and peoples—describing the sort of country, the sort of people, and the sort of manners, in plain measured terms, could find readers. But Miss Bunbury knows that those days have passed, and that to be read you must be colloquial, dramatic, sprightly—and all that. And here are two volumes on ‘*Life in Sweden*,’ possessing all these recommendations. The lady has neither time nor disposition to soliloquize; she sees all sorts of people, and these people, somehow or other, put you into possession of all sorts of information.

*Sketches and Characters, or the Natural History of the Human Intellects.* By JAMES WILLIAM WHITECROSS. Saunders & Otley.

The subject of this volume is a great one, and it is saying little in disparagement of the author to say that he does not always show him-

self equal to it. There is much smartness and vigour running through the book, and if you sometimes feel the want of discrimination, there are occasions when you are assisted by it, and when the thought suggested proves valuable. Much that belongs to the subject lies upon the surface, but much more has its roots very far down, and the calm Baconian power necessary for dealing efficiently with both is of rare occurrence in modern authorship.

*The Lives of the Poets-Laureate. With an Introductory Essay on the Title and Office.* By W. S. AUSTIN, Jun., B.A. Exeter College, Oxon, and JOHN RALPH, M.A., Barrister at Law. Bentley. 1853.

Messrs. Austin and Ralph have brought a fair measure of painstaking and good sense to these 'Lives,'—much more than we should have expected to find brought to such a subject.

*Charles Delmer; a Story of the Day.* 2 vols. Bentley.

A cleverly written 'story' touching on the history and the present position of our political parties. The principal characters are supposed, after the Disraeli fashion, to be real characters. We have no taste for such a mode of dealing with the personal, but the work is adapted to interest, and instruct, and presents many just and effective delineations both of individuals and classes.

*Life and Times of Madame de Staël.* By MARIA NORRIS. D. Bogue. 1853.

The lovers of fiction can desire nothing stronger than are the lights and shades of truth in the career of Madame de Staël. Miss Norris, too, has brought to her theme the intelligence and feeling that has made her equal to it. It is a deeply interesting book, as giving you pictures of great actors and great events; and a book, moreover, of the most wholesome influence, as showing how the womanly may rise to the heroic.

*Select Speeches of Kossuth, condensed and abridged with Kossuth's express sanction.* By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. H. Trübner & Co. 1853.

A well-timed and useful publication, relating to many questions the end of which is not yet.

*Library Edition of the British Poets.* Edited by the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Vols. 1—4. James Nichol.

The proprietors of this series engage to issue six of these handsome octavo volumes annually, to every subscriber of one guinea a year. The paper, the type, the binding, all are good; and the memoir and dissertation department by Mr. Gilfillan, is in a more simple style than is usual with him, and is to us, on that account, the more agreeable.

The first two volumes give the poetry and life of Milton, the third is assigned to Thomson, the fourth to our old friend George Herbert. The publication is one that *ought* to be successful.

*A School Atlas of Classical Geography.* By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON. Blackwood & Sons. 1853.

This is a publication of good appearance, at moderate cost, and including everything necessary to render it a complete 'Classical School Atlas.'

THEOLOGY, ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ETC.

*Dissertation on the Origin and Connexion of the Gospels.* By JAMES SMITH, Esq. of Jordon-hill, F.R.S., &c. Small quarto. Blackwood & Sons. 1853.

Mr. Smith, of Jordon-hill, is a gentleman uniting tastes that do not often meet, those of the nautical man and those of the biblical critic. In a former work, intitled 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul,' he has made, in the opinion of many competent judges, a valuable contribution to the treasures of biblical literature and Christian evidence. In that work, Luke the historian and evangelist is placed before us as a witness eminently trustworthy. The design of the present volume is, as the title indicates, to point attention to evidence serving to explain 'the origin and connexion of the Gospels.' The Gospels intended are properly the first three.

The theory widely entertained in respect to the origin of these Gospels has been, and still is, that no one of the evangelists made use of the writings of his predecessors, and that whatever of coincidence is found in them, as to fact, thought, or language, is to be traced to sources of information to which each had access independently of the other two. Mr. Smith admits that there were sources of information to which each had access separately from the rest, and hence the matters found in each Gospel which are not found in the others; but the case he insists has peculiarities in it which this admission does not at all explain. The differences came, no doubt, from independent sources, but whence came the coincidences? The answer is, from the common source of oral tradition. But the reply is, these coincidences are such as a common oral tradition, or oral reports, cannot explain. There is a sufficient degree of identity, both as to words and as to the allocation of words, to demonstrate that the authority followed must have been to a large extent a *written* authority. There are about 500 verses in Matthew's Gospel that are also in Mark's Gospel; more than 300 verses in Luke that are also in Mark, and about 120 that are in Matthew. Nearly one half of the Gospel by Matthew is to be found in Mark; and more than one-third of the Gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew. Whence came these coincidences? Were they all derived from some record or records older than the three Gospels, but now unknown? Or was one of these Gospels older than the other two, and did the two follow it in these instances as an authority?

Mr. Smith's theory is,—that which we call the Gospel by Mark is properly the Gospel by Peter, that Gospel having been originally written by Peter in the Syro-Chaldaic, or Aramaic, described by the evangelists and fathers as Hebrew, but translated into Greek, with the approval of Peter, by Mark; that Matthew and Luke made use of this Hebrew Gospel before it was translated into Greek; and that the coincident passages in Luke are all either translated passages from the Hebrew of Mark, or transcribed passages from the Greek Gospel by Matthew. Mr. Smith has shown, in his previous publication, that the

writer of the Acts must have been personally engaged in some of the most material scenes which he describes, and that the Gospel by Luke must have been written before the Acts; while Luke himself informs us, in the beginning of his Gospel, that he came after others, who even at that early period had taken upon them to give some account of the life of our Lord. That Luke gives us much that he did not get from Mark or Matthew is evident, and the preface to his Gospel bids us remember that the sources of his information were various; but whence did he get the 120 passages he has in common with the Greek Gospel of Matthew, and whence the 308 he has in common with the Hebrew Gospel of Mark? Nearly everything seems to concur in saying that Mr. Smith is right in affirming that the 120 passages which seem to have been transcribed from the Greek Gospel by Matthew, were so transcribed; and that the 308 passages which seem to have been translated from the Hebrew Gospel by Mark, were so translated. It is true the translated passages are given in the freedom of translation, and the transcribed passages are given with omissions and insertions. But in both cases the measure of literary identity retained is such as to show, unmistakably, that if Luke did not avail himself of what had been written by Mark and Matthew, then Mark and Matthew must have availed themselves of some written accounts anterior to their own. That such anterior accounts did exist, from which the apostles Peter and Matthew were copyists to such an extent, cannot be supposed, and we are thus left to conclude that Luke did translate from the Hebrew Gospel of Mark, and transcribe from the Greek Gospel by Matthew, in the manner supposed. Mr. Smith is quite alive to the objection that may be made to his theory on the ground of the omissions and insertions, and of the want of coincidence along with coincidence in the class of passages adverted to. But he is prepared to show, by fair parallel criticisms, that the identity of the passages in Luke with the corresponding passages found in Mark and Matthew, is such as cannot be explained except by supposing that Luke made use of Mark and Matthew as the historical basis of a large portion of his own narrative, the differences being by no means such as to frustrate this conclusion.

We have not, of course, touched on all the points which belong to a discussion of so much magnitude and importance, but we have said enough, we hope, to dispose many of our readers to procure Mr. Smith's volume, and to bestow their best thoughts upon it. In the volume, the coincident passages are given from the three Gospels in parallel columns, on the one page from the Greek Testament, on the other from our English version, thus assisting the reader to compare the passages, and judge for himself. The conclusion to which Mr. Smith would conduct his readers is sustained by an extraordinary force of evidence,—and if true, what becomes of the mythic theory of Strauss? Strauss admits that if we have *written* histories of Christ in the Gospels, as old as the times of the Apostles, his theory falls to the ground. The recovered treatise by Hippolytus shows that even John's Gospel must have been received as an authority among Christians from about the time of his death; and while it is admitted that John's Gospel was the *last* written,

here is a process of literary criticism, showing that the other three Gospels were all written, if they were not in very wide circulation, in the lifetime of Paul. In fact, the basis on which the Straussian theory rests, which is, that the Gospels did not make their appearance until about the middle of the second century, is, to use the language of Norton, one of the 'most superficial ever put forth by a writer of any note in the examination of an important subject.' Nevertheless, with what a strut and swagger have our sceptics been pleased to proclaim the wonderfulness of that book! So will many a bubble form a break, and the good old cause survive and triumph still!

*A New Greek Harmony of the Four Gospels; comprising a Synopsis and a Diatesseron, together with an Introductory Treatise, and numerous Tables, Indexes, and Diagrams, supplying the necessary Proofs and Illustrations.* By WILLIAM STROUD, M.D. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 216 & 386. London. Bagster & Son.

The Biblical student has here presented to him, in a pious and unassuming spirit befitting the subject, the result of what appears to have been the favourite labour of some thirty years of an industrious and well-spent life. We should be guilty of no exaggeration, if we said that we have never met with an instance of greater pains-taking for the illustration of the Divine Word. All that sound learning, careful research, access to good sources of information, conscientious faithfulness, continued and unsparing toil, together with a reverent spirit, could achieve for the purpose, has in this most carefully executed work been done. This description will prepare the reader for the assurance, which we give in the amplest manner, that the work offers, not only to the ordinary student of the New Testament, but also to the theological critic, information the most varied, and conclusions the most valuable. It does more; it supplies numerous as well as important aids to the study of the Evangelists, not only in the general method pursued, and in the individual processes conducted, but also in the accompanying analysis, tabular views, corrected text, and improved translations. Very right, too, is the description of the work as a '*New Harmony*.' No mere *rifaccimento* of existing materials is here published. While well informed of the labours of previous students in this branch of Biblical science, Dr. Stroud, with a fully justified self-reliance, has independently investigated the whole subject *de novo* for himself; nor has he scrupled to lay before the world the conclusions which he has been led to form. Accordingly much of a novel character appears in the volume, no little of which will probably surprise others even more than ourselves. Among these somewhat startling statements, we may mention that the learned harmonist ascribes to our Saviour's ministry a duration of some three years and six months, accounts Luke's gospel to have taken precedence of the rest, assigns to it so early a date as A.D. 45, places next to it in order of time, Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, A.D. 47, and fixes the crucifixion of Christ in the year A.D. 30. These positions are sufficient proofs that Dr. Stroud is not a slave to prescription, and tend to augment our assurance that he has been aided by a spirit of manly freedom in the long and exhausting labours through which his

work shows he must have gone with a rare and laudable perseverance. The greater is our regret that we are conscientiously unable to report that our author has solved the numerous problems, or removed all the difficulties which lie in the path on which he has undertaken to tread. This failure we ascribe in part to a facility of logical satisfaction, which we do not believe extends beyond his theological studies, the indulgence in which, often takes from his conclusions all reliableness, and a general yielding to which, on the part of theologians, would take from their pursuits all claims to the precision and certainty of science. What, for instance, can in logic be less satisfactory than the proof offered of that important element in the whole matter, the duration of our Lord's ministry? The proof is in these words: 'Behold these three years I have come and sought fruit on this fig-tree without finding any; allow it to remain this year also.' Consequently, concludes Dr. Stroud, the combined ministry of John and Jesus lasted four years. The media of proof wholly escape our notice; and we must earnestly, but respectfully protest against the practice of taking the imaginary incidents of parables, or illustrative instances, as presenting facts in the world of actual life. This facility of conviction sometimes carries our author to conclusions, the nature of which would make many men suspect their method and retrace their steps. It is clear to most students of the New Testament, that Peter denied his Lord thrice, and in so doing, literally fulfilled the Master's prediction. That thrice grows into seven times, under Dr. Stroud's fostering hand. It is also generally held, that in so denying the Saviour, Peter proved himself for the moment base as well as weak.

'Not so,' declares the harmonist; 'Peter's denials of Christ were occasioned, not by any disaffection on his part toward his Master, nor by any extraordinary weakness or timidity of character, but by his natural and reasonable fear of being detected and executed as a malefactor, in consequence of his violent outrage on Malchus in the garden of Gethsemane.' (*Introduction*, p. 188.)

The chief cause of Dr. Stroud's failure, however, lies, we think, in his having attempted far more than he at least was capable of effecting. We are by no means sure that he fully comprehends the conditions of the problem he has undertaken to solve, and we are quite sure that some of the assumptions on which he proceeds are incapable of satisfactory proof. Where is his evidence for that, with him, fundamental principle, namely, that the four Evangelists followed the order of time in drawing up their several narratives? Nay, there is yet a deeper assumption—one which underlies the whole matter, namely, that those narratives are and were designed by their authors to be histories. What if instead they are, and were meant to be, arguments rather? arguments pursued with biographical as well as other data? And what, too, if each writer conducted his argument not only in his own manner, but for his own specific purpose? These and other questions not less important should have been considered and in some way settled, ere Dr. Stroud had begun to cut to pieces and re-compose the evangelical accounts of the aims and deeds of the divine envoy of the Heavenly

Father. And here we cannot but add, that with all his learning and with all his industry, Dr. Stroud is unquestionably insufficiently read for his task, being beyond a question no little in the rear of continental scholarship, and unversed in the best literature of his subject. Among the decisions of that literature, one is, that the harmonistic aims and views which with various modifications have prevailed since the time of Tatian, are not justified in that strict sense by the facts of the case. A harmony there undoubtedly is in the Gospels, nay, in the New Testament; that harmony is found in the great facts and doctrines which form the foundation of the gospel. Pre-eminently is that harmony found in the sublime unity of the character and life of its greatest personage and divine promulgator. But whether or not a verbal harmony is attainable, we are sorry to report that the key thereto has not been discovered by our present critic. We are a little surprised, that a suspicion of the kind did not occur to Dr. Stroud, while he contemplated some results which he has ingenuously recorded in his volume. We allude to the numerous dislocations of Scripture, as spoken of in pages 115, 116 of the Introduction; also to the 'Synopsis of passages of the four Gospels which are *excluded* from the foregoing harmony, either on account of their *peculiarity* or their *redundancy*.' (p. 344.) We allude further—to mention no other instances—to the 'Summary, showing the amount of peculiarities and concordances furnished to the harmony by each Evangelist, (p. 359,) wherein we are taught that while the total concordances are 2584, the total peculiarities are 2794, of which peculiarities, John alone furnishes 1066.

*Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraim Syrus. Translated from the original Syriac, with an Introduction, and Historical and Philological Notes.* By the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph.D. of Göttingen, a Presbyterian of the Church of England, Translator of the 'Festal Letters of Athanasius' from an ancient Syriac version. London: Robert B. Blackader. 1853.

This volume may be considered in two aspects; as containing specimens of the productions of a renowned father of the early Church, and as a contribution to the very rich but neglected department of Syriac literature. Without any disposition to undervalue the first, we are inclined to attach more importance to the latter view, and express an earnest wish that this work may excite attention and inquiry in a field which will admit of very many labourers before its treasures are exhausted. In its bearings on Biblical science alone, the Syriac language deserves and demands every attention; for in it is found the most ancient version of the New Testament, and one of the most valuable of the Old. It is difficult to decide when these were made, but probably portions of the New Testament reach up to apostolic times. How vastly superior to every other version, then, must this be, as an ancient authority, and how worthy the attentive study of every Biblical scholar.

Is it at all improbable that in this ancient version we have, in many cases, the exact words employed by our Lord and his apostles in their



public ministrations? In the early ages of the Church the feelings which prompted to obtain possession of authentic records, would lead the Christians of Syria to gather from tradition the *ipsissima verba* of their divine Master and his inspired followers. When a great man dies among ourselves, how possible it is often found to recall his sayings, and to gather, in this way, authentic memorials of his conversations. As this must always be a matter of conjecture, it cannot in any way affect the settled fact, that the canon of the New Testament was laid in the Greek writings of the evangelists and apostles; but the supposition, so reasonable in itself, may have the desirable effect of attracting to the study of a version, which, apart from all hypothesis, has such intrinsic and acknowledged claims to reverential notice and regard.

As the Greek Scriptures can only be efficiently studied by those who are acquainted generally with Greek literature, so the Syriac New Testament will yield its treasures only to an enlarged study of the language of which it is a monument. In this respect the labour of Dr. Burgess in connexion with Ephraim has a value apart from the beauty of the pieces he has rescued from comparative obscurity. Ephraim flourished in the palmy days of Syrian learning, and when the language was most highly cultivated. His writings therefore are *classical*, and must be familiar to those who would thoroughly enjoy and properly use the Syriac Scriptures. In this volume an indication is given of the existence of the productions of highly gifted men, some of them very voluminous, and yet scarcely known even to the learned, and abundantly supplying materials for the illustration of the Holy Scriptures.

But attention is called in this work to the strange fact, that most of Ephraim's Syriac pieces are in metre; and that, in compositions measured by a fixed number of syllables in each verse, the religious mind of Syria was wrought upon both in the pulpit and in devotional exercises. The development of this curious phenomenon constitutes the chief point of interest in this work, and we direct the attention of our readers to it on this ground. That the subject is novel will appear from the want of the recognition of this metrical literature, in quarters professing to furnish information of Ephraim and his times. Dr. Burgess gives some instances of this want of acquaintance with the subject in writers on the Continent in the last century, and we will here add two modern examples. In Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, which is a first-rate authority, a life of Ephraim occurs, in which, after a notice of his *supposed* prose works, it is stated:—'Ephraim is also *said to be* the author of an immense number of songs.' The other instance is found in the *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*, now publishing by Mr. Darling, which gives a full catalogue of the contents of the Roman edition of Ephraim, without any intimation that he ever wrote anything but prose; except so far as a suspicion might be created by an allusion to some *rhythms* by him, translated into English by the Rev. J. B. Morris. This is about the same thing as it would be, a thousand years hence, to catalogue the works of Milton, without an intimation that he wrote poetry.

This volume contains in the Introduction, an account of the Syriac metres, and the translated pieces are specimens of these various styles of poetic writing. Respecting Ephraim himself, as a writer, Dr. Burgess says:—

‘We feel that we are compelled to make the translation of this small volume bear out any praise we may bestow upon our author, and this constitutes our greatest difficulty. We are fully conscious that we have neither selected his most finished pieces, nor been able to do justice to those we have chosen. In all languages there is a propriety inseparable from the productions of each, and this is especially the case with the tongues of the East, so remote in their construction and their imagery from our own. This occasion of difficulty is much increased by the terseness of Ephraim, produced by the metrical laws to which his thoughts were subjected. This is most frequently a cause of increased expression and vivacity in the original, but becomes a sad obstacle in the way of a satisfactory version.’ . . . ‘But after making every deduction we feel we are reading the writings of a fine mind, truly poetic in its tendencies and capacities.’ . . . ‘All the Homilies are poetic in the mode of treatment, as well as in the style, and are wrought up with an artistic power which is truly wonderful. We admire the man who conceived and executed such gem-like productions; our wonder is little less that his audiences should have been able to comprehend and enjoy them.’ (pp. lxxx. & lxxxvii.)

Although the Homilies must be read in their individual completeness to be properly appreciated, we will give two strophes from that ‘*On the true nature of Christ.*’ In it Ephraim rebukes the ‘Scrutators,’ a class of men who in his day attempted to explain hidden mysteries, and reduce all Revelation to the level of human reason. He addresses them in the following style of satirical reproof:—

‘Who hath seen the dust of the threshing-floor  
Presume to examine  
The force of the wind, by questioning it?  
But daring mortals do so  
In their investigation of Him,  
Whose breath gives life to the dead.  
The cedars are rooted up,  
And forests are twisted together;  
But the chaff comes to examine  
The nature of the holy wind;  
And by the blast which bloweth it  
To the mouth of the furnace,  
Behold it is driven away!  
The Lord and Father, who to man,  
Is not visible, although He is his Judge,  
Reprehends these cavillers;  
‘Why do ye thus pry into  
The generation of Him by whose hand  
Ye exist and were fashioned?  
The clay is not capable  
Of investigating the potter;  
Vessels which are inanimate,  
The artificer makes for his use;  
But your Maker, who hath formed you  
Rational and possessed of knowledge,  
Ye have scornfully rejected!’—p. 169.

We present our cordial thanks to Dr. Burgess for the fruit of his learning and good taste which this volume places before us, and we

trust that many valuable contributions are still to be made by him to the stores of our Biblical literature.

*The Bible of Every Land*; a History of the Sacred Scriptures in every language and dialect into which translations have been made; illustrated with specimen portions in native characters: Series of Alphabets, coloured ethnographical Maps, Tables, Indexes, &c. 1 vol. quarto. London: Bagster & Sons.

Great and varied are the services which the Messrs. Bagster have rendered to the cause of Biblical scholarship and general knowledge. Not the least valuable is that which is contained in the volume whose title—a true description of the work—stands at the head of these remarks. The volume may be viewed in two aspects—a learned and a popular aspect. In its relations to learning, the volume offers a very useful manual of philology, in the study of which competently prepared minds may be greatly assisted to understand the parentage and filiation of languages, and to become acquainted with not only the laws of thought, but also national character, which portray themselves naturally, and therefore truly, in language, the picture of the mind, the mind made visible in its products. No small contribution to the advancement of learning is made in this volume, for it is well fitted to assist the general student in arriving at the conclusion of the unity of the human race, as well as to confirm the Christian scholar in the conviction which he entertains of that historical fact. Besides these important services, the work is a valuable contribution to historical theology, and places within the reach of persons and institutions of ordinary means, very various and very useful information on many points which have to be treated of in the collegiate lecture room, and the Biblical class.

Regarded in its popular point of view, 'The Bible of Every Land' possesses a very high interest. In one sense it is a history of Christian missions. Here the plain Christian whose prayer for many years has been for the conversion of the heathen, and whose limited resources have been often taxed for the furtherance of so desirable an end, may with his own eyes behold fruits of his righteous efforts. The ancients erected trophies of their victories, made up of the spoils of the slain. This book is a trophy of the great Christian victory achieved in the battle-field of the wide earth, consisting of specimens of the languages and dialects spoken by the conquered nations. What an encouragement too is presented here to both those who are engaged in, and those who think of entering on, the great work of evangelizing the world!

Of less consequence is the fact that the book is a literary curiosity. Let it not be said absolutely that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' for unquestionably 'The Bible of Every Land' embodies a new idea. The work is generally well executed; no cost has been spared; the maps are good, and many of the specimens no less beautiful than accurate.

*Reformateurs avant la Reforme.* (Reformers before the Reformation.) By EMILE DE BONNECHOSE. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1853. London: Nutt.

*Etudes sur les Réformateurs du XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* (The Reformers of the XVIth Century; Historical Studies.) By V. CHAUFFOUR KESTNER. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1853.

These two works, though published without designed concurrence, offer a consecutive history of the efforts made during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for the reformation of the church. They present that history in two distinct phases. In the earlier period, the efforts were made within the church. In the latter period, the efforts were made without the church. In the former, you see the church taking steps for its own reformation. In the latter, such steps, originating in members of the church, are completed by those persons only, when by excommunication they have ceased to rank among its members. Thus internal reformation was the parent of external reformation, and so Romanism gave birth to Protestantism.

Of these two phases, the former is represented by the volumes of M. de Bonnechose, while those of M. Kestner depict the commencement of the second. In the two works considered as forming a whole, the reader is brought into intimate connexion with the great reforming spirits of those days of crisis, and may make himself familiar with the series of events which led to the heroic acts of Luther, and so paved the way for the ecclesiastical history of the last three centuries—a history which no one can understand either in itself or in its probable issues, unless he has a full and exact view of its antecedent circumstances. The volumes in consequence bring under view men and events of the most vivid interest, and greatest concernment—such as, in the first work, Gerson, Huss, and the Council of Constance; and, in the second, Hutten and Zwingli. Both works display the results of conscientious study, and are composed in that easy, simple, and attractive style, which in all its excellence is to be found in French literature alone. In our judgment, the course taken by Luther was not only necessary and momentous, being the commencement of a work greater by far than any other which has been achieved since the original promulgation of the gospel. This conviction, however, does not interfere with another conviction, namely, that in the olden time, before what we call ‘the Reformation,’ the church knew how to deal effectually with bad or troublesome Popes; and roughly as the *Camarilla* of Rome, Pope, Cardinals, and all, have been handled even by political magnates such as Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Roman citizens, even more roughly were they handled of old by emperors of Germany, councils, and even universities. And at a time like the present, when popery has unexpectedly obtained an hour’s reprieve, and when authorities on many sides are bowing the knee of outward adulation to the feeble tool called Pío Nono, it may not be useless to show by the translation of a few words, how even learned and dignified, and consequently conservative bodies, formerly spoke of the papacy. The university of Paris, in

two memorials, addressed to the Council of Constance, gave utterance to these bold truths :—

‘The church is more necessary than the pope, because without the church men could not be saved, whereas they could very well be saved without the pope. The church is better, and more useful than the pope, because the pope exists for the church, and not the church for the pope. The church has more dignity than the pope, because the church is the spouse of Jesus Christ, and the Lamb’s wife. The church has more power than the pope, because the gates of hell shall never prevail against the church, whereas they have often prevailed against the popes in the way of vices and heresies. The church has more intelligence than the popes, because it is adorned with several gifts which the popes do not possess ; for it is from the church that the pope receives sovereign power, which resides habitually in the church, though she gives the pope authority to exercise it ; for it is to the church that Jesus Christ gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and only from the church does the pope hold them ; for lastly, when the church is legitimately convened, she may use those keys to try, to correct, to depose the popes, since it is right to wrest a sword out of the hands of a madman ; and since the church has not entrusted the keys to the pope to destroy, but to build up. The conclusion is, that in several cases a council is superior to the pope.’

In agreement with this conclusion of the university, the Council of Constance not long after determined, among other things,—‘The Council of Constance lawfully assembled in the name of the Holy Spirit, and forming a General Council, which represents the Catholic Church militant, has received immediately from Jesus Christ a power which every person, whatever his condition or dignity, the pope not excepted, is bound to obey on matters of faith, the extirpation of the present schism, and the general reform of the church of God, in its head and in its members.’ Further, every recusant, including the pope, was threatened with punishment proportioned to his disobedience ; papal threats, censures, and bulls were declared null and void ; papal appointments, made in opposition to the council, were revoked ; and, finally, the reigning pope, John XXIII., was formally deposed, after having been convicted of usurpation, simony, tyranny, robbery, and murder.

*A History of the Christian Church. Middle Ages.* By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. Fcp. pp. 481. Macmillan & Co. 1853.

This book is one of a promised series of ‘Theological Manuals.’ In one respect, it may be taken as a sign of the times. It is a small, unpretending volume in appearance, but it is based on learning enough to have sufficed half a century since for the ground of two or three quartos, or at least for several portly octavos. For its purpose it is admirable, giving you a careful and intelligent summary of events, and at the same time indicating the best sources of information for the further guidance of the student. Among the authorities thus referred to, we find the most modern as well as the ancient, the continental as well as the English.

*Chapman’s Quarterly Series.* 1. *The History of the Hebrew Monarchy.* By F. W. NEWMAN. 2. *Theism, Atheism, and Popular Theology.* Sermons by THEODORE PARKER. 1853.

The zeal of Mr. Chapman and his coadjutors does not falter in the crusade against revealed religion to which they have committed them-

selves. For some years now the discharge of this anti-Christian material has been kept up; but the shot have been very miscellaneous, sometimes so light that a sparrow could not be brought down by it, and sometimes so heavy, as to fall to the ground by its own weight. But in future, it seems, the hostility is to be carried on more systematically, more *periodically*. Here are two handsome volumes of a projected series, four of such being guaranteed every year to persons subscribing one pound annually. Of course, Mr. Chapman and his friends have a full right to do this thing;—but some other people have also a right to be observant of what is doing.

Of Mr. Newman's 'History' we need not speak. It is one of the smoothest tissues of the one-sided and unfair it has ever been our lot to read. The writer has passed into a state of mind in which he appears to see evidence, or not to see it, according to a law of feeling, and not according to any recognised law of intelligence. As to Mr. Theodore Parker, he denounces the 'Popular Theology' in his old tomahawk style; but to retain theism, after he has disposed of Christianity, he is obliged to find some compensating future state both for the souls of men and brutes, and even then is obliged to confess that the case has difficulties that are too strong for him, and the idea of being able to prove the existence of a perfect Creator for creation, is given up. It thus appears, that this half-way house of the deist is but a crazy tenement,—logic requires that the philosopher should go further, or that he should not have gone so far.

*Hippolytus and the Christian Church of the Third Century.* By W. ELFE TAYLOR. 12mo. Hall & Co. 1853.

This book gives what was much needed, a literal translation of the most important parts of the treatise of Hippolytus. Mr. Taylor shows that the attempt to trace the treatise on 'Heresies' to Caius, cannot be sustained, and furnishes a popular and cheap summary on the whole subject that cannot fail to be useful.

*Second Issue of the Congregational Lectures.* Vols. 5—8. Jackson & Walford. 1853.

Four more volumes of this series are now issued. The subjects are, Holy Scripture Verified, by Dr. Redford; Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments, by Dr. Alexander; The Existence of Evil Spirits, by Walter Scott; and The Revealed Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments, by Dr. Hamilton. Four volumes from such men, carefully revised, and respectable in appearance, for twelve shillings!

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*Homiletics; or, the Theory of Preaching.* By A. VINET. Translated from the French. Fcap. T. & T. Clarke. This is a book for the preacher, and one which no intelligent preacher, whether old or young, can read without advantage.—*History of France.* By EMILE BONNECHOSE. Translated from the latest Paris Edition. Fcap. Routledge. A handbook of seven hundred pages on French history, by a Protestant historian, a man of research, ability, and trustworthiness.—*A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible.*

*By the Rev. E. B. RENDELL.* 12mo. *Pitman.* Mr. Rendell is a man of reading, and writes calmly and respectfully; but he aims to secure progress to the Church by a process that could not fail to divert her to a wrong path, and would put honor on Revelation by assigning such a place to the inner light as must go far to supersede it.—*The History of the Sunday School Union.* By W. H. WATSON. *Sunday School Union.* A useful manual on the history of Sunday school education.—*Saul, the First King of Israel.* By JOSEPH AUGUSTUS MILLER. 12mo. *Snow.* Christian lessons, judiciously conveyed through striking facts in sacred history and biography.—*Death Struggles of Slavery.* By HENRY BLEBY. *Feap. Hamilton.* A volume tracing the disorders of our slave colonies before their emancipation to their true source, by a resident, furnishing material for the historian, and lessons to the slave states of America.—*Lectures delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol.* By JOHN FOSTER. 2 vols. *Third Edition. Bohn's Library.* We are delighted to see these beautiful lectures put thus in the way of a wide circulation.—*St. Paul: Five Discourses.* By the Rev. ADOLPHE MONOD. 12mo. *Arthur Hall & Co.* Discourses characterized by simplicity, devoutness, and intelligence.—*The Crimes of the House of Hapsburgh, against its own Large Subjects.* By F. W. NEWMAN. If it be true that the 'crimes' of nations are visited upon them as nations, this record of the past suggests a horrible future. It is a righteous impeachment, and the right-minded should do their best to give it circulation.—*Truth Spoken in Love; or, Romanism and Tractarianism refuted by the Word of God.* By the Rev. H. H. BEAMISH, M.A. 12mo. *Shaw.* Mr. Beamish mellows with age, and has here published a book that cannot fail to be useful. It is sufficiently learned, earnest in its religious feeling, and at the same time just and candid in its statements and reasonings.—*Homœopathy fairly represented, in Reply to Dr. Simpson's Homœopathy misrepresented.* By W. HENDERSON, M.D. *Feap. Second Edition. Constable.* The first edition of this book, it appears, was sold in less than a month. Homœopathy and Allopathy are dividing practitioners in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, into two classes, with one side crying 'quack' and the other crying 'bigot.'—*The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* 12mo. *Routledge.* The poetry of 'glorious John,' neatly printed and illustrated—works which have their relation to our general history, besides the place they must always claim in the history of our language and literature.—*Lays of the Future.* By W. LEASK. 12mo. *Partridge.* Mr. Leask ought to be as popular as Dr. Cumming, for he writes with as much facility, and quite as well, whether giving himself to prose, or, as in the present case, to verse.—*Macaridos; or, the Happy Way.* *Feap. Hamilton.* A book of good intentions, but feeble performance.—*I've Been Thinking.* Edited by the Rev. C. B. TAYLER, M.A. Mr. Tayler's name guarantees this book as truthful, and fitted to do good.—*Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament—Matthew.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. 12mo. *Arthur Hall & Co.—Three Sermons.* By EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, M.A. 12mo. *Rivington.* Sermons preached in three successive years, at the opening of the session of the Theological department, in King's College, London.

*Hannover's Staatshaushalt.* (*The Administration of the Kingdom of Hanover Described.* By W. LEUZEN, formerly President of the Ministry of Finance and Commerce.) One vol., 8vo, pp. 473. London: Nutt, 1853. Presents on the highest authority, the most exact information respecting the finances of Hanover in their sources, their amount, and their expenditure.—*Schleswig-Holsteins Geschichte.* (*The History of Schleswig Holstein.*) By GEORGE WALTZ. Two vols., 8vo. London, 1851-2. If called forth by the late dispute, is not a work of the occasion nor for the moment, but a carefully

composed history of the country, from the earliest period down to 'the times of Reformation,' with the introduction of which the second volume closes.—*Aus Venedig (From Venice)*, one vol., large 12mo, 1853; is the first volume of a work intended to describe the city of palaces, churches, gondolas, priests and superstition, to the fancy; a task which is accomplished by the aid of a graphic and lively style, too rare with German authors.—*Studien über die Alt- und Neu-Griechen.* (*Studies respecting the Ancient and Modern Greeks.*) By JOHN TELFY. 8vo, pp. 129. Establishes with a superfluity of evidence, the substantial identity of the modern Greeks with the ancient, which some German hypercritics had called in question; the piece has no small interest for such as are familiar with the topics; and in some points deserves attention from the Biblical student.—*Erläuterung der Keilenschriften Babylonischer Backsteine.* (*Translations of the arrow-head Inscriptions on Babylonian Bricks.*) By DR. G. F. GROTEFEND. 1852. A contribution to a very important archaeological subject, by a veteran in the work, who gave the impulse originally, and has since reaped no few of the laurels.—*Die Deutsche Götterlehre.* (*German Idolatry.*) By J. W. WOLF. 8vo, pp. 148. Gives, on the high authority of Jacob Grimm, a popular view of the falsities worshipped and the superstitions entertained by our German forefathers, the source of many still prevalent vulgar notions and usages; a useful manual for others as well as specially for the lukewarm professor of Christianity, who may here see how thick was the darkness out of which Europe was called into the marvellous light of the Gospel.—*Versuch; An attempt towards the Understanding of Modern German Philosophy, since the time of Kant.* By DR. H. RITTER. 8vo, pp. 136. London: Nutt, 1853. The naive title is amusing: he must be a bold man who would venture to put out anything beyond an attempt at the explanation of that which, in our judgment, is unexplainable, simply because it is incomprehensible. As an offset to this fruitless 'attempt,' two or three works of practical utility may be here mentioned; and as deserving of the highest eulogy, first: *The Great Cyclopædia of ERACIN and GRUBER*; (*Allgemeine Encyclopædie der Wissenschaften und Künste.* Leipzig: Brockhaus;) in the production of which, the most learned scholars of Germany are engaged. Its articles are essays, or even volumes. When completed, it will be the most voluminous and comprehensive repertory of knowledge ever published. The work appears in three separate divisions, each under the care of its own editor. Three new volumes (quarto) have just come to hand: the first Section has been brought down to the letters Ga—Ge, (Part 55;) each Part is a volume; the second to Jun—Jur, (Part 29;) and the third to Pho—Phy, (Part 25.)

The second work, which is also a Cyclopædia, commonly known as the '*Conversations-Lexikon*;' (*Allgemeine Deutsche Real-Encyclopædie; Conversations-Lexikon*; Leipzig, Brockhaus;) contains an admirable and most useful compendium of general knowledge, in condensation, exactness, and comprehensiveness, far superior to any corresponding English work. The tenth edition is now in the course of publication. The immense sale has enabled the publisher to affix a low price to the work.

Another work of the Dictionary kind, and which also has been long before the public, though it is still far from being completed, is the '*Conversations-Lexikon für bildende Kunst.*' Leipzig: Renger. This work, which has reached the commencement of the sixth volume, (octavo,) is intended to accomplish for the fine arts what the previous dictionaries effect for general knowledge and culture. It is executed with great care. The wood engravings with which it is illustrated add much to its value.

The fourth work is a Dictionary of the German Language, by the celebrated linguists and philologists, JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM: (*Deutsches Wör-*



*terbuch. Von Jacob Grimm und Wilhelm Grimm. Leipzig: Hirzel.*) Anything more minute, anything more full, cannot be conceived. Here are presented in the most condensed state, the reliable results of recent philological study, so far at least as the German language and kindred tongues are concerned. The work forms an epoch and will produce a revolution in lexicography.

Lastly, we mention a work, the publication of which (like the preceding) has but just commenced, but which also gives the highest promise, namely, a theological or general Church Dictionary, (*Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche; Stuttgart, Scheitlin,*) in the composition of which are engaged the highest names of the more moderate schools in Germany; such as Lepsius, the distinguished Egyptologist; Gieseler, Hagenbach, Lücke, Julius Müller, Nietzsche, Twisten, Uhlmann, Umbreit, Tholuck, &c.; all men of the most varied and profound acquirements, whose united efforts are producing a summary of theological and ecclesiastical knowledge, which will command attention from all scholars, will offer instruction to conscientious and truth-loving students, and which, by exhibiting the positive results of the German theological studies of the last fifty years, cannot fail to disabuse the mind of those who think that German theology is little else than another name for scepticism, if not disbelief. Here we have the 'Voices of the Church' of Luther, expressed in the most deliberate, authoritative, and emphatic manner, which combine to declare that the foundations of our faith stand firm, after assaults the most various and the most determined, and which put into the hands of every diligent student (acquainted with German) the means of ascertaining for himself that important fact, as well as resources wherewith to meet and confute the objections which are circulated in England within the covers of extreme and second-rate publications.

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\*\*\* Dr. Donaldson has written to us, complaining of criticisms relating to himself in our last number—especially of an 'insinuation that he has claimed as his own a theory or opinion about the pronunciation of *quidem*,' (273.) The answer of our contributor, in reply to the remarks of Dr. Donaldson generally, is full and satisfactory, but it is due to Dr. Donaldson to cite the terms of the reply in regard to the above point. 'My sentence is not an 'insinuation,' but an open and direct charge—made conditionally, however, on the presumed correctness of Mr. Paley's quotation. Had I not been writing from a remote village, I should certainly have taken pains to collate the precise words employed by Dr. Donaldson, and I admit that I should then have used different language.'

— We are obliged to our friends in Aberdeenshire. The scribe, Mr. William McCombe, of Cairnballach, is not the only generous and amiable person who, on finding that he could not be allowed to inflict his dulness upon our readers, has made discoveries of this sort concerning us.

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